

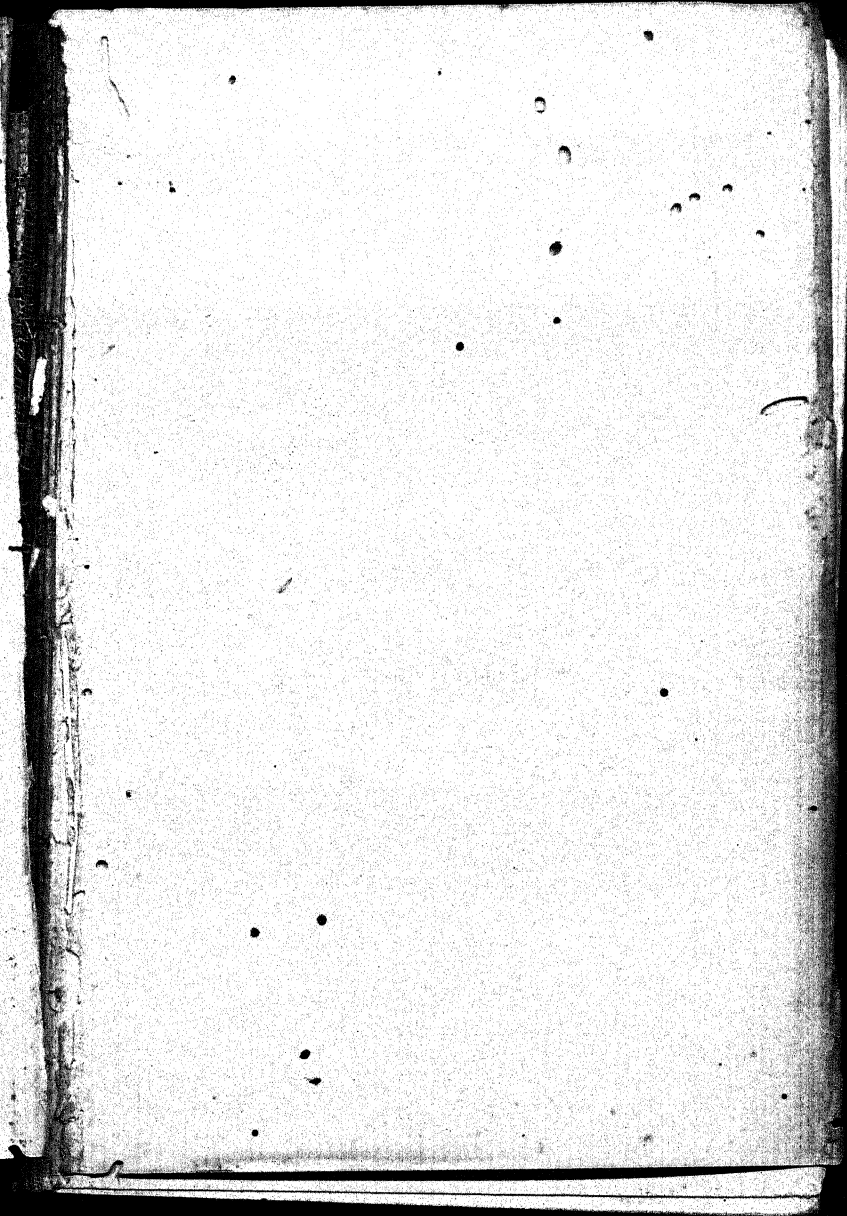
LIFE AND LETTERS OF
DEAN STANLEY

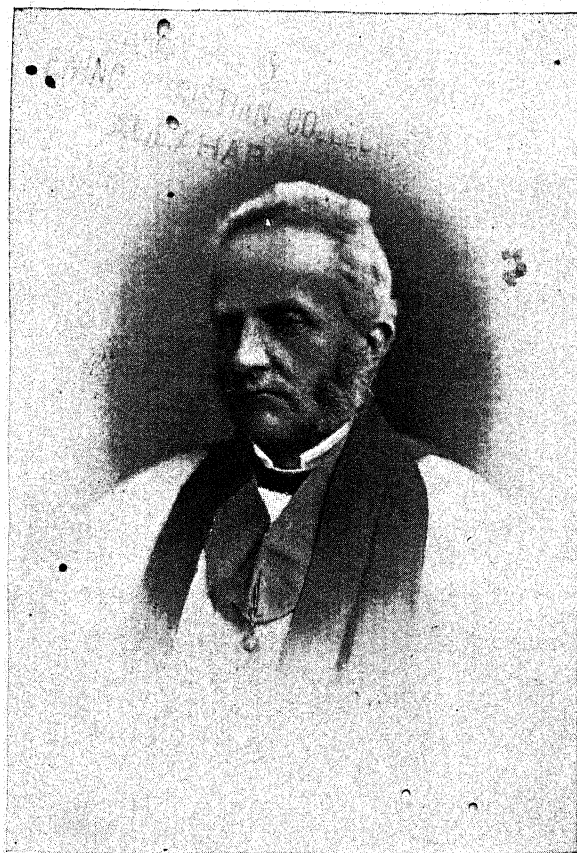
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| A MODERN UTOPIA. | <i>H. G. Wells.</i> |
| WITH KITCHENER TO KHARTUM. | <i>G. W. Steevens.</i> |
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| LIFE OF THE MARQUIS OF DUFFERIN. | <i>Sir A. Lyall.</i> |

Others to follow.



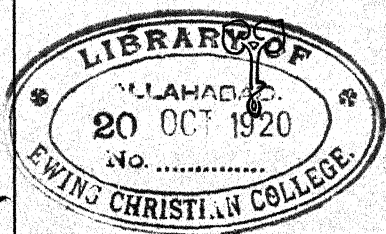




DEAN STANLEY.
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LIFE AND LETTERS OF
DEAN
STANLEY

BY
ROWLAND E. PROTHERO



THOMAS NELSON & SONS
LONDON, EDINBURGH, DUBLIN
AND NEW YORK

PREFACE

IN its original form of two volumes, the 'Life' of Dean Stanley was published in November 1893, and passed through several editions in this country and in the United States of America.

In writing the book I owed much to the help of Dean Stanley's contemporaries and intimate friends, many of whom were still living. I was specially indebted to his successor at Westminster, the late Dean Bradley, who had already prepared, in the fullest detail, a continuous narrative of Stanley's life down to the end of 1839. This narrative he placed at my disposal, and on it are founded the first seven chapters of the 'Life.'

ROWLAND E. PROTHERO.

OAKLEY HOUSE,

September 13, 1909.

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LIFE OF DEAN STANLEY

CHAPTER I

1805-15

Alderley Rectory

SIR THOMAS STANLEY of Lathom and Knowsley, called to the House of Lords by Henry VI. as Baron Stanley in 1456, left three sons. The eldest, Thomas, was created Earl of Derby for his decisive services on the field of Bosworth. John, the third son, founded another branch of the family, whose representative, Thomas Stanley of Alderley, was created a Baronet by Charles II. at the Restoration.

In the history of the descendants of Sir Thomas Stanley of Alderley, no event requires notice before the marriage of Sir John Thomas Stanley, the sixth Baronet, with Margaret Owen, heiress to the estate of Penrhos, near Holyhead. To the results of that union between the Cheshire gentleman and the Welsh heiress, Arthur Stanley was fond of referring as an instance of the sudden impulse often given to 'a sluggish, steady, stagnant stock of purely English extraction by contact with the imaginative, lively, mercurial character of Celtic parentage.'

The eldest son of this marriage, Sir John Thomas Stanley, was in 1839 raised to the peerage as Lord Stanley of Alderley. His only brother was Edward, the future Rector of Alderley and Bishop of Norwich, father of the subject of the following biography.

In 1805, at the age of twenty-six, Edward Stanley was presented by his father to the Rectory of Alderley, where he remained till his appointment to the see of Norwich. For more than thirty years he was the life and soul not only of his home but of his parish—now galloping through the lanes on his little black horse, with his pockets full of sugar-plums for the children, with words both of sympathy for the sick or sad, and of sharp rebuke for the vicious or disorderly; now returning to study the latest works on history or natural science, or to write a lecture for his parishioners on the birds or plants of the neighbourhood, or to arrange and classify the specimens which he had collected in his rambles. He was in many ways unlike his gifted son, who inherited little of his father's physical activity, and nothing of his keen delight in the study of natural history. But, on the other hand, it was to his father that Arthur Stanley owed his energy, vigour, toughness of fibre, sense of duty, interest in public questions, and liberal opinions, whether in politics or theology.

Edward Stanley married, in May, 1810, Catherine, the eldest daughter of the Rev. Oswald Leycester of Toft Hall, Knutsford. Her letters, published and unpublished, are full of quiet pictures of every detail of domestic and social life at home and abroad, sketched with rare delicacy of touch and keenness of observation. Their language, alike on political or social problems, and on questions of theology, bespeaks not only the open eye for all that is true and good, but, to use her son's words something of 'a spiritual insight which belonged to that larger sphere of religion which is above and beyond the passing controversies of the day.' Quiet, observant, reticent to those outside her own immediate circle, dignified in manner even in early womanhood, Catherine Stanley grew to be the ideal mother for her gifted son, whose development she watched with a mother's anxiety, and aided with more than motherly wisdom. From her

delicate perceptions, liveliness of mind, quickness of thought, and methods of studying subjects that interested her by collecting rays of light from every quarter, he inherited some of his most characteristic gifts. And his sense of the debt which he owed to her grew with his growth. The place which she retained in his affection to the last moment of his life was precisely that which the mother of such a son might well have prayed to hold. When death had severed him in advancing life from the wife

Whose smile had made the dark world bright,
Whose love had made all duty light,

he could find no fitter words in which to describe her supporting love, than that 'her character, though cast in another mould, remained to him, with that of his mother, the brightest and most sacred vision of his earthly experience.'

The home to which the Rector of Alderley brought his young wife was 'a low house with a verandah, forming a wide balcony for the upper storey, where birdcages hung among the roses; its rooms and passages filled with pictures, books, and old carved oak furniture.' In front of the house was the 'well-mown short-grassed lawn,' sloping to the south-west, a favourite resort of birds, of whose habits the author of 'The Familiar History of British Birds' was so keen an observer. Close to the lawn, so near as to cast its shadow on the garden grass, rises the old, square-towered, ivy-mantled church, with its deep porch and ancient yew-trees. The Rectory was the birthplace of the five children who were born to Edward and Catherine Stanley.

Owen, the light of his father's eyes, the inheritor of his passion for the sea, from earliest childhood always busied with drawing, building, or sailing boats, with a frank bold spirit that made its way everywhere, was born June 13, 1811.

Mary was born December 19, 1812, the slave of Owen when he was at home, but the unselfish, devoted sharer of all the whims and plans, tastes and studies, of her younger brother, Arthur. To her unfailing sympathy in every interest, intellectual, moral, grave, or gay, the latter owed much of the rapidity of his expansion, the ease which practice in writing brought him, and the habit of always giving his best self, however trivial appeared the occasion. Even in those early days Mary was laying firm the foundations of that life of unobtrusive, active usefulness, which found a larger sphere among the poor in Norwich, in the hospitals of the Bosphorus, and in the streets and lanes of Westminster. 'Never weary in well-doing' are the words fitly inscribed upon the cross which marks the spot where, close to the home of her early years, she rests at last in her mother's grave.

Arthur Penrhyn, of whom so much will be said hereafter, was born December 13, 1815.

Lastly came Charles (born June 15, 1819), and Catherine (born June 29, 1821), younger than the rest both in age and disposition, enjoying to the full, with their bright and affectionate natures, that special share of family affection which is often the heritage of younger children.

CHAPTER II

1815-28

Birth and Childhood of Arthur Stanley—Seaforth— The Pyrenees

DURING the infancy of Arthur Stanley his mother describes the child, in a letter to her sister, as at one time lively and talkative, at another strangely shy and sensitive, 'with nothing of a boy about him except his love of horses and hatred of dolls, . . . very liable to be spoiled, with simple pretty ways, and a kind of hanging on, dependent manner, that calls out tenderness, . . . with a strange sense of delicate beauty that runs through everything.' Before he was six years old, he would sit with a book all day, if allowed, learning by heart poetry, or anything that attracted him, but 'does not like being questioned, colouring much, and hesitating.'

The double aspect presented by his extremely sensitive and nervous organisation, that left him 'at times too languid for anything to make an impression, at others eager to enter into everything with spirit and delight,' was a subject of grave anxiety to his parents. These alternations of an excessive shyness with brightness and charm of demeanour are worth recording. The boy is father of the man, and the double picture drawn by a mother's hand casts a light on the very opposite im-

pression which he made long after in different circles. There are many who can only recall Arthur Stanley, whether young, middle-aged, or older, as the most delightful of companions, always lively, sympathetic, genial, generally overflowing with conversation and anecdote. To other observers, not least to some who met him in the circle of his own family, he seemed to suffer from an amount of constraint, reserve, and difficulty in expressing his feelings, which he never fully overcame till the death of his father and his brothers forced him to make efforts which were finally and entirely successful.

Through these curious alternations of spirit and temperament 'the boy grew.' Early in September 1824 it was felt that the time was come when the society of other boys, and some approach to ordinary school life, might be beneficial. He was accordingly taken by his mother to a small preparatory school kept by Mr. Rawson, at Seaforth, then a quiet hamlet at the mouth of the Mersey, now a populous suburb of Liverpool. The experiment was entirely successful. 'The next day,' wrote his mother in September 1824, 'when I went to see him, he seemed as if he had been there a year, so many new ideas were opening to him.' Happily the general rule, that 'letters should be first written on a slate, and then shown to Mr. R., who corrects what is very bad, and then we copy them on paper,' was very soon relaxed in his favour, and the result is a mass of correspondence rarely in need of correction. Among the very first letters is one of November 1824 to his mother, in which he recounts a visit to Mr. Gladstone's, describes the stuffed animals which he saw there, and adds, 'there is an Illiad [*sic*] here which I like very much, for it is all about the gods and the Grecians and Trojans.' From that time the current flows homeward unceasingly.

'He is grown,' his mother writes in December 1824, on his first return home, 'and his hands feel more sub-

stantial. The report of him is that he is as rough as the other boys when with them, but of this there is no symptom. The shyness, colouring, reserve, and susceptibility seem to be rather increased. But his lips were clearly unlocked towards his schoolfellows. Southey had been, and still was, his favourite poet. 'We have great fun,' he writes to Mrs. Stanley in February 1825, 'playing at "Thalaba and Kehama." I am Khawla and Handfield is Mohareb, and I tell them stories at night.' Canon Rawstorne, his schoolfellow at Seaforth and afterwards his fag at Rugby, remembers 'his remarkable gift as a *raconteur*, and his relating to a group of boys in a corner of the sandhills a great part of the story of "Kenilworth," especially that part about Wayland Smith. I think all his stories were recollections from books, for he was never very great at invention.'

He has been taken to Liverpool, and writes, in a letter to his sister, that he has 'seen a giant, who said he had been in Buonaparte's army'; and again, 'I have seen "Waverley" acted, and liked it very much.' But his heart was more in his books than in his play, and with each half-year the literary instinct becomes more developed. 'How do you like "Madoc"?' he asks his sister; 'not so much as "Roderic," I am sure. He has 'told the boys all the German stories and all the Irish legends' which he has read in the holidays. He is reading Virgil; is glad that Mary likes 'Ivanhoe'; has 'discovered a small unbound Dryden's Virgil for four shillings,' which he will get for her. In 1827 he is full of 'Woodstock.' His sister had lately passed through the town to Oxford, and he fears 'that the handsome parish church which she saw at Woodstock was not the same in which the Rev. Nehemiah Holdenough preached,' but hopes to 'wear the cap and gown some day when I am at Oxford.' He writes a delighted letter on March 8th, upon receiving one 'from dear little

Charley, without one word spelt wrong, no not one,' and contrasts it with a letter from his cousin who has gone to Eton, and who in writing even to Mr. Rawson spells 'school' as 'scool.' He is in raptures with a 'dear little Shakespeare,' bought with his own money, and 'not a bit too expensive, the Plutarch too, the very thing I wanted.'

Whatever he sees or describes, poetry is still stirring within him. 'April has begun at last, and a most beautiful beginning it is here, the sun shining, and so warm and nice that to-day, when I had to write some Latin verses, I wrote five or six lines about Spring. And besides this I have written some more English verses on the Return of Coriolanus. I walk in the paths of poetry every Thursday, and of course I like it better than any other lesson.' In successive letters he reports himself as having 'written forty lines on Time,' and 'some more English verses on Forgiveness, on Sleep, two odes to Minerva and Neptune,' and as engaged in May on a long poem on the Death of Vortigern, 'who is to die in great agony in the midst of the flames with his wife Rowena.' He has another poem on his brain, which he tells his sister that he will send if she likes, on the 'Destruction of the Druids.' 'I had long wanted a subject that would suit the metre of a poem of Walter Scott called the "Mountain of Helvellyn," which I liked very much, so that the difficulty here was to get a subject for the metre, not a metre for the subject, and at last I found this.' Poetry asserts its claims, above even the excitement of the Fifth of November, or the thoughts of the Christmas holidays :—

'My head is in such a strange jumble now ; two or three hymns, a part of a new "Deluge," scraps of "Vortigern," half-translated odes of Anacreon into verse, morsels of other little odes, "Despair," battles, squibs, crackers, bonfires, all shooting into morsels of "The Tyrolese," &c. I long to disgorge some of them upon paper, but I have not time.

Thank Sarah * for her supply of honey; I certainly expect Jako ' (the parrot) ' to be able to say something polite when I come home.'

On December 14th he writes to acknowledge his own birthday letters. ' I am now,' he writes, ' twelve years old, a big boy.' He goes on to say how ' one night, as it was very windy, I awoke, and, as is my custom when I am in a poetical mood, I set to work, and since I was rather sleepy, I addressed Sleep,' and encloses a set of verses, of which a few lines are worth quoting, not for their poetic merit, but as the curious ' night thoughts ' of a boy of barely twelve. After speaking of the wind and pattering rain :

Did Shakespeare then, did Shakespeare speak untrue,
When he declared, my pleasing friend, that you
Loved with the ship-boy on the mast to dwell?
Alas! I fear that thought's unceasing flow,
And restless fancy's fires that in me glow,
Are far more potent than the blasts that blow,
And thou, perhaps, my eyelids wouldst have blessed
If I to thee this prayer had not addressed.

As the summer of 1828 advances, all other interests yield to the prospect of a tour abroad. Various plans were discussed. Finally the south of France and the Pyrenees were chosen. But his letter of June 27th is noteworthy for another reason. Few will read without interest the account of the morning spent with the future orator, writer, statesman, and Prime Minister, some five years his senior, and then at home from Eton :

' How delightful—how enchanting—how charming! How much better than Rouen is this, so far away, so nice to have Auntie † and Lucy, ‡ so romantic to ride over the mountains

* Sarah Burgess, the nurse.

† His mother's sister, Maria Leycester, afterwards Mrs. Augustus Hare.

‡ His cousin, the daughter of Sir John Stanley of Alderley, afterwards Mrs. Marcus Hare, the L. A. S. and L. A. H. of Hare's *Memorials of a Quiet Life*.

on mules, through verdant valleys and snow-capped hills ! And the Spaniards, too, and the *Cagots*—I must get benighted and go to a "Cagot's" hut. . . . William Gladstone is at home now, and last Tuesday I and one of the other boys were invited to breakfast with him ; so we went, had breakfast in grand style, went into the garden and devoured strawberries, which were there in great abundance, unchained the great Newfoundland, and swam him in the pond ; we walked about the garden ; went into the house and saw beautiful pictures of Shakespeare's plays, and came away at twelve o'clock. It was very good fun, and I don't think I was very shy, for I talked to William Gladstone almost all the time about all sorts of things. He is so very good-natured, and I like him very much. He talked a great deal about Eton, and said that it was a very good place for those that liked boating and Latin verses. I think, from what he said, I might get to like it. . . . He was very good-natured to us all the time, and lent me books to read when we went away, "The Etonian," &c. . . . Oh ! how soon—next Tuesday week, and then the sea, the Pyrenees !

He adds in a P.S. : ' I will see if I cannot lay hold of any book about the Pyrenees.' Those who enjoyed his companionship in later years will recall the future traveller on the deck of a Baltic steamer, refusing to look round him as he devours books on Russia, or on the back of a camel in the Syrian desert, intent on Robinson's volumes on Palestine.

The holidays came, and on July 17th, 1828, the start was made by a voyage from Liverpool to Dublin, and from Dublin to Bordeaux. The party consisted of the Rector, Mrs. Stanley, two of their children, Mary and Arthur, together with ' Auntie ' and Lucy. It included also Sarah Burgess, the faithful nurse, so often mentioned in his letters home. The tour lasted from July 17th till towards the end of the following September.

The young traveller kept a continuous record of every day's proceedings. The whole is written in a perfectly clear, if boyish, handwriting. Scarcely a page is with-

out some characteristic touch. Even in this, his first journey, there appears that unwearied energy in the pursuit of objects of interest which, to the end of his life, taxed the endurance of his more robust fellow-travellers. Constantly, in each new halting-place, the little boy 'goes a stroll by himself,' or with his sister Mary, to see something that has been overlooked. Whoever stays behind on an excursion, he is always one of the party. In reading the record of his travels, it is difficult at times to realise that it is the journal of a schoolboy of twelve years old, written entirely by himself, without help or guidance. There is abundance of simple enjoyment and of youthful spirits; but there is an amount, also, of keen observation, which was obviously part of his nature, cost him no conscious effort, and is written down day by day without trouble and with scarcely an erasure. Above all, there is a susceptibility to the beauties of Nature, which is expressed with a strength of feeling far beyond his years, in language that seems at times to border on exaggeration. Yet every word, however highflown, is to him the natural mode of transcribing the feelings of the moment. A letter written from Pau by his mother to a friend, describes the effect on him of the 'sudden appearance high above the clouds (higher than Lucy's imagination had dared to place it) of a granite peak. . . . Arthur danced about in ecstasy, exclaiming, "Oh, what shall I do? what shall I do?"' So, a year and a half later, in pouring out to Mary his joy at winning a prize for a poem at Rugby, he adds, 'Great as was my joy at getting the prize, yet it by no means came up to what the Maladetta gave—oh no! that *was* joy!'

In some respects he already possessed the germ of many of his future gifts as a traveller. But it is curious to notice one or two obvious points in which the man differed widely from the boy. The change was partly physical. As his organisation grew formed and settled,

some constitutional defects became more distinctly marked. The high-strung nerves lost their sensitiveness. It was not only that he lost his ear for music, but his eyesight was not strong, and he was singularly deficient in the two senses of taste and smell. The boy enumerates with something of boyish relish every *plat* at his first French *déjeuner*, and his first dish of 'gigot of izard, tasting like hare.' The man's profound indifference to what are called 'the pleasures of the table,' and even his readiness to forego necessary food for the sake of any object of interest, were by turns the amusement and the despair of his friends. But the change meant more than this. It was not merely that, in descriptions of Nature or of scenery, his childish exuberance of language was toned down and kept in check, but by degrees the love of Nature for its own sake—of Nature as apart from historical, personal, or ideal associations—retired into the background. He would face any fatigue to see the scene of a great event, or of something that had impressed him in poetry or fiction, but to scenery as scenery he grew comparatively indifferent. Canosa and Vallombrosa would have a great and an equal charm for him. The mountains of Greece, the swelling hills of Palestine, thrilled him with inspiration; but the Alps of Switzerland became to him mere 'unmeaning masses.' A friend, who accompanied him nearly thirty years later to Sweden and Norway, remarked that he took infinitely more interest in hunting for the legendary pile or 'stock' that gave its name to Stockholm, than in the most beautiful Norwegian sunset. When, in the year before he died, he revisited the very places described in his journal, he showed no enthusiasm for the Pics and Dents of the mountains; but was distressed beyond measure at being prevented from visiting the scenes of Southey's 'Roderic.' No friend ever travelled with him but could give similar instances, and no one familiar with his published writings

can fail to feel the different form which the boy's 'picturesque sensibility' assumed in manhood. Even the moon 'walking in her brightness,' of which in the journal he gives a rapturous description, would scarcely have stirred his enthusiasm in later years, unless she lit up some scene of historic interest or awoke some literary association. The following extract is only a fair sample of the contents of the two closely-written manuscript volumes that contain the record of his first travels. It gives an account of what he calls 'the most interesting of all his expeditions,' that to the Port de Venasque and the Maladetta. They had risen (Aug. 29) and breakfasted at 11 P.M., and at midnight were joined by a party of friends, and started on horseback 'under the light of a half-moon and stars twinkling in multitudes above us.'

'All was silent except when the loud wild shrieks of the horned owls resounded from the height above. As we looked up, we saw, like a star on the mountain, the fire of an izard-hunter. All this time we ascended, and it grew very cold, so that we were not sorry, after about three hours' riding, to arrive at the Hospice, a lonely house on purpose for travellers, &c., to stop and refresh themselves. It is on an open grassy space, with the forests behind, and the Port de Venasque in front. We dismounted and entered: the first room was quite dark, the second was lighted up by a blazing log, which lay on the large hearth, round which were placed benches. Round the room lay several shepherds sleeping on large sacks, &c. We were very glad to range ourselves round the fire, which the people of the Hospice soon kindled into a warm and cheerful blaze, before whose influence we soon revived. There was great laughing at Frontin in his *capot*, which is a kind of large cloak with a hood, that the shepherds wear. After about an hour's warming we set out again, and I now was fortified against the cold by two hoods. We soon began to ascend the Port de Venasque, up a steep zigzag road, which wound and turned, and on each side steep, high, rugged rocks and mountains, among which the Pic de la Pique was the most conspicuous.

We soon got far above the Hospice, and when we were about halfway up, the morning began to dawn over the eastern mountains, and tinge the sky with rosy streaks; but still the moon was bright before us, while the stars faded away. By degrees the rays of rosy light began to spread through the heavens, and the lofty Pic above to catch the light, but the sun had not yet made his appearance. All along the sides of the path were scattered broken rocks and stones, the signs of the avalanches that fall there; and there was a cross put up, where some person had been crushed by one. It was now colder than before; for we passed several large masses of snow which lay among the rocks. The road was like a staircase, but the horses performed their part admirably. At last we came into a vast amphitheatre of stupendous rocks, out of which it seemed impossible to pass, and all their tops were glowing in the morning light. At the bottom of this magnificent place was a small lake, which was joined to some smaller ones. Its water was black as ink; but the rocks and rosy sky were reflected in it beautifully. We looked round, not knowing how we were to pass out, for the rocks towered above us and surrounded us as if with a wall; but we followed the guide, who led us winding on, till all of a sudden there appeared a pass—very narrow—looking just as if it had been cut into Spain, just what I could fancy the Brèche de Roland to be. There was scarcely room for more than two to pass at a time; but the moment we had got through the snowy range of the mountains of Aragon burst upon us, and mighty and stupendous above them all, with its awful and magnificent height covered with eternal snows, the Maladetta rose before us! Never shall I forget what I felt on seeing it burst forth so suddenly in all its grandeur and desolation—so well deserving the name of Maladetta, with its many dark granite peaks, rising out of the vast beds of snow with which it was crowned, its vast girdle of grey rocks, and the wild cliffs beneath only speckled with black pines. There was the feeling, too, of having passed by that narrow opening through the mighty barrier that divided France from Spain. All (with the exception of Mr. — who immediately went down into the valley and fell asleep) were struck dumb with awe and admiration. We all dismounted, and stood gazing on the grand scene

before us. All was still as death, except the awful sound, of distant cataracts, rushing down from the snows of the Maladetta. We then went down upon a kind of platform (the Penna Blanca) before the Maladetta, with large rocks of white and black schist that rose up in every direction. It was so awful thinking that this mighty Maladetta had burst up out of the earth, driving every other mountain before it; and, as one looked round, seeing them all leaning away from it, as if they shrank in terror from their king.'

The memorable tour was at last finished. The impression made on the sensitive and active brain was prolific in immediate results. A whole series of youthful poems was composed during, or after, the tour, on one and another of the innumerable subjects of interest which his new experience had suggested. There still remains a large portion of an unfinished 'historical novel,' written obviously within the same year, the scene of which is laid in the Pyrenees, and every page of which is full of reminiscences of his tour; and letter after letter from Seaforth and Rugby shows how years passed before his imagination ceased to be haunted by the skies and peaks and valleys of Southern France.

The young traveller returned for one more half-year to the school whose educational appliances he was obviously beginning to outgrow. His days at Seaforth were numbered. The choice of a public school was a serious question in the case of a child so far removed in tastes and habits from the generality of boys, and yet endowed with gifts that pointed so clearly to the academical life for which he had already shown a childish preference. It was finally decided in favour of Rugby, where Dr. Arnold had been installed as Head Master in the summer of 1828.

CHAPTER III

1829

First Year at Rugby

ON the last day of January 1829 Arthur Stanley was taken to Rugby by his father. A long letter to his sister (February 4th) gives a full account of the new-comer's impressions and experiences in the strange world of a public school, as well as of his first meeting with the great teacher whose name will be always inseparably linked with his own. The Rev. C. A. Anstey, one of the assistant masters, was at that time on the point of opening a new boarding-house, of which Arthur Stanley was to be an inmate. But as the house was not yet ready to receive its full number, the new boy was placed for his first half-year in 'Townsend's,' a house in the middle of the town, near the Eagle Inn, just beyond the present school bookseller's.

A letter to his sister describes his arrival at the school:—

* Rugby: Feb. 4, 1829.

'My dear Mary,—According to your wish I write to you. Nothing remarkable happened on the journey. . . . We had our breakfast at Dunchurch, got into a chaise, and set off for Rugby! The country was very pretty—long sweeping meadows, and trees. I looked out for boys, but none were to be seen, as they were all in school. Presently we saw the towers of Rugby rising up above the trees, and a

few moments after the whole school burst upon us in all its beauty: and beautiful it was—an immense long building, towered and turreted (very like the print), of stone, and I don't think it looked at all too new. At one end of it—joined to it, and just the same kind of building—was Dr. Arnold's department, and on the other the chapel, close to it—small and pretty, but nothing very striking. [I must just leave off here to go to dinner.] The playground is a fine large field, with several fine trees. We drove through the town, which is just behind the school, and stopped at Mr. Townsend's. There we saw him and his wife. We went to look at the studies, some of which were ranged round a yard, and some upstairs; some were indeed small, but some were a very tolerable size, with sofas, tables, bookcases, fitted up as nicely as could be. Papa and I then walked to Dr. Arnold's, and presently Mrs. Arnold came in—she was very nice indeed. At last came the Doctor himself; but I certainly should not have taken him for a Doctor. He was very pleasant, and did not look old. When Papa asked him whether I could be examined, he said that if I would walk into the next room he would do it himself; so, of course, in I went with him, with a feeling like that when I am going to have a tooth drawn. So he took down a Homer, and I read about half a dozen lines, and the same with Virgil; he then asked a little about my Latin verses, and set me down without any more ado in the great book* as placed in the fourth form. I felt such a weight taken off my mind when that was done. . . . And here I am in my study upstairs, with the *First Day* over. I think the only *misery* I have endured is that this night the boys have been smoking me with burnt paper through the cracks in the door. My study is not yet what I call comfortable-looking. All the books are on the floor, and there is no other place to put them till I get my bookcase. . . .

So far he had written cheerfully; he ends in a different strain:

'Though I have no *miseries*, I feel such a sense of desolation—sometimes such a difference from Seaforth, where I could do almost what I liked—that I wish I was anywhere else. I am so distracted that I dare say I have left out

many things you want to hear, but tell me of them in the next letter. Love to all.

Yours most affectionately.

A. P. STANLEY.

P.S.—Unfortunately the writing-master here is called Stanley, and so I think I shall get the nickname of Bob Stanley's son.'

The new boy was, it will be remembered, barely thirteen. In the following passage, one of his few familiar associates at Anstey's house, H. G. Allen, once M.P. for the Pembroke Boroughs, thus describes his appearance :

'I well remember the report of a new boy of great talents having joined us, who was likely soon to pass over the heads of his contemporaries, and the interest with which his first appearance at our house and in the school was regarded. He was then thirteen years of age, short in stature, of slight frame, small and delicate features, with the gentle and amiable expression which marked him until the close of his life. His general appearance was feminine, and obtained for him the passing nickname of "Nancy" during the short time before he got into the fifth form. I recall him dressed in a round, blue, many-buttoned jacket, and grey trousers adorned by a pink watch-ribbon, being somewhat earlier than the general run of boys were trusted with watches. His manners were as gentle as his appearance indicated. He was shy and timid, but full of vivacity when accosted ; and it was soon perceived that his attainments and powers rather exceeded than fell short of the report of them which had circulated among us. No new boy was then placed higher than the fourth form ; but Stanley, having very soon got to the top of that form, was at Easter removed into the Shell, and, passing through that form with equal rapidity, was promoted to the fifth before the summer holidays ; so that in six months he had attained to the dignity of being among the class exempt from fagging.'

The letter to Mary already quoted alludes to a visit which his mother and sister were to pay him at Rugby. Their coming was anticipated with mixed feelings. A

letter to his sister of February 26th begins with most earnest serio-comic injunctions, into the meaning of which schoolboys will fully enter :

' I am very glad to have an opportunity of writing to you again, to give you sundry *directions*, &c. If you come on Tuesday, you will most likely find me disengaged at half-past twelve. First, you must mind and not tell Dr. Arnold what I have told you. Second, you must mind, none of you, to scream at me, and fly upon me, and kiss me. Third, if you walk about and look into my study, you must take care and not speak loud, lest the boys should hear you. Can you remember all this ? '

Then comes an important announcement ; his reputation is obviously spreading :

' I have made one step at last, and have got into the middle remove, from which I hope soon to arrive in the upper. As soon as I come into school in the morning about half a dozen boys run up to me, exclaiming, " Give me a construe, give me a construe " ; and each one tries to get me, and one pulls one way, and another another, till at last they all come and sit, stand, or crouch round me whilst I give them one. I have also a great reputation as a verse-maker, and am beset on all sides for them. I never, however, let any English verses escape me.'

The visit of his family to Rugby was paid ; and the mother and sister went away on the whole satisfied, though Mrs. Stanley notices in a letter to her sister ' the shyness and colouring when spoken to,' which for long after this caused a natural, if excessive, anxiety in the home-circle. His correspondence with Mary is at once resumed. The little fourth-form boy's account of his earliest impression of Arnold as a teacher will be read with interest :

' We have been examined again by Dr. Arnold in Latin,' he writes on April 7th :

‘and he seemed very much pleased with me, and said I had done extremely well. He is very particular; the least word you say or pronounce wrong he finds out in an instant, and he is very particular about chronology, history, and geography. He does not sit still like the other masters, but walks backwards and forwards all the time, and seems rather fidgety. . . . I am never bogled (Rugby phrase) with smoke or squirts, and so long as I do not fag at my lessons very much I am not teased at all. We had this time to do the map of France. You may be sure I did not forget my dear, dear Pyrenees. . . . I very nearly made a great blot in trying to make Maladetta larger than the others. As to friends, I have not pitched upon one, and I think I am better without one just now; as I can always get some one to go out with, it is quite enough. I don’t expect I shall find a regular friend till next half, when I shall begin to look about more particularly for one, as I shall be more settled.’

‘I am very happy,’ he says (May 25th, 1829), ‘and very well.’ Dr. Arnold has

‘heard the Shell’ (into which he had been promoted after Easter) ‘a lesson. Oh! how particular he is; but at the same time so mild and pleasant. I like saying to him very much. He asks very much about history, and asks queer out-of-the-way questions. I daresay you will be glad to hear that I got up to the top once for answering something about Themistocles. He seems very much pleased when I answer anything.’

In the following month (June 1829) he already begins to scent the holidays:

‘Oh! when I do get home, and see you once more, quite beyond Rugby, præpostors, and fags—when I can go to the Edge without shirking, my own master! And will Lucy be there? Tell her that I have not at all forgotten the Pyrenees. Joy, joy! I am quite well—very happy, and all that. The half-year seems to have gone very quickly. This time last year I was trembling at the thought of going

to a public school; and now I am at it. I must go to school now.'

He returned with joy to Alderley, to the family circle, outside which he was yet for some time to feel a difficulty in forming close intimacies. A letter to Owen, written from home, gives a full account of his Rugby life and of the school system. 'On the whole,' he says, 'I have been very happy. In my boarding-house there was very little fagging, and no bullying, except some smoking or squirting through the study doors.' On his return to Rugby he entered for the first time the larger boarding-house which was to be his home till his school-life was over. He is now in the fifth form, 'quite out of the reach of præpostors'—'very happy, but have not made any particular friend yet'; has been 'to Isaac the Jew to buy a foot-rule to measure my study,' of which he sends a carefully drawn plan, with a commission to Mary to buy him a carpet; he does not 'mind what it is like, if it is not ugly or extraordinary.' His spirits rise as he becomes familiar with his new home. He tells 'How regularly and diligently I sweep out my study every morning, turning everything topsyturvy, and really keep it very clean and tidy. . . . It looks toward the Island and the trees; and if I had any smell I might catch the passing perfume from a garden almost beneath the windows.'

'Mary,' he bursts out, 'I am very happy here; the boys, all of them almost, are very kind to me. . . . I am not, as Charley says, *quite miserable when I think of home*, only sometimes little thoughts come. . . . I often laugh when some of the Boys do things for me, almost as if I could fag them; quite out of their own good will, for you may be sure I am not one that could command anything.'

He even in the same letter appeals to Mary for congratulations on

'playing football three days running. To be sure, I am a very poor player, but it is a great thing to have broken thro' the ice; for last half-year, to say the truth, I don't think I ever played at any game in the playground. I do really like it—it is such an enlivening warm game; though I sometimes catch myself looking at the sunset instead of the ball. Perhaps in time I may like cricket.'

The new-born taste perished in its first infancy, and the faint hope was never realised. There is still the same yearning for friendship, and the same difficulty in passing beyond certain limits in schoolboy intimacy. 'Do you want to know,' he says, 'how — and I get on? Why, we are very amicable, &c., but I am afraid,' he adds modestly, 'that he is a sphere above me. I think we shall always go on well and peacefully, but never be loving friends—like Waverley and Flora MacIvor!'

In time the events of school-life give him, as he says to Mary on October 16th, 'some substance to talk about.' He describes a visit paid in state by Dr. Arnold to Mr. Anstey's House, and the formal elevation of every fifth-form boy under his charge to the rank of præpositors within their own house. He reports also Mr. Anstey's speech which followed, in which 'when he spoke of *manual strength* he glanced at me and laughed.' He sends home an elaborate account of the amount and limits of his new powers, and of his announcement to the 'three fags' who were now to clean out his study by turns, that he 'did not mean to be very strict.' 'There is much joking,' he owns, 'among the other præpositors about my "*manual strength*," and I have only twice called *Silence*, on one of which times I said *Hush* instead. However,' he adds proudly, and with an unusual dash of boasting, 'at all events, I think I can say what no other at the school can, that at the beginning of one half-year I was in the fourth and had to sweep out another boy's study, and at the beginning of the next I had fags to sweep out my own.'

An event of even more importance than his elevation at the age of thirteen to the dignity of a 'house præpostor' was his first appearance at Rugby in the character of the schoolboy-poet. As a subject for an English poem had been set

'Brownsver, a little village, or rather a cluster of miserable cottages, on the top of a hill, at about a mile and a half from Rugby. The chief recommendation is that Lawrence Sheriff, the founder of Rugby, was born there; besides this, the Avon—Shakespeare's Avon—flows under it, and a little river called the Swift runs into the Avon, into which the ashes of Wickliffe (who lived at Lutterworth, about six miles from Rugby) were thrown! We had four days to do it in, but it would have been very preposterous in me, the last of the fifth, to have done so much as forty or fifty lines. So that I was obliged to curtail it and leave out unnecessary verses, and I did, as I thought, a very decent copy, nothing more. About two days passed between the time of showing up and being *called up* for them; but during that time the fifth-form master had shown several of the verses to his son, who is at school, and from him I received the first intimation that I had done the best in the form! And the next morning so it was that mine was the best of all the thirty in the fifth. . . . I am somewhat bothered for copies, but not plagued about it, any more than being called "poet" now and then, and my study "Poet's Corner."

The lines on Brownsver are still remembered by his surviving contemporaries as having made a great impression on boys and masters, and, together with his rapid rise in the school, soon placed him in a position of which he seems to have been singularly unconscious. It is almost a pleasure to add that the same letter which records his success tells also of his having been engaged, præpostor though he was, with the rest of his house, in the unlawful occupation of letting off squibs.

'Just as I had let one off, out came Mr. Anstey himself.

We all stood stupefied ; he came directly up to me, and caught me by the arm, and another boy near me ; the others all escaped. 'We each of us got about one hundred lines of Horace to translate.'

In another letter he reports himself as having been 'called up first' for an English theme 'On the Advantages and Disadvantages of Castes in India' ; but in the next breath Nature asserts herself in the precocious essayist, and he goes on like any other child of his age, 'Oh, Mary, a fortnight to-morrow !' He will be dropped at a friend's house by the coach, and they are to send for him, 'but pray don't come yourselves.' He is 'fagging away terribly, taking up *Extras*—in Divinity, Leslie on Deism ; in Greek, half the Hippolytus ; in History, some of the reigns of the kings of England ; and under Mathematics, some Conversations on Natural Philosophy. Arithmetic is the only thing that I almost despair of.'

The terrible examination passed off well. He describes himself to Mary, on December 4th, as 'in such agitation !' on going into the awful presence of the Head Master. 'At the end Dr. Arnold said, "Very well, Stanley ; you have done very well now and throughout the half." This of course pleased me very much, and I went out with such a load off my mind. However,' he adds, 'Dr. Arnold has not seen my sums yet !'

So ends his first year at Rugby, with words that many a boy and young man in an age of multiplied examinations can sadly echo : 'Oh, I am so glad to be relieved from such fagging, fagging work at last !'

CHAPTER IV

1830-34

Rugby Life continued

IT is impossible to relate in minute detail the remainder of Arthur Stanley's life at Rugby. The claims of his later career cannot, in justice, be set aside for the employments and thoughts of a schoolboy, however gifted. Yet the picture, drawn so unconsciously in his Rugby letters, is too valuable to be entirely lost. It seems worthy of preservation on more grounds than one. In the first place, English literature affords no adequate parallel to such a continuous record of the story of any English boyhood, conveyed, as it is, in a series of pictures which owe their rare freshness and fidelity to the fact that they are not drawn from memory and coloured by later experience, but are sketched on the spot and filled in at the moment. In the second place, the type of boyhood which is here presented is so remote from the prevailing impressions, and, it may be added, from the most graphic delineations, of an English schoolboy's life, that the record might fairly claim attention solely on the ground of its marked individuality. The letters paint the portrait of a boy bound by the closest ties of affection to the circle that he has quitted, and only able by slow degree to admit others to any full share in the confidence and intimacy which were long reserved for

those familiar with his childhood. They depict his vain efforts to throw himself into the ordinary pursuits and amusements of schoolboys, his intense and growing avidity for fresh ideas and fresh knowledge, his extraordinary delight in, and capacity for, intellectual activity, his shrinking from the coarseness and vice that stain school-life, the reserve and shyness of his sensitive nature, which were yet so combined with a high breeding and a charm of manner and appearance as to save him alike from rough usage and from all imputation of conceit or pedantry. They reveal his early attraction, and growing devotion, to his great teacher, the Thomas Arnold who, during Stanley's schooldays, reached the very height of his unpopularity in other circles, and who, even at Rugby, was as yet far from having won the affection and reverence which he afterwards inspired. In the background of the main portrait the letters throw vivid side-lights on the general aspect of English school-life at a critical epoch in English education, and on the personality of the most renowned figure in the roll of English schoolmasters. And, above all, as they illustrate the steady growth and development of the powers, the tastes, the habits, and the character of the young letter-writer, they bring into clear prominence the remarkable unity that ran through his life, and linked his childhood and boyhood to his youthful and maturer manhood.

Stanley's letters from 1830 to 1834 are partly a chronicle of the details of his school-life. At the beginning of 1830 he returned to Rugby as a fifth-form boy, and a præpostor in his House. The most noteworthy event in this early portion of his career marks the result of his first attempt at dealing with history.

The subject of 'Sicily and its Revolutions' was set for an English essay open to competition for the fifth form, and after much doubt he resolves to try.

Early in April 1830 he begins a letter with, 'Dear

Mary, dear good People at home,' and goes on to say, 'I have got the prize. I can scarcely believe it while I tell you!'

'as I was running home from school, a cry of "Stanley to Dr. Arnold!" reached my ears. I turned, and bursting through the outstretched arms, and "You have got it," stood before Dr. Arnold. He said he congratulated me upon having gained the prize! Oh! what a moment! and when I came out such a shaking of hands, such congratulations. There is a German sentence which we had in our lesson the other day, which is, "My heart laughs to me in my body"; that is just my feeling.'

There is abundant evidence that the impression which he had already made on his schoolfellows was of an unusual kind. His immunity from fagging, even in the first weeks from his entering Rugby affords a significant proof of the position which he at once gained in the school. His escape from rough usage at the hands of boys more of an age with himself is another sign of the impression which he unconsciously made upon those who were least likely to appreciate his intellectual gifts. 'Arthur,' writes his mother, 'says he does not know why, but he never gets plagued in any way like the others; his study is left untouched, his things unbroken, his books undisturbed.' He himself writes to the same effect, but with a characteristic addition. 'So far from being plagued and bullied, except just at the beginning, I have been most fortunate in all that, *especially considering what I am.*' He was keenly alive to his incapacity for games, which debarred him from the readiest road to influence in the world of a public school; to his manual helplessness, which might naturally provoke the ridicule, if not the horseplay, of youthful critics; and to the shyness and reserve, which isolated him from the companionship of his schoolfellows. His efforts to conquer these defects were only partially suc-

cessful. At football he at one time hoped to improve. 'I think,' he writes in 1830, 'I kick the ball, whereas before they used to tell me I only pushed it with my foot.' But these hopes were short-lived. If he continued to play, it was, as he confesses, for the sake, not of the game, but of other advantages.

'I have compelled myself to play our *big side* (my first) at football (*i.e.* a game in which the great ones of the school play, and the fags are fagged to play)—partly for my own benefit—partly for my *protégés*, as each præpostor may excuse three fags. Think what a privilege! I shall go on playing, I think, though it is a joke among the boys, and a form to myself for the most part, as I do very little more than run backwards and forwards after a crowd for the space of two hours.'

On his helplessness with hands and feet he often comments. It was with 'patient endurance' that he accepted his mother's efforts to develop his physical capacity. But the deficiencies proved unconquerable. Those who knew Arthur Stanley in later life will recognise him in the following extract from a letter written in November 1832:

'Last night we (*i.e.* five) went to dine with Arnold. I, being the head, was in deadly fear of making blunders in taking Mrs. A. in to dinner, carving, &c. I did make great work about taking her in, but that being over, she took all the carving to herself, till at desert there happened to be a cake before me, which I had to cut; but unfortunately I thought, at every slice I cut, I had cut enough, and consequently laid down my knife, and was four times asked to go on again, reminding me of the lady curtseying to the King, and his saying "Come a little nearer." So much for the bodily part of it. The intellectual part, *i.e.* the conversation, occasionally flagged much, but part of it was very good indeed.'

In the same connection may be placed another extract

from his schoolboy letters. A letter written in October, 1831 is filled with a description of an alarm caused by a fire in a neighbouring study—promptly extinguished by pouring the contents of his teakettle over the burning window frame—‘after pausing for a moment (don’t laugh at me very much) to think whether the boiling water would not increase it.’ The description ends with a remark, significant to those who were familiar in later times with his want of the senses of smell and taste. ‘One advantage I had was that, while everyone else was holding his nose from the smell of the stuff-curtain being burnt, and the smoke and fire, it had no effect at all on me.’

His aversion for mathematics may perhaps be regarded as the intellectual complement of his bodily unreadiness. His picturesque and concrete mind recoiled from the abstractions of the exact sciences, and in spite of his efforts, in spite also of Dr. Arnold’s personal instruction, they always presented insuperable obstacles to his mind. His incapacity for accounts formed, with his ignorance of architecture and indifference to music, the three serious disqualifications for his work at Westminster, to which in later days he was wont, half seriously, half jocularly, to refer.

Nor were his incapacity for games and his bodily unreadiness counterbalanced in the eyes of his schoolfellows by that general accessibility of temperament, which often secures for a boy a wide share of popularity. He was, in the early part of his Rugby career, singularly friendless, reserving his confidence for the one or two boys with whom he felt in sympathy.

Both at home and at school he suffered from a reserve and a difficulty in expressing his feelings which, as a boy, he never fully overcame. His gifts of utterance and his conversational facility were a later growth. The defect escaped neither his mother’s observation nor his own self-examination.

‘Arthur,’ wrote his mother in June 1832,

‘wants the free use of his powers of mind as well as of body. The embarrassment and difficulty of getting *out* what he knows seems so painful to him, while some people’s pain is all in getting it in; but it is very wholesome to have drawbacks in everything.’

In a curious fragment of boyish introspection (January 1831) he notices this ‘fear of expressing myself badly. Shall I say this or that? which ends in my saying nothing.’ He laments his ‘aversion to games, and withdrawing into myself, and avoiding company,’ and he confides to his sister in June 1831 his resolution ‘to fag with circumspection, and make myself more agreeable and conversational.’

His contemporaries at school were perhaps less impressed by his shyness and silence than would be expected from his own or his mother’s language. Even in those rough times, they showed themselves capable of appreciating one whose tastes, habits, pursuits, and tone of mind were separated by so wide a gulf from those of the ordinary schoolboy. There were many who, like his friend Allen,

‘felt attracted towards him by his intellectual gifts, as well as by his unpretending sweetness of disposition. Though not addicted to the usual games, Stanley used to take long walks after the school hours, and soon found companions in these exercises who, like himself, felt no aptitude for the games, or gave them up for the pleasure of his company. There was certainly such respect entertained for intellectual powers in our school society, that none of usth held Stanley in less esteem because he was not a cricketer or football-player. The regard for strength and activity is always a prevalent feeling among boys, but I am confident that at Rugby, at least in my time, equal, if not greater, regard and respect were entertained for intellectual vigour and mental acquirements.’

In August 1831 he was promoted into the sixth form. His feelings and impressions on entering upon new duties, and coming into that closer contact with his Head Master which was to be the main feature of the next three years of his life, are fully recorded.

'I am firmly established (Sept. 4) in my new foundation, and am very comfortable and happy. First, as head of the house, I am not very much overpowered with the miseries of royalty; yet the former head is very kind to me in not altogether dropping his dignity. My subjects have not yet involved me in very great distress or anger on their account. The greatest nuisance I have yet experienced has been the collecting of the taxes for the newspapers, and being obliged to reckon up over and over again, as I forgot the calculation as soon as I had finished; however, that is pretty nearly over. . . . The sixth I like very much, and shall learn abundance, though I always feel rather quaky when I am called up; yet it is not so awful with Dr. Arnold as I expected: he is certainly a splendid man. I feel as if he could magnetise one directly. I think the chief difference between him and our late master in the manner of teaching (of course putting his immensely greater knowledge out of the question) is the questions he asks in the modern history we do—such very useful ones."

Within the next ten months he had given fresh evidence of his powers by winning the prizes for an English Essay on 'Novels and Novelists,' and for an English Poem on 'Charles Martel.'

On April 26, 1832, he writes a minute account of his own performance, under his father's eyes, on the Speech Day in Easter week;—

'I think I made my hair decent, without the help of artificial curls . . . was in a very great fright when the Latin Poet was speaking, but when he had done, got up with my "Charles Martel" in my hand, and, trying to look at no one in particular, I set off as loud as ever I could, and

did not feel very much alarmed. When I came to the "sealike plains of France," I waved my arm over the plains. But I made some blunders. I said the *unknown* ocean and the *boundless* shore, and forgot my first bow before I went up for my prize—two large folios, which it was all I could do to carry back. As I got up to speak, I felt just as if my hair was standing on end, but it very soon went down, and then as I went to get the last prize, there rose from all sides a tremendous peal of clapping. Those few moments gave me as much pleasure, I think; as I ever had, and did fully repay me for all my trouble. . . . After the speeches came the dinner, in which fortunately I sate before veal; I had not a single slice to carve. . . . I had to propose the customary toasts, which I cut very short, without bestowing any praise on the persons proposed—and then the day was over—such a whirl as I have never had, I think.'

The unusual impression made by his prize compositions, and by the scene at the speeches, is not yet forgotten by those who were present. It was reported at length in the Leamington and other county papers, and is thus recalled by one of his contemporaries: 'I have a vivid recollection of the Speech Day, when, after reciting his beautiful prize poem, "Charles Martel," he returned from Arnold's chair so loaded with prize-books that he could hardly carry them—his face radiant, yet so exquisitely modest, and free from all conceit, that we outsiders all rejoiced at "little Stanley's" successes.'

The little boy, 'in a frill and blue jacket, with the pink watch-fob in relief against the grey trousers,' was no longer a child. Even as a new boy he had been treated with a tenderness, and almost a deference, unparalleled in those rough days of the history of Rugby. He had now not only reached the sixth form, but he was already recognised as one of its leading members, and had carried off two of its principal prizes—one for a poem which had produced an unprecedented effect on

the world of school. From this time his position in that world was thoroughly assured: a peculiar and unusual position no doubt, but one which after the lapse of half a century vividly impressed those who recalled it. Henceforth he followed more entirely his own course in school-life. He no longer continued his ineffectual and rare attempts to interest himself in school games, but sought his only relaxation in the society of the few friends with whom he could find full sympathy in his literary tastes, and in his almost insatiable avidity for fresh knowledge and new ideas. As those older than himself left the school, his influence, as well as his responsibilities, increased. He writes more and more cheerfully of his position at Rugby; he acts as head of his house, real as well as nominal, without friction or difficulty; he is elected first president of the Debating Society, plays a prominent part in suppressing a threatened rebellion, takes a decided line in a sixth-form discussion, adding in words which will have a touch of interest to those who remember his many controversies in later life, 'It is the only row I have ever been in where I have been in the right, and at the same time in the majority, which last makes a great difference in the comfort.'

The following extract from a letter from the Rev. J. N. Simpkinson records something of the impression which Stanley made upon his schoolfellows:—

'Rugby was a rough place in those times, as is seen sufficiently in "Tom Brown's School Days," and in George Melly's "Experiences of a Fag"; and it was considerably worse some years before. Stanley was a good deal senior even to Tom Hughes and his brother, who came to the school only a few months before he left it. Yet it is not too much to say that he was never persecuted nor bullied, and scarcely ever laughed at, though habitually abstaining from games, and habitually diligent in school work. The beauty and goodness of his character seemed to impress

the roughest of his schoolfellows, who felt him to be a being of a higher order than themselves, and not to be judged by their conventional standard. And he knew as little of them and of their ways; so that when "Tom Brown" came out, he remarked about it: "It is an absolute revelation to me: opens up a world of which, though so near me, I was utterly ignorant." His great ability (or more correctly speaking, his genius) was universally acknowledged, though not of course under that name: and the boys were proud of him as a brilliant phenomenon. When, in 1831, the fifth form was for the first time subjected to a searching examination to decide their places for the next term and to settle the promotions into the sixth, it was only what all expected when he, though much younger than most of his competitors for the highest place, came out first on the list. His four years in the sixth form, under the immediate teaching of Dr. Arnold, were years of intense enjoyment to him. There was the most perfect confidence between them, and something even of deference on the part of the great master, when listening to his pupil's answer to a question, or his English rendering of some passage in a classical author.

The great crisis of Stanley's school-life must be described in his own words,—his competition for the Balliol scholarship in November 1833. The scholars of Balliol had already secured a leading position at Oxford, and the attainment of either of the two annual scholarships was a distinction much prized in the educational world. But Rugby had never as yet gained the prize. It was therefore natural that the candidate who was to represent the school should look forward with some anxiety to the coming contest. The result of the examination is communicated in a letter to his sister on November 29th, 1833.

'I will begin my letter in the midst of my agony of expectation and fear. At two o'clock to-day I finished my examination—at eight o'clock to-night the decision takes place—so that my next three-quarters of an hour

will be dreadful. As I do not know how the other schools have done, my hope of success now depends on nothing, except that I think I have done well—better, perhaps, from comparing notes, than the rest of the Rugby men. Oh! the joy if I do get it, and the disappointment if I do not.

Now wait for half an hour. I will go on regularly. We all assembled in the Hall, and had to wait an hour, the room getting fuller and fuller with Rugby Oxonians crowding in from various parts to hear the result. At last the door opened—the Master's servant appeared and called for Mr. Stanley. I clapped my hands—rushed forward amidst congratulations—everybody ran to the door, when you may conceive how angry I was to find it was only a note from someone to breakfast. I tore up the note without seeing who it was. I said I could not. Well, another quarter of an hour passed; every time the door opened my heart jumped, but many times it was nothing. At last the Dean appeared in his white robes, and moved up to the head of the table. He first began a long preamble—that they were well satisfied with all—that those who were disappointed were many in proportion to those who were successful, &c., &c. All this time everyone was listening in the most intense eagerness, and I almost bit my lips off, till "The successful candidates are—Mr. Stanley"—I gave a great jump, and there was a half-shout among the Rugby men—the next was Lonsdale from Eton. The Dean then took me into the chapel, where were the Master and all the Fellows—in white robes—and I then swore that I would not dissipate the property, reveal the secrets, or disobey the statutes of the College. I was then made to kneel on the steps, and admitted to the rank of Scholar and Exhibitioner of Balliol College, *nomine Patris, Filii et Spiritus Sancti*. I then wrote my name in a book—and so all was finished. I am to be matriculated to-day, and so shall get back to Rugby in good time. We start at two to-day in a chaise-and-four—for the glory of it. You may only think of my joy. The honour of Rugby is saved, and I am Scholar of Balliol.'

Stanley, though now a matriculated member of the University, did not go into residence at Oxford till the beginning of the next October term. He remained at

Rugby till July 1834. His last public appearance as a winner of prizes at the Rugby Speeches on the Wednesday before Easter is described in a letter of April 5th :—

‘There was a large meeting; a good many old Rugbeians from Oxford and Cambridge. . . . The Latin Prose I read, and then came the last of the sixth-form prizes with the Greek verse. I had in my hurry forgotten to write down the subject of the Essay, and so reckoned on being able to say it when I got up. I was rather in a fright when I found that, on there being a general clapping as soon as I got up, for which I was not at all prepared, it had been entirely put out of my head; however, I managed to make out something, and this was the only breakdown. My Greek Verses, about which I had been rather fearful, having to say them, I got through beautifully. . . . I had always been told before that I could not be heard; so this time—the last speech I shall ever make in Rugby School—I shouted to the top of my voice. When I went up for the last of my six prizes, Dr. A. stood up and said: “Stanley, I have now given you from this place every prize that can be given, and I cannot let it pass without thanking you thus publicly for the honour you have reflected upon the school, not only within these walls, but even already at the University.” The applause was great, and so ended my Rugby career with the most glorious hour I have ever had; more glorious even than my one at Balliol, though not of such unmixed pleasure. That was the beginning of my successes at Oxford, and this (it makes me melancholy to think of it) the last of my successes at Rugby. However, it is something to think that henceforth every honour which I get must bring with it twice the pleasure of any before, as involving two credits instead of one. I finished the work by going in to our dinner . . . just stayed long enough to return thanks for my health being drunk, “as having,” in the language of the proposer, “done what had never been done before in the memory of man!”’

Those who remember their own schooldays will not wonder at the unaffected delight which Stanley shows at

the reception given him at such a time by his master, his schoolfellows, and the visitors. It was perhaps not less, but more, welcome from special causes. His entire isolation from the pursuits of the majority of school-boys, the extremely small number of those who shared his intimacy, and his undisguised detestation of all that was coarse or immoral in the school-life around him, might in ordinary cases have involved no small amount of general unpopularity. Of the existence of such a feeling it is difficult to find even a trace in the memory of his surviving schoolfellows. All other feelings seem to have been lost in the general sense that he was, and somehow had a right to be, unlike other boys, and in the admiration that was caused by his great gifts and marked successes. Nor can there be any question of the strange spell that he already cast over the few who penetrated the narrow circle in which he lived, and even over the larger number to whom he showed those little acts of kindness which often leave so lasting an impression.

'I well remember,' says the author of 'Tom Brown' (April 13th, 1888),

'how when George and I went to Rugby in February 1834 (I being ten), we had a letter from George Atkins, son of a neighbouring squire, to Arthur Stanley. Two days after the sixth came back, we got an invitation to breakfast in his study at Anstey's, which was, I remember, marvellously packed with other new boys. His welcome filled us with joy, and induced us at first to haunt the walk under Arnold's garden-wall to get a nod from him as he scuffled along, to or from Anstey's, with his hat on the back of his head and mighty books under his arm. Soon, however, this part of the Close became the hunting-ground for the purveyors of island-fags for the sixth, who cultivated that spot for the yearly visit of the guests who came to the Easter speeches. This drove us small boys out of bounds. I don't think I ever spoke to Stanley again at Rugby, but I was one of the heartiest shouters on the topmost bench in the big school—

close up, I remember, to the board on which the exhibitors' names were painted—when he got all the prizes which it took two fags to carry up to Anstey's, and the Doctor told us that he had not only got everything he could at Rugby, but had already gained high honour for the school at the University.'

On the evening of July 6th came the parting between the great schoolmaster and the most devoted of his pupils. The story is minutely told. 'I went to take leave of the Arnolds, with as heavy a heart as was compatible with the relief of all being over and the joy of so good a settlement. He was going out, so I saw him only for a few minutes, but those few minutes were worth much.' He describes the brief conversation, the look and voice of his master, 'speaking in that low, choked voice which you know. . . . After saying how sorry he was to lose me: "God bless you, Stanley," he said, "here and hereafter, and let me see you and hear from you as often as you can." And then he called me in again after I had gone out, and again blessed me, and said that he would give me letters to Oxford, one to his old pupil and dear friend, W. K. Hamilton, and one to Roundell Palmer, a very able man, he said, who had asked Arnold to introduce to him any of those whom he thought highly of. And so we parted.' He goes on to lament the close 'of that constant and delightful and blessed intercourse' which he had enjoyed 'with him for three years'; the close, too, of 'my life at Rugby, the place where I have spent five happy years, learned knowledge, human and divine, as probably I shall never learn it again—the place, too, of my several friendships, to last, I hope, none lessened by the coexistence of the others, to the latest hour of my life—the place, too, of so many little sorrows and some great ones for a time.'

Stanley's Rugby letters from 1830 to 1834 are far more than a chronicle of the successes or the failures of his school career. On every page they reveal the warmth

of his home affections, whether the expression of his feelings is elicited by a thought of the holidays, or by a letter to his sister, or by the return of his brother Owen from sea, or by the presence of Charlie at Rugby, or by the keenness of his own self-reproaches. They form a confession—as genuine as it is unreserved—of his inner character, his simplicity, modesty, and generosity, his keen interest in other boys, combined with his peculiar difficulty in making friends, his indecision, his militant hero-worship, the courage, and even combativeness, that underlay his shyness, the chivalrous spirit which in after-life prompted him to spring to the defence of anyone who was either dear to himself, or seemed to be unjustly assailed. They illustrate with an abundance of detail, which would be sufficiently remarkable if his time and his pen had been otherwise idle, his literary tastes and mental habits, his veritable passion for miscellaneous reading, his special enthusiasm for poetry and history, the development of his critical faculties, his ready command of the wealth of a well-stored memory, his ventures in various fields of composition, and, as he grows older, his widening interests, not merely in the historic past, but in the social, political, and ecclesiastical questions of the day. And, above all, they record the growing affection for Arnold, which became the strongest influence of his Rugby career, and rose from a schoolboy's awe to the height, as he himself notices, not without a touch of momentary misgiving, of almost idolatrous veneration.

No evidence is needed by anyone, who reads the letters of Arthur Stanley or his writings in later life, to see how happy were the home influences under which he passed his boyhood, or how keenly in advancing years he cherished the memories that gathered beneath the roof of a country parsonage, still, after all the vicissitudes of a chequered life, familiar, dear, and sacred, beyond any other spot on the surface of the earth. Nor does

his love for his sister Mary require any other monument than the voluminous correspondence in which it is enshrined. But some pleasant notices of the affectionate relations between his two brothers and himself, and some evidences of the striking contrasts between their characters and tastes, may be gathered from the letters.

In 1830 his brother Owen returned, after an absence of more than three years, in the *Adventure* from South America. The effect on the whole family of the return of the sailor son from his first long absence is one which gives a characteristic picture of English household life eighty years ago. If the mother was thinking of the drawing and Italian she would teach him on shore, if the youngest sister, 'sitting on Sarah's bed, was first laughing then crying,' the young Rugby schoolboy fully shared the family excitement. 'The *Adventure*,'—his letter to Mary on October 17th begins with the name in huge letters—'that was the word that sprang up to my eyes, as clearly as if it had been printed, or as I have written it.' 'I threw down the paper,' he writes, 'after *Adventure*, *Beagle*, and "Rio Janeiro," and ran up into my study to ruminate. I pictured to myself the scream, the shout, the running up and down, and Sarah, "not really, Miss Mary?" and Mademoiselle, "Est-il vraiment arrivé?" and Emmy (Owen's favourite cousin) coming down in such raptures. . . . This first thought has swallowed up all the lean scraps that I generally cook up to make a letter. Your first letters were all moonshine, your next comets and meteors, your last all sunshine.' A fortnight later (October 31st) he writes again, while his brother was still detained at Portsmouth:—

'I *must* write to him, if it is only to draw us nearer together. . . . I do feel so odd about it, very happy, but there is such an indescribable feeling of shyness, and when I come to consider coolly how much I remember of him, there is so very little. His voice I have not the least re-

collection of—his *living, real, conversable* face very little also, and I think I always had an awe of him. . . .

Within a few days comes a letter from Owen himself, proposing to spend a day with him on his way to Alderley. The meeting took place at Dunchurch.

‘I ran a good part of the way, and reached Dunchurch just as “The Wonder” entered the other end of the town . . . but away it went, rattle, rattle. I was left with half an hour or an hour more to wait—a gusty, rainy day in the duller of towns, shewn up into a room in the inn with windows looking the other way, and two stout farmers on their way to Rugby horse-fair; so I went and walked up and down the streets. Another coach goes rattling off without stopping. At last I heard a horn and sound of wheels. The coach stopped at the Green Man. Amidst the bustle, I saw one small figure which, though it was not the least what I had expected, I was convinced must be Owen. We met each other—what passed I can scarcely say—we did *not* kiss—I said very little—we went into the Inn. The room was full of horse-traders, so we marched out down one road in the rain, and then down another, and oh! how happy I was! But you asked me for a minute account of my feelings. They were really *indescribable*—and I can scarcely say what I said or did. I thought at first, as you did, that he was very much altered, chiefly, I think, from my having tried to build up a face out of the picture, which I don’t think he is like; then every now and then a look or word brought back, not the picture, but Owen, himself strongly to my remembrance. . . . We went into the inn, where we found the room empty for us, when Owen ordered dinner, of which I did not eat much; and we went on talking, and I got more and more at ease with him, and longed for hours more, when at half-past five the sound of the coach-wheels was heard at the door, and Owen got in; the coach rumbled away, and I was left pursuing my dark and solitary journey along the starlit road (for they were all reflected in the puddles) from Dunchurch to Rugby,—and it was not till then I felt how *very* happy I had been. It was just like a dream—and yet scarcely a pleasant

dream, for I brooded over it, thinking what I wished I had said or done, and not said and not done, and when I got back there was that loneliness which has always come upon me after having seen any of you—in a more or less degree since that miserable night at Seaforth.'

December 1830 was the last Christmas which the three brothers spent together as boys. To those who remember that, in less than twenty years, two of them, the eldest and the youngest, were to be called away from posts of arduous duty on the other side of the globe, and their graves to be

'Severed far and wide
By mountain, stream, and sea,'

the following extract from their mother's letters to her sister will have special interest :—

'I was so amused the other day taking up the memorandum books of the two brothers—Owen's full of calculations, altitudes, astronomical axioms, &c. ; Arthur's, of Greek idioms, Grecian history, parallels of different historical situations. Owen does Arthur a great deal of good by being so much more attentive and civil. It piques him to be more alert. Charlie profits by the two brothers. Arthur examines him in his Latin, and Charlie sits with his arm round his neck, looking up with such profound deference in his face for his exposition of Virgil.'

The contrast was not confined to their note-books. No two brothers could be more unlike than the two who met for those Christmas holidays, and were to 'part' so early 'for manhood's race.' The one with every bodily sense always on the alert—quick, ready, prompt, active in all outdoor exercises ; having, in his mother's words, 'entire command of his limbs, he is not in the least awkward, has perfect self-possession—no shyness, and yet no forwardness.' The other, still

shy and taciturn in company, feeding eagerly on some fresh field of literature, and as unready with voice or hand as he was ever ready with the pen. And the contrast was one which was possibly heightened and intensified by daily intercourse. It left its mark on the sensitive conscience of the young student.

Two small sheets of paper, dated January 17th, 1831, contain a record of a searching self-examination carried out in these Christmas holidays. He taxes himself with 'bad temper, and with being sulky and unaccommodating,' and with 'being indecisive—very—which makes me unhappy often.' He writes of the 'agony of deciding between two things, even small things, which I remember feeling for a long time.' He speaks even of his 'love of reading' with some distrust: 'it varies so much; at present, much taken up with History and Antiquities; at times discouraged by the quantity I have forgotten—the immensity I want to read.' He feels afraid of his 'being blunted to fine ideas and fine scenery'; he shrinks from the 'cold water' that school so far seems to him 'to throw on all that is bright and good in affections, imagination, and everything else. I cannot help thinking that I don't care so much for them as I did.'

His younger brother, 'Charlie,' joined him at Rugby in February 1832. 'Young Stanley's' advent was anticipated with some brotherly misgivings. Mindful of his own *frill* days, he says,

'Of course you are prepared to have him in collars before he comes here. I think it would serve you right if I were to revenge myself by insisting on having coat-tails, to be more dignified as "old Stanley."'

The relations between the two brothers at Rugby are of the tenderest, and at the same time of the most characteristic description. The letters are full of Charley, who, after a day or two of 'bewilderment,' and one or

two amusing new-boy blunders, is 'as happy as can be'; 'holds a fair place in his form'; is 'quite petted amongst the boys, so that it is evident that there is no very general ill-will towards old Stanley'; is declared by his mathematical tutor (Mr. Bonamy Price) to be 'a much better mathematician than his brother'; sleeps in his brother's room; and, though he has a share in another study, sits mostly in 'old Stanley's'; 'takes his turn in sweeping it with the other fags, and does it very well, only he is rather too long' for the eager student. 'When I am busy, I sit as if nobody was in the study, except that, now and then, by signs and monosyllables, I order my little slave to snuff the candles, give me a book, or look out a word, which he performs very obediently.'

The elder brother watches over the younger with tender solicitude. 'Charley' is laid up with measles, and Arthur furnishes him with 'The Abbot' to beguile him; or again, 'poor little Charley has got wet and had a touch of rheumatism, but is getting better. I have given him "Kenilworth," choosing it as having been read by Catherine.' Soon he sends word to Catherine that he is making 'Charley learn some "Marmion" to say by heart to get him up in his form, which saying any lines out of regular work does. He has been learning the last part, about the battle; and he says them to me in bed (at night—not in the morning), and I guess all the right words when he says them wrong.' He leaves space for a delightful schoolboy letter from Charley to Catherine, with a full account of two white mice which 'I and Corbet' are keeping, and which 'run up and down my arm, and do not try to get away'; and of his having 'seen a man with coat and waistcoat off walking backwards as hard as he could, and found that he was to walk six miles an hour—half of it backwards—which he did in fifty-nine minutes.' The handwriting, the matter, the very spelling of the letter, with

its final story 'of the strange little mouse—the colour of a dormouse, only much smaller, and it had no fur on its tail, and a longer nose, . . . and it ran up my sleeve and down my back, and I was obliged to undress to get it out'—has a charm of its own, as well as from the contrast in every line to the style of the other half of the sheet.

Incidentally the letters already quoted have revealed many points in Arthur Stanley's character. But other traits are also illustrated in these simple confessions of his inner feelings.

He lived his own life at Rugby so entirely that he might be supposed to have lacked sympathy with his schoolfellows. Such was not the case. His letters are filled, for instance, with careful accounts of his Cheshire *protégés*. Of one little fellow especially, a future Admiral, he reports that he is 'doing famously,' in spite of coming in 'plaid check waistcoat and trousers, which make him too conspicuous, as it is always unlucky for a newcomer to have any peculiarity of dress or appearance, as he may get a nickname which sticks to him long after the thing itself is gone away.'

There are already the germs of that abounding interest in those younger than himself which marked the man, and which attracted boys and young men so irresistibly to his side that they forgot, as he forgot, the disparity of years in the freshness of his sympathies.

It was no lack of interest in others which left him for some time without a chosen companion, and narrowed the circle of his intimate friends. Rather it was the constraint and reserve, which have been already noticed, that led to his comparative isolation. He speaks in 1832 of his plan for 'an Ecclesiastical Tour,' but confesses that 'it is difficult to find companions who will take long walks and see churches at the end.' The difficulty did not last long. It was about this time (1832) that his friendly acquaintance with C. J. Vaughan

(afterwards Dean of Llandaff and Master of the Temple), and W. C. Lake (afterwards Dean of Durham), began to take the form of a close companionship, and to ripen, not least with the former, the future husband of his 'dear little Catherine,' into a lifelong friendship. In June 1832 begins the series of letters to C. J. Vaughan, the friend who did so much to teach him his first lesson in the difficult task of attaching himself 'deeply or long to anyone outside of my own family.'

When once the barriers of constraint were broken down, the confidence was unreserved, and the affection expressed with all the warmth of Arthur Stanley's tender eagerness. The following letter was written in his last half-year at Rugby to C. J. Vaughan, the friend whom in the last hours of consciousness he named as the most fitted to preach in Westminster Abbey on the Sunday after he had passed away. 'He has known me longest.'

'If I have been of any use to you, I am most thankful for it; will you believe me also when I thank you for all the good you have been to me? I hope you will not find that you have been leaning on a broken reed in trusting to me. Surely—I speak it out of the abundance of the simple truth—you must have seen over and over again, and the more, I should think, as compared with yourself, my extraordinary want of energy and real strength of character. For this I assure you I do look up to you most entirely. . . .'

In this letter Stanley speaks of his 'want of energy and real strength of character.' His indecision was, as we have seen, another source of self-reproach. 'I am now,' he writes in November 1833, 'in one of my most dreadful states of indecision,' 'perfectly miserable,' 'exactly equipoised, and consequently wretched.' To the end of his life, he would say that he was liable to fits of indecision which made him 'unfit for any post of command.' Yet on occasions he could act with a firmness that showed the reserve of courage, and even

of combativeness, which underlay the apparent timidity. A serious disturbance was caused at Rugby by the arrest of one or two boys, who had taken part in a fishing expedition to a part of the Avon which had been recently closed to the school. 'The school,' he says, 'was on the eve of a rebellion; many of the sixth quavered in their allegiance. There was, however, a party firmly and deliberately opposed to the whole affair—I was one.' In conjunction with Vaughan and Lake and a few others, he acted with a decision which averted the danger, and he characteristically adds to his minute and picturesque story the statement that, 'for myself, I rather enjoyed the excitement.'

His courage easily passed into combativeness where his affections were engaged. It is worth while to record the strong language which he uses on behalf of a friend who is fully able to protect himself. He shrank from the prospect of going to Oxford, partly because of the hostility with which Arnold was regarded by many of the leading men in the University. He is speaking of his intention to try for the Balliol Scholarship.

'I still doubt; I hope my visit will be satisfactory, as, if my present aversion to Oxford is not lessened, I don't know what will be the end of it. I am afraid it will come hard on me after Rugby. . . . I shall have to go from a place which I love with more than ordinary affection to a place which I hate with more than ordinary hatred. . . . — has told me that that party seriously think, or at least are anxious to get him [Arnold] turned out of the Church, and to thwart his influence in every way they can.'

References to his literary tastes, and poetical or historical enthusiasms, abound in the letters. Nor were his interests confined to creations of the imagination or memories of the past. Questions of the day, whether political, social, religious, or ecclesiastical, occupied an increasing measure of his attention.

At first, indeed, politics intruded but little into his world of thought. If the ferment of the Reform Bill agitation reached him in his study, it did not check his thirst for reading. If he 'dreamed of the Reform Bill,' the dream 'was ridiculously mixed up with Homer and Latin verses.' Yet he repudiates the idea that he was entirely uninterested in political questions.

'It was too bad of you to think I did not know what *canvassing* is. Though I am not a great politician, it always puts me in a great ferment to hear politics talked, especially by a violent adversary to my (*i.e.* our) opinions (for all boys of course follow their fathers' politics); but I think that in this Reform Bill there are more for it than against it, so I am much better off than in the Catholic Question, when there were so few on my side.'

But on political, and, indeed, on all other, questions his mind was more and more coloured by the influence of Dr. Arnold. The growing veneration of the pupil for his master became the most striking, enduring, and important feature of Stanley's career at Rugby. Each year this feeling grew in strength. Yet, even as early as 1832, he had written the following letter to his old master at Seaforth:—

'I am now, as you may have heard, in the sixth, *i.e.* the head form of the school, and constantly under Dr. Arnold. I don't know whether you have heard much of him, or whether you have heard or conceived bad opinions of him—all I can say is, that he is to my mind the most powerful-minded man I have ever had to do with—and I may say also, I think, one of the best. It is possible you may have heard him abused in every way—he has been branded with the names of Sabbath-breaker and infidel—but seeing so much of him as I do, I may safely say that he is as thorough a Christian as you can anywhere find. His sermons are certainly the most beautiful I ever heard, and rendered doubly impressive by his delivery. He has published two volumes of them—and almost all those in the last volume

I have heard. He has reformed the school in every possible way—introducing history, mathematics, modern languages, examinations, prizes, &c., &c.—and altered all the rest so much as to make it quite a new thing. The information I get from being in his form is quite wonderful. I am afraid you would not find many in the school to give him as good a character as this—as perhaps he has got a little more than the usual odium attached to a public school head master—but I think there are few who would question his talents or his sermons. I am, as you may perceive, thoroughly prejudiced in his favour. The common report now is that he will be a bishop. I hope it will not be before my departure. Of course the advantage which one is to get depends chiefly on oneself—but it is hardly possible for anyone in the school to be so ignorant as they might have been before Dr. Arnold's time. . . .

Towards the close of his school career he reflects upon the control which Arnold exercised over his thoughts:—

‘What a wonderful influence that man has had on my mind! I certainly feel that I have hardly a free will of my own on any subject about which he has written or spoken. It is, I suppose, a weak and unnatural state to be in, for I do not at all consider myself to be naturally of the same frame as he is.’

It was above all in the chapel of Rugby School that Arnold obtained so great an influence over his pupil. It was Stanley's weekly practice to write down all that he could remember of his master's sermons.

‘. . . Whatever happens in the week to diminish my respect for him, it always comes again on the Sunday, when I hear him preaching.’

He speaks with the utmost enthusiasm of the ‘striking thoughts,’ or ‘beautiful language,’ or impressive delivery, of the sermons. Of one, which he heard in the last half-year of his stay at Rugby, he says:—

'I cannot describe it to you, but I never heard or saw anything which gave me so strongly the idea of inspiration, or of the effect which truth in the mouth of a man of uncommon excellence and wisdom ought to produce, than this, made yet more striking by the breathless silence from one end of the chapel to the other. I have made a resolution that I will, if I possibly can, be here every Easter Sunday till he goes.'

CHAPTER V

AUGUST-DECEMBER 1834

Hurstmonceux and Balliol College, Oxford

THE parting from Dr. Arnold and from Rugby launched Arthur Stanley into a new world of experience and of thought. Before six months had gone by he had passed some weeks under the roof of Julius Hare, who, while sympathising in many points with Dr. Arnold, was in many other respects singularly unlike the Head Master of Rugby. He had lived in close intimacy with one so capable of influencing an impressionable youth of eighteen as John Sterling. He had also spent eight weeks as a freshman at Balliol. There he had not only recorded his first impressions of J. H. Newman, Dr. Pusey, and others, who were giving a fresh direction to the whole religious life of England, but had been thrown into constant contact with young men trained in different schools from himself, such as Frederick Faber and W. G. Ward.

On leaving Rugby, Stanley returned at once to Alderley, 'hardly able yet,' as he wrote to C. J. Vaughan, 'to fancy that I have really left Rugby for good, and finding no one even here to sympathise with me fully.' A month later he left home to pass some weeks at Hurstmonceux with Julius Hare, who had lately abandoned his tutorial life at Trinity College, Cambridge, for the living of Hurstmonceux. John Sterling, the close friend.

of F. D. Maurice, and the future subject of two biographies (one by his rector, the other by Thomas Carlyle), was then curate to Julius Hare.

He describes his walks and conversations with Sterling.

‘I went out with Mr. Sterling again. He talked about the various systems of mythology, and we went to the poor-house, where he reads the Bible once a week, taking any chapter, sometimes whichever the old women ask for. It was the same sort of exposition as Arnold gives in Rugby Church, though not nearly so good, as it was more general and bringing in too much of his peculiar system, and not so clear as his sermons. However, it was very good, and listened to very attentively. . . . Then he took me to his house, and showed me his books, chiefly of odd theology and philosophy, among them twelve volumes of Puritan divines, St. Augustine, Spinoza (which he said was the profoundest book there was). He lent me a German-Latin book on the Revelation, and a paper with Coleridge’s view of the Atonement (of which I like and understand the first part, but not the last). In the evening Julius read us some of Milton’s speeches, of Shakespeare’s sonnets, and of Wordsworth’s prose (in the “Friend”). Wednesday, Mr. S. came to look for books for a sermon he was going to write on Abraham, and carried away five German ones, saying he should never be able to do it unless he knew what country Abraham came from, &c., &c. Julius and Auntie (Mrs. Augustus Hare) both laughed at him very much, but he persisted it was the right way. It struck me so, when he was asking me what Arnold’s view of the Atonement was, what an exactly opposite way they took—Arnold saying, “Ask for the lesson first, and the abstract truth afterwards” Mr. S., “the abstract truth first, and then the lesson.” I quite agree with what Auntie says, that the “metaphysical part of his nature has got the better of him.”

Before he ends this letter, which extends over every available space in two large sheets of old-fashioned letter-paper, he mentions that he is ‘beginning to feel more at home with Julius, having even ventured to

discuss with him the lawfulness of war.' He has been 'reading a good deal more of Coleridge, and I feel as if I had got a new element into my mind.' How many young men had cause to say the same in those days! And he cannot close without a word which shows that his capacity for hero-worship had not been exhausted at Rugby.

'I had never been in a place so intellectual before; everything seems to breathe with learning and deep thought; and, hearing no conversation of an ordinary sort, I feel quite as if it was a dream when I go to bed at night. Julius so poetical, and Mr. Sterling so philosophical, and Auntie so heavenly—at once so evidently above the earth, and yet interesting herself so in all that is beautiful and good on earth.'

The Rectory and its inmates must indeed have presented a singular specimen of a rural parsonage, even to one nursed in the refinement and cultivation of Alderley. And the impression which they made was no passing one. More than twenty years later, in an article that appeared in the 'Quarterly' in the summer after Julius Hare's death in January 1855, Stanley drew a charming picture, not only of the Rector of Hurstmonceux, but of the rectory, 'peculiar even amongst English parsonages,' of the library, 'unequalled in the combined excellence of quality and quantity,' and of 'the noble pictures which he had brought from Italy,' which to him 'were more than mere works of art, they were companions and friends.'

Two special influences were now seething in his brain: one, his study of S. T. Coleridge; the other, the sermons and conversation of John Sterling. Speaking of Coleridge, he says that parts of his writings—

'I wish you would read him, if you could—seem to me to have more beauty and wisdom than I ever saw in any work before. If he had but been able to write like Arnold, what a man he would have been!'

And again :

‘Coleridge’s “Letters on Inspiration” contain passages of exceeding beauty, though the argument seems to me at times confused beyond all power of unravelment. . . . The general impression left on the mind is the exceeding value and beauty of the Bible, and the exceeding evil of Bibliolatry. Perhaps the very confusion of his attack may be the more suited to the great confusion of the thing attacked’ (the popular idea of verbal inspiration).

Of Sterling’s sermons, the effect on him was such that ‘parts,’ he says, ‘almost moved me to tears when I heard them, and made an impression on me more like that of those I have heard from Arnold than any other’; and he sends, ‘as I am sure they will be quite safe in your hands,’ long and interesting extracts copied from the manuscript of one on the ‘World before the Flood.’ He feels bound to add, ‘the whole was unsuited to the congregation, of course, at least so they say.’

But neither his study of Coleridge, nor his conversations with Sterling, nor his classical work with Julius Hare, nor his voluminous letters home on every detail of his life and work, nor his long daily walks, nor occasional excursions to scenes of interest, could prevent his pouring out to his old schoolfellow the thoughts as to the need for some larger framework for the Church of Christ, which were already haunting him in youth, and remained, to his last conscious moment, the dominating idea of his life. He speaks of his hopes of a wider union among Christians, to be effected in England by such changes as would admit Nonconformists within the pale of the National Church.

‘Conceive my delight,’ he writes, ‘on finding that both J. H. and Mr. Sterling agree with, or rather believe in, most fully, the advantage of comprehending all but Unitarians; indeed J. H. would make the Divinity of Christ the only Article.’

A few days later, fresh from 'that beautiful service of the Sacrament of yesterday,' he again pours out his soul in a long letter to his friend, on the text :

'Alas that a Church that has so divine a service should keep its long list of Articles ! I am strengthened more than ever in my opinion, that there is only needed, that there only should be, one, viz. "I believe that Christ is both God and man."'

He writes at great length, and with unusual fire and real eloquence, on

'the constraining and ennobling power of the Love of Christ, as the one force that can . . . alone supply the place of an imperative law, and destroy the merit of our own goodness, . . . that alone can turn earth into Paradise ; that is, in short, the subject of the two most glorious passages that were ever written, the 8th of Romans and the 13th of 1 Corinthians. . . . This surely is enough, and all this, I am sure, is contained in that one Article as much as in fifty.'

Even the exclusion of Unitarians troubles him :—

'They are, I think, excluded from the outward Catholic Church as a body, but their individual members are not so from the Communion of Saints, . . . which I take to be the communion of all good men, in all ages and countries, of all who have loved God and served man ; including, therefore, chiefly real Christians, but also the Jewish saints, who lived before Christ, and all those, such as Socrates, &c., whom we value among the pagans, or those whom we might have to value among Unitarians or Deists.'

On such a subject some apology might be required for giving even a summary of the views of the most active-minded boy of eighteen, as conveyed to another of the same age. But it is remarkable that the religious and theological and intellectual tendencies and ideas of

mature life should so soon have taken definite shape, and that such subjects should have stirred so keen and genuine an interest in one whose schoolboy days were barely ended. It is touching, too, to note the care that he takes to warn his friend 'against thinking that all I said in my last letter of the love of Christ came from my own experience. Quite the contrary!'

Before his stay at Hurstmonceux drew to a close, he consults his mother as to a visit to Rugby on his way to Oxford. 'It will enable me to meet Vaughan and Lake, to see Dr. A. and have some talk with him before I go to Oxford, and to hear him preach once more. It would do me good too, I think, to have a little ordinary conversation with my equals, and loose the strings of my tongue for Oxford.'

His visit to Rugby, 'this seventh heaven, where I now am,' he speaks of as

'the time of the most luxurious happiness I have ever had—so unbrokenly delightful. . . . Woke in such joy on Sunday that I was at Rugby, with all the pleasures of it, none of the annoyances, though Vaughan's going on Tuesday was a little diminution of my Paradise. Such pleasure going into chapel again. He (Dr. A.) preached very well, though his voice struck me as being too low, and rather monotonous. I believe it was partly accident, but a little, I suppose, from being accustomed to Julius's great variety of tones. It called back, however, all my setting up of him again, and I enjoyed it very, very much. Then in the evening we had a talk about Eton. He had written to Hawtrey to congratulate him, and ask him to help in a grammar reform. . . . Such a real greatness he shows in the utter absence of any petty jealousy of Eton being reformed, and sympathising so fully with the immense difficulties, and refusing to join in the least in the cry against its abuses, knowing how hard it is to manage, and considering it as of great interest to everyone. Then we went on through inspiration, prophecy, and many of the hard questions which I wanted to ask, which he answered so kindly.'

One practical result of the visit to Rugby was the

warning which he received from 'Dr. A.'s nephew, John Penrose,' then on his way back to Balliol, of some of the necessities of Oxford life :

'among others, that of having sheets to one's bed ; this had never struck me, and the necessity, moreover, was urgent, for without sheets I cannot go to bed at Balliol, so I bewailed myself to Lake, whose mother kindly provided all that was necessary, adding even written directions as to how and when they were to be aired ; while Miss Price hemmed for me a table-cloth and dusters, and people are all so kind that it is just like being at a great home.'

No reader who knew Stanley would wish to lose this record, not only of his lifelong helplessness in such matters, but of the delight in aiding him which he contrived everywhere and always to evoke. He reached Oxford 'at about seven in fine moonlight,' and as he stood—bewildered and helpless—

'watching the debarkation of my multifarious luggage, up came Penrose, who very kindly appeared, to take charge of me, guided me to the "Mitre," where I engaged a bed, and then to his rooms, where I took tea in company with some of his friends apparently clever and gentlemanly, but who, being utterly unknown to me and intimate with each other, only served to make my solitude and desolation more visible.'

On the first morning after Arthur Stanley's arrival at Oxford he was at 'Balliol by 7.30, to look at my new rooms before going to chapel. My sitting-room is about twice as large as my father's little room, square, with two windows, looking out on a street and churchyard, which is the worst part of them, owing to the noise of carts and tolling of the bells. This, however, must teach me abstraction.' The rooms were on the west side of Balliol, looking out towards the church of St. Mary Magdalen, in a part of the College which has

since been reconstructed. He adds a full plan, as he had done years ago of his Rugby study, so as to place the position of every item of furniture before the eyes of those at home. Instructed by the porter, the freshman, 'after finding my cap and gown,' takes his right place in chapel, but learns too late 'that, it being a saint's day (St. Luke's), I ought, as a scholar, to have worn a surplice.' Those who knew him in later days will scarcely be surprised to find that he 'had to wait long for breakfast, as I was for some time perplexed as to whence tea and sugar were to come, nor did I get my tea good when it did come, as I had imprudently taken the kettle off the fire meantime.'

Chapel and breakfast over, he paid the necessary calls upon the Master, the well-known Dr. Jenkyns, and returned to his rooms 'feeling very desolate, the more so by contrast with the past week, the happiest week that ever I remember.' 'Craving for something more sympathetic,' he sets out for Christ Church in search of a Cheshire friend, E. Egerton. On the way he meets a Rugby acquaintance, with whom he 'lunched homelily on bread and butter'; then, after leaving letters, of which he brought a large packet from Rugby, at various colleges (in days before the penny post), and making some calls, he again came home, arranged a few of his books, and dined at the scholars' table in Hall, where

'there is one who rather makes me wish to know him, but I have felt very desolate on the whole. I have as yet received no strong impressions of liking or disliking the place, and I can hardly yet believe that the shadow of the cap on the wall belongs to my head.'

So ends the first day of a Balliol freshman seventy years since. The feeling of desolation soon wore off. At the end of a week he says, 'I have had numberless calls, and been out to breakfast or wine daily.' Among those whose hospitality he accepted were 'R. Palmer of

Magdalen,' afterwards the first Earl Selborne, 'Frederick Faber, nephew of the anti-Catholic and prophecy man,' and

'Mr. Churton, an evangelical Fellow of Brazenose, where I met C. Marriott, a Fellow and Tutor of Oriel, a friend both of Price and Newman, who therefore must be a curious person to know. They discussed Pusey's sermon, and also Newman's. About the first they both agreed, admiring it very much, and were rather scandalised at my humble and partial dissent from it. Poor Mr. Sterling, what would he have said of the sermon, or, still more, of these comments on it! Marriott said that the sermon was quite an era in their history, and supposed that I had not been in the way of hearing the errors against which it was directed, the errors being the whole system of Mr. Sterling's sermons! About Newman they split, and then, too, I had to keep my mouth fast. Marriott looked on Newman's sermons much as I do on Arnold's, and I agreed mostly with what he said.'

The next day Mr. Marriott called on the young freshman; 'very kind, and well-informed, and good, though he seemed singularly bashful;' he expressed, however, 'his deep veneration for Newman, which grew the more he knew of him. . . . On Wednesday, while I was calling on the younger Churton, Newman came to the door to speak to him. I ran to the window, and just caught a glimpse of him. . . . I feel a great interest about him, both from his relation to Arnold and in himself.'

At Rugby Stanley had lived much aloof from the mass of his schoolfellows, and confined himself to the society of two or three chosen friends. At Oxford he found himself surrounded by a throng of fresh associates, whose society by degrees largely broke down the reserve and shyness which had long stifled, and still kept in check, his naturally social and expansive nature. He found that his first impressions were confirmed. The general society he liked

'as much as ever ; but in individuals, when I go out walking with them, I am disappointed. They all dogmatise very much. When they are together, this is softened down, so as to be amusing and lively, but when I am alone with them, I find it tedious and unsatisfactory, and when to this is added constant exaggeration, which also is only amusing in general society, the matter is worse still.'

His outward life soon fell into the ordinary routine of the 'reading' undergraduate. He speaks of himself as breakfasting out often, though of course less often as 'the tide of invitations subsided.' His mornings are given to his lectures and to reading Herodotus and Juvenal. In the afternoons he always walks, at first with his old friend Greenhill, but very soon with other associates. Among the latter he names especially F. Faber, his fellow-scholar, Lonsdale, and others. He does full justice to the scenery of Oxford. 'The country is bleak, certainly, but the hills make a strong feature, and the rivers and quantity of streams and canals come in very well. But the great thing of beauty in every walk is Oxford itself, rising with all its towers out of its solemn grove of trees.' He has been to Iffley, and owns that he has still to learn 'the difference between, and the origin of, Saxon and Norman arches.' Before the end of November he has 'been at last to Cumnor, grossly exaggerated as described in "Kenilworth."'

'Alas for my reading!' is a frequent ejaculation, and at the end of the term is still more emphasised. 'Alas! for the splendid visions which I had conceived of reading,' he writes, 'and this is the only alas! (though it is a great one) that I must utter, for otherwise I have enjoyed Oxford much.'

He received but little assistance in his work. It is difficult for the undergraduate of to-day, surrounded by facilities for attending stimulating lectures, and met on every side by almost a superabundance of educational aid, to realise the contrast—a contrast which was some-

times bitterly felt in the days of unreformed Oxford—between the ordinary tutorial lecture of many colleges, and the sixth-form lessons at the best public schools. 'Alas!' writes Stanley after a month at Balliol, 'alas! most truly was it said that the last year of school surpassed a hundredfold the first year of college.' Like other freshmen of those days, he had to learn the value of self-reliance, often a repulsive lesson. 'Even at Balliol,' in summing up and lamenting the amount of time which he has lost, and the little reading done, 'the lectures are the worst part.'

With the loss of his teacher's presence, and the change to the less inspiring influence of college lectures, his interest in his daily work greatly flagged. The series of youthful competitions, the eager delight in the acquisition of fresh knowledge, the absorbing interest in each weekly subject for composition in prose or verse—topics which had formed so large a feature in his Rugby correspondence—leave no trace on these first Oxford letters.

Like other freshmen, before and since, he uttered vain lamentations over 'lost time and little progress in my reading.' But the time was not wasted—for himself or for others. His thoughts and interests turned for a while into other channels—to things and men outside himself. He had landed on a new shore, rich in novel sights and unfamiliar sounds; and he had set foot there at a moment full of interest. Calm as the air seemed, a time of storm and tempest was not far off, destined to shake to its foundations the whole fabric of academical life. Day by day he came, directly or indirectly, into contact with the present or the future leaders of that movement, the effect of which on the religious life of the English-speaking race was to exceed the anticipations of either its champions or its opponents. There were whispers also—at present not more than whispers, but audible to the observant listener—of other questions of hardly less enduring interest and moment

even than those of ecclesiastical organisation and Christian ordinances. The germs of stormy controversies, academical or wider, in which Stanley was one day to bear so large a part, already lay thick in the soil around him. Scarcely a day passed without bringing some fresh incident, or idea, or person, before his eyes. And, week after week, his facile pen pictured the impressions made by each successive feature in his new life, with entire unreserve and open-hearted simplicity.

While shocked at the bad side of undergraduate life, he yet says that 'there is much more good at work among the men than I could have believed.' It need hardly be said that the current of thought, whether political or theological, which he encountered at Oxford was strongly in opposition to that with which he was familiar. 'The other morning, when breakfasting with Cheshire friends at P. Claughton's, I was quite driven up into a corner and pummelled as the only Whig in the room.' He tells his friend Lake of an acquaintance among the freshmen,—

'a good type of his class apparently, who quotes the Articles as Scripture, the Church as infallible. I went out a walk with him the other day—suddenly a look of horror appeared on his face. "I did not know that such a thing was tolerated in Oxford," pointing to a notice on the wall. I imagined it to be "something dreadful"; it was an innocent *To the chapel*. "Oh!" said I, "you mean the Dissenting chapel?" "Yes, how could it have been built here? I wonder they did not pull it down long ago."'

Still more instructive is the language in which, with a boy's intemperance, he speaks of the doctrine of the Apostolical Succession as essential to the Christian clergy. 'I heard for the first time the other day the monstrous doctrine of the Succession come orally from anyone.' It was from the lips of a future Lord Chancellor, certainly not a fanatical sacerdotalist. 'I own I was

quite thunderstruck for a moment,' says the young Arnoldian, strangely unversed as yet in the one absorbing subject of the earlier Tracts for the Times. 'On most subjects, however, I can find people to agree with me, Ward and Faber chiefly.' It is interesting to notice that the two new acquaintances to whom he was most attracted in his first term, men so absolutely unlike each other and himself, should have been destined each to end his days as a conspicuous champion and member of the Church of Rome—one as the leader of English ultramontane laymen, the other as a much-revered 'Priest and Father.' In each the first ground of sympathy was an appreciation, very rare at that time at Oxford, of Dr. Arnold.

It was under Faber's guidance that he went to hear Keble's terminal lecture on poetry, 'more for the sake of the man than the lecture,' he tells his sister.

'But you will quarrel with me still more about my not having an eye-glass, when I tell you that his features were invisible. But he is a middle-sized, rather sharp-faced man, and (says Faber) with very twinkling eyes. His lecture was in Latin, and I am ashamed to say that I so tired myself with trying to see his face that I was distracted from what Faber says was the finest part of it (on the "Odyssey" it was), and I only heard a long argument, in part rather fine and true, but in part certainly most curious, to show that Homer was a Tory—not a poetical Tory, but a thoroughly downright political Tory—in words as plain as Latin can express it. Newman, by the way, Lake tells me—who went to church with me last Sunday—is *rather* like the picture of Louis XI. in the red edition of "Quentin Durward."

It was in Faber's rooms also that he made the acquaintance of his future friend, William G. Ward, whom he describes as 'one of the most candid men in argument I ever saw.'

'There bounced in on Sunday a huge moon-faced man,

Ward, once of Christ Church, now of Lincoln. The first words almost that he spoke, having just come up from town, were that Arnold's "Sermons" (vol. iii.) were on the point of coming out. It seems that he idolises Whately, and Arnold almost, though not quite, as much, purely from their books, without any knowledge of them. I have seen a good deal of him since. It would have done your heart good to have seen the unfeigned envy with which he regarded me as the depository of so much *νόμος ἀγραφος*; as having actually lived with the great man. He is just taking his degree, probably a first and second, and will perhaps be a Fellow of this College.'

Before the end of term Faber, 'whom,' he repeatedly says, 'I continue to like in spite of all drawbacks,' had left Balliol to become a Scholar of University, and Ward had been elected Fellow and appointed Mathematical Lecturer of Balliol.

He dined with the Warden of New College (Dr. Shuttleworth, afterwards Bishop of Chichester). There he met his future tutor and lifelong friend, A. C. Tait, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, then a Junior Fellow of Balliol. There, too, he heard that

'the Duke' (the Duke of Wellington) 'takes a very active part as Chancellor; corresponds with the Vice-Chancellor, and (I don't know how far this may be divulged, as it was not told to me myself) has recommended him to remove the subscription to the Articles at Matriculation. This, I understood the Warden to say, would take place by Act of Convocation within three weeks. I feel most sincerely obliged to the Duke for it. He seemed to speak of it as nearly certain. I rubbed my hands for joy when I heard it.'

The sanguine hopes raised in the young reformer's breast as to University legislation, and the triumph of what he calls 'the cause of truth and charity,' were soon dashed. Writing to his sister on November 24th, he says:

'As for the proceedings in Golgotha (*i.e.* the Heads of

Houses who have the initiative in everything), *it is said* that they cannot agree what to do about the Articles; that Shuttleworth is the only one who wishes to admit Dissenters, the rest only wanting to substitute some declaration equivalent to, but not the same as, signing the Articles. . . . The Convocation, *i.e.* the M.A.'s who have the ratifying power, are opposed to all alteration whatever, unless the lawyers are brought up from London, which would give the reformers a clear majority. The Duke's reported recommendation carries great weight with the undergraduates apparently—those, I mean, who are of course a great part, who signed the old declaration (against it) without reason, and Julius, I suppose, will be exulting in the greatness of his hero.'

The picture of Stanley's life during his first term would be incomplete without some extracts from letters on the effect produced upon him by the preaching of the great leader of 'the Oxford Movement.'

Newman had returned from the South of Europe to his post as Fellow of Oriel and Vicar of St. Mary's in July 1833. He came back to Oxford impressed with the conviction that he, and the group of friends of whom he was the centre, 'had a work to do in England.' In that year began the publication of 'Tracts for the Times.'

'The point that most occupies my mind just now is Newman. I heard him preach in the parish church on Sunday. There were things that reminded me that he was the High Churchman. But the general tone, the manner, the simple language, reminded me of no other than Arnold. There was the same overpowering conviction conveyed that he was a thorough Christian—I had almost said, a man of the purest charity. . . . I have also had a long talk to-day about him with Faber, who with Marriott worships him as we do Arnold, and, from what he says of him, I think rightly. He does appear to be a man of the most self-denying goodness that can well be conceived, and to do good to a very great extent. I have spoken (written) to Price about his sermon as strongly as I well could, for I dread more and more a collision between

Arnold and the High Church. At present he and Newman seem to be almost antagonist powers, whereas really they are of the very same essence, so to speak.'

The language is strong, and may seem to savour of the exaggeration which the writer freely criticised in himself and others. Yet to suppress it would be to set aside the striking testimony which it bears, alike to the magical effect of the preacher's eloquence, and to the appreciative and open-minded nature of his listener. But the warmth of his language indicated no real abandonment of the principles on which his views then, and in mature life, differed from those set forth by the leader of the Oxford Movement. Those who thought otherwise formed a hasty estimate of the tenacity and depth of Stanley's convictions. Only a week later he begs a Rugby correspondent to assure Mr. Bonamy Price, 'in language the strongest that can be used,' that there is no fear of his forsaking Arnold for Newman. 'Newman himself,' he says, 'is the greatest preservative against so terrible a catastrophe.'

A second sermon confirmed the impression which the character of the preacher had produced. It left his hearer's views exactly where they were before.

'As for Newman, I have heard him twice since I wrote both sermons strongly High Church. One against the "evil-natured arguments" which had been raised against the Christian ordinances; the other on regeneration in baptism. As you may suppose, I disagreed; but still there was the same thoroughly Christian earnestness in all he said that makes him very impressive. You forget that I cannot see his face with my poor eyes. His delivery is simple and earnest, though rather monotonous. I have not read his published sermons yet, but Faber tells me they are much better than those he preaches just now. I have been reading a book of his on the Arians; most of it clever and interesting, and a good deal of it with which I agree, the more as it seems often so contradictory to himself.'

CHAPTER VI

1834-37

Balliol College, Oxford

THE period from 1834 to 1838, during which Arthur Stanley was an undergraduate at Balliol, formed an eventful crisis in the history of England and of Oxford. Those who were eager to remove all disabilities that seemed to press unfairly on any one section of the nation were arrayed in opposition to those who were animated by growing fears for all that they valued as most precious in the national institutions. The Reform Bill of 1832 had brought the two parties into collision, and the shock was felt along the whole line of politics and religion. New parties were formed under new watchwords in Church and State. All the grave issues which rose in succession to the troubled surface are illustrated in Stanley's letters. And the part which he himself, while still a boy, played in the momentous discussions of the day was remarkable. It is no common detail in the life of an undergraduate to have been the author of the most telling portion of a pamphlet of exceptional importance, and to have been consulted by those responsible for the appointment of a Regius Professor.

At first, indeed, Stanley watched the threatening aspect of the religious and political atmosphere in anxiety for the effect which the storm might produce on the

position of Arnold, whose uncompromising attitude exasperated his opponents and alarmed his friends. Regarding as a national calamity the possible severance of Arnold from Rugby, he dreaded lest the Head Master should be forced to resign by the outcry that was raised against him. His mind was filled with the thought of how he could best aid the man who at Rugby had been his 'oracle and idol both in one,' and who, while ceasing to be his pupil's oracle, retained his 'reverence wholly to the end.' Yet, at the moment when the influence of Arnold was still in full force, Stanley showed an individuality and independence not inferior to his master. His letters and undergraduate career illustrate with equal force his capacity for hero-worship and his power of freely criticising the conduct even of those whom he most revered.

In the winter of 1834 Lord Melbourne's first Ministry had been dismissed, and Sir Robert Peel, suddenly recalled to the Premiership, dissolved Parliament. Politics ran high, and much irritation was caused by the Head Master of Rugby having travelled the whole way from the Lakes to vote against Mr. Dugdale, one of the Rugby trustees, in favour of a 'Radical' candidate. Stanley himself expresses some vexation and doubt. 'I am always afraid about him, that his abhorrence of opinions and men on one side will throw him into the arms of those whom he ought to abhor—some very nearly, some quite as much;' 'those,' as he says some days later to his mother, 'whose utterly Radical opinions, *e.g.* wishing for the disunion of Church and State, he must abhor quite as much as the old, and more than the present, Tory principles.' On his return to the University he reports that 'at Oxford the scandal is great; of the Tories here who knew of it, the ill-disposed rejoice, the good grieve; and so do I, for though I can fully appreciate and reverence the nobleness of his motives, I much doubt whether his principles will bear him out.'

Nor was it only in political opinions that Arnold came into collision with the influences then dominant at Oxford. Few points are more characteristic of the period than the incessant recurrence in Stanley's letters of the phrase 'Apostolical Succession.' It was the centre on which all religious controversy was then turning, the standard under which 'the Movement' was advancing. A glance at the first few numbers of the 'Tracts for the Times' explains the deep feeling which was roused by the appendix to Sermon XI. in Arnold's third volume, in which he speaks of 'the Divine right of the clergy, if grounded on their Apostolical succession, as a mischievous superstition,' and argues throughout against 'the view, as little less than a positive blasphemy, that requires the mediation of an earthly priest between the Christian and his true Divine Mediator.'

It was impossible that the universities should escape untouched by movements which dominated the political world. In March 1834 sixty-three resident members of the University of Cambridge petitioned the House of Lords praying for the admission of Dissenters to degrees in Arts, Law, and Physic. The second reading of a Bill founded on this petition was carried in the Lower House in the following June by 321 votes to 174. But the measure was defeated in the Upper House in August 1834. The victory, however, did not close the controversy. At Oxford every undergraduate was on matriculation required to sign the Thirty-nine Articles and take the oath of abjuration. It was obviously difficult to reconcile the general feeling of Parliament with the enforcement of such a test on boys fresh from school. Accordingly, in May 1835, a modifying statute was framed by the Heads of Houses at Oxford, in whose hands rested the initiative in University legislation. Without opening the door of the University to a single Nonconformist, it proposed to substitute a simple Declaration for the premature and compulsory assent

to a mass of propositions on the most important subjects. The proposal, however, while it did nothing to win the support of those who pressed for the admission of Nonconformists, provoked a storm of opposition for which its framers were little prepared. No better summary can be given of the earliest attempt to modify the terms of admission to membership of the University of Oxford than the following, drawn up by Arthur Stanley for his mother's eye in May 1835 :—

‘The only thing of importance that has happened since you were here, is the rejection of the Declaration by a majority of 459 against 57 last Wednesday. The old form was that at matriculation everyone signed his name in a book to the Articles. Of this everyone gives a different interpretation. The natural one, of course, is that the subscriber agrees with every word of what he signs ; but this being too absurd to be upheld, when the subscribers are boys, of whom not one-third have read, and not one out of fifty have thought about, the Articles, other explanations are given : that it expresses your submission to the Church's authority ; that it means that you are a member of the Church of England (both of which explanations in themselves admit of many various explanations) ; that it means a denial of heresy—an exclusion of heresy, an exclusion of Dissenters—a profession of your parents' belief—a belief on authority of what you are to understand afterwards ; that they are conditions of thought to be borne in mind while engaged in the University studies, &c. &c. All these interpretations make it impossible for anyone in authority here, or anyone who comes to matriculate, and much more any one out of Oxford, to know what the subscription means. Accordingly, it was proposed to substitute a Declaration quite as exclusive, but with the great advantage of being intelligible :

“‘I, A. B., declare that I do, so far as my knowledge extends, assent to the doctrines of the United Church of England and Ireland, as set forth in her Thirty-nine Articles ; that I will conform to her liturgy and discipline ; and that I am ready and willing to be instructed in her Articles of Religion, as required by the statutes of the University.’”

Yet, while condemning the rejection of the Declaration, Stanley discriminates between the motives by which the votes of the majority were actuated. The 'Declaration,' he says,

'in itself would make no practical change, except so far as it would get rid of a palpable absurdity. I have no doubt that Newman, Maurice, Moberly, Keble, Pusey, and their party voted against it on real grounds. But I suppose there is no doubt, on the other hand, that at least 250 of the majority had no grounds whatever, except horror of innovation, which would equally induce them to vote against any improvement in our system whatsoever; so that the very unimportance of the change makes its rejection very important.'

Part of Stanley's first Long Vacation (1835) was spent in a visit to Dublin, where he joined his father at a meeting of the British Association. Though unable, as he confesses, 'to enter into the scientific business from my ignorance of the subject,' he was keenly interested in seeing the eminent men who were assembled at the meeting, and in hearing the debates on social questions. During their stay in Dublin it is clear that the vehement denunciations of the Roman Church, with which many parts of England had been lately ringing, had produced a strong reaction in the minds both of Edward Stanley and his son. 'I came back,' confesses the latter,

'with my impressions against Orangemen increased, and against the Kelts diminished. I went to two Roman Catholic chapels, where I saw the worst of Popery, as it was on the Day of the Assumption of the Virgin. There was much that I disagreed in, but I can bear testimony that they kept throughout within the limits of veneration without idolatry.'

The result of his father's observations were soon after embodied in a pamphlet entitled 'A Few Observations

on Religion and Education in Ireland.' Its main object was to enter a timely protest against 'the coarse invective and gross ribaldry' with which every Roman Catholic tenet was at the time assailed by those who wished to advance the cause of Protestantism in Ireland. But the passage that is of the most especial interest contains an elaborate argument, based on quotations from the 'Tracts for the Times' and Newman's Sermons. Its aim is to show that,

'of the most essential doctrines of the Romish creed, the principle of some is directly sanctioned by the formularies of the Church of England, while there are others which its comprehensive spirit allows its members to entertain; and that a doctrine which lies at the basis of the whole claims of the Church of Rome . . . is entertained by a numerous and active body of our own clergy, men of unimpeachable character and eminent for their talents and piety.'

For these pages the future Bishop of Norwich was, to say the least, largely indebted to the assistance of his undergraduate son. His opinions, as stated in the pamphlet, are remarkably in accordance with those which he held throughout his life, and the words in which they are conveyed might have been used forty years later.

To Vaughan he expresses himself strongly in favour of an opinion, which he maintained up to the final disestablishment of the Irish Church, that any 'appropriation' of the revenues of the Established Church ought to go to 'the whole Christian Church in Ireland,' and that 'Ministers would be quite justified in forcing an Appropriation Bill down the mouths of the Tories, if they would only say, "We will consider both portions of the Irish Church at once."' He tells him: 'I have been reading many Roman Catholic books lately, and learned their doctrines much better than I knew them before. I am convinced that Protestants in general

treat them with shameful ignorance and unfairness.' Somewhat later he writes :

'If you are at Cambridge, look, if you have the curiosity, for an answer on the suppression of Dens's "Dedications" in the "Globe" of last Tuesday, sent by my father, signed "E. S.," and—I suppose there can be no harm in telling you—drawn up by me, as he was very busy, and I knew the case well. He is writing a pamphlet on the state of religion in Ireland, which has led me, more than I should otherwise have done, to examine the doctrines of popery. I have experienced this vacation in very great abundance the benefits of staying at home, as Arnold recommends, having become much more at ease with my father, and talked more with him than I ever did before. From his having had so very different an education, and having such totally different pursuits and feelings, we have very little in common with each other, so that I am very glad of anything which we can have in common, as this pamphlet. I shall not agree with all of it; but I hope it will do some good, for really the violence of the No-popery party is quite appalling.'

The success of his father's pamphlet was immediate. It 'seems now,' he writes a few days after its publication, 'to be going on most swimmingly; it has just come out at the very nick of time, when the "No-popery" cry has reached its full climax and absurdity.'

He had scarcely returned from these theological studies to his necessary reading for the University examinations, when his attention was once more disturbed by an explosion that shook Oxford to its very foundations. A few weeks before he had written regretting his inability to take part in the reception given to the Duke of Wellington and Queen Adelaide. 'There was,' he says, 'the usual display of rank Toryism, which perhaps offends me more because I am so fond of a tumult that I am greatly grieved by any in which it is unlawful to take part.' But in the tumult caused by the selection of Dr. Hampden as Regius Professor of Divinity he was able to gratify

to the full the combative element of his nature, and was even called upon to play for a moment an unprecedented part.

Dr. Hampden, Professor of Moral Philosophy and Principal of St. Mary's Hall, had in 1832 delivered his Bampton Lectures on 'The Scholastic Philosophy considered in its Relations to Christian Theology.' The lectures at the time aroused no protest. Their alleged anti-Christian tendencies escaped detection, veiled in obscurities of style which were often their true parent. But Dr. Hampden was subsequently conspicuous in his support of the full admission of Nonconformists to the benefits of University education and degrees. His 'Observations on Religious Dissent' (1834), and his 'Postscript' (1835), advocated measures which, to the majority of Oxford residents, appeared disastrous and revolutionary. The application of the principles of the Bampton Lectures to a living question of practical politics provoked a criticism which the lectures themselves had escaped. Cardinal Newman records the fact of his having at once, in a private letter to the author, spoken of the principles of the pamphlet as 'tending, in my opinion, altogether to make shipwreck of Christian faith.' And among many of those who were best acquainted with Dr. Hampden's works there existed a deep distrust of his theological views, and a strong feeling against his occupying a chair which made him the authorised teacher of all Oxford candidates for Holy Orders.

As soon as the intended appointment was announced the storm broke. Lord Melbourne fully realised the importance of the post. 'I was never,' he avows in a letter to Archbishop Whately, 'more puzzled with any decision that I had to make.' There is still extant a private letter, signed E. J. Stanley, written from Downing Street by the Secretary to the Treasury on February 8th to Arthur Stanley, asking him to state 'what the

opinion is respecting the supposed competitors? how Hampden stands as a scholar and a divine? who is generally considered as most fitted for the situation? what names are mentioned?' asking further for 'your own opinion of comparative merits, and also of the feeling of the place.' It is not often that an undergraduate has been consulted, even indirectly, on such a question by a Prime Minister! The substance of his answer can be gathered from the extract from his letter which follows. It is said to have elicited a concise eulogy from Lord Melbourne. It arrived, however, too late to have any practical effect. On the evening of February 10th the intended appointment of Dr. Hampden, to which the King had on that day signified his assent in a letter to his Prime Minister, was mentioned in the 'Standard.'

Without a day's delay, a meeting was held at Oxford to protest against the appointment, and a remonstrance, signed by over seventy residents, reached King William IV. at Brighton by February 13th or 14th, 1836. A committee met daily in the Corpus Common Room, and from the centre of this 'Corpus Parliament' there flowed, during the spring of 1836, a stream of controversial literature unparalleled in the history of Oxford. The agitation grew every day; the clergy in all parts of England received specimens, as they were supposed to be, of the new Professor's teaching; the public was informed of every stage of the controversy by letters and articles in the London and provincial press. Widespread alarm and extraordinary interest were aroused in the coming contest.

On March 11th the Heads of Houses, by a majority of one, consented to submit to Convocation a statute which deprived the new Regius Professor of two of the functions attached to his office, viz. of his place on the board for the nomination of Select Preachers, and also on that for taking cognisance of heretical preaching at

- Oxford, on the ground that, 'in consequence of his public writings, the University had no confidence in the present Professor.' When the decisive day (March 22) arrived, the Sheldonian Theatre was crowded with an excited throng of graduates and undergraduates. But the two Proctors brought the proceedings to an abrupt close by exercising their right of veto, and the assembly broke up 'amidst shouts, groans, and shrieks from galleries and area such as no deliberative assembly probably ever heard.'

The Easter vacation only embittered the contest. New Proctors came into office in the following term; the war of pamphlets grew hotter, and fresh vehemence was added to the strife by the appearance in the April number of the 'Edinburgh Review' of a fierce article from Dr. Arnold's pen, with the heading—for which the editor was solely responsible—'The Oxford Malignants and Dr. Hampden.' The remonstrants, however, persevered, and prevailed on the Heads of Houses to bring forward once more the proposed statute. At the second Convocation, held on May 5th, the disqualifying statute was carried by a vote of 474 against 94.

This brief sketch of the Hampden controversy explains the extracts from Stanley's letters. Writing early in February 1836, he says :

'The great event in Oxford for the last week, which has engrossed everything else, has been the appointment of Hampden to the Regius Professorship. Every possible person had been named previously, insomuch that there was not a bad caricature of the various reports in the circulation of a story that Lord Brougham was to take Orders that he might accept the office. Hampden's appointment, which was announced on Monday, has been a very serious thing. He is a man of excellent private character and great learning, but with the most extraordinary faculty of writing obscurely that any man ever had. Having written on the subject of the inexpediency of Articles, he has expressed himself in such a way on several important subjects as to

give all ill-disposed and many well-disposed people the idea that he is a Socinian.

'This idea I believe to be wholly and totally false ; but the very fact of his writing so obscurely as to convey the impression to any honest person ought to have been a decisive obstacle to his appointment ; not to mention that it is particularly desirable that the Professor should be a man of no party, and a man in whom the generality of the men who are to attend his lectures will place confidence. The feeling here has been very strong. Strong people on the one side say that Arnold would have been worse. Strong people on the other, that Newman would have been worse. Professedly moderate men (like Shuttleworth) say that both Arnold and Newman would have been worse. Pusey, however, says that Arnold would be better. . . . It seems quite agreed by all that no such steps could have been taken against him as have been taken against Hampden, viz. petitioning the King against his appointment on the ground that, judging from the statement of his opinions, his instructions as Professor would be attended with most disastrous results. The petition is not yet gone, I believe, in hopes that Hampden will resign ; but it has certainly not been drawn up or managed with due delicacy, or indeed justice, to Hampden, who is a man of a most peaceful and shy nature, and whose chief fault really appears to be his uncommon obscurity of style. I am very sorry for him, indeed, though I heartily wish that he had never been made, and that he will not now continue to be, Professor.'

It was probably in the spirit of this letter that he had answered the communication from Downing Street, to which he alludes on February 21st :

'I am much relieved to hear that my answer to Edward John was approved. You may imagine my astonishment on opening the letter, which was marked *private*. . . . I never felt in so important a situation before, and my answer was one of the most nervous jobs I have ever had. . . . The contest about the Regius Professor has ended in the confirmation of Hampden's appointment—so Owen has no chance !'

Whatever may be thought of his success, his letters show that he tried to do justice to men whose deepest principles were diametrically opposed to those on which his own most cherished beliefs had been moulded. He speaks with respect of the 'high, and unearthly, and consistent, and enthusiastic fanaticism' of Newman and his friends. He meets the accusation of 'Newmanite exclusiveness' by quoting one of Newman's sermons, in which he had expressly declared his preference of 'a Christian Radical and a Christian Dissenter to a worldly Tory or a worldly Churchman.' While he condemns the course pursued by Dr. Pusey, he is surprised that it should have been adopted by 'a man often so wise and always so good.' He defends both Newman and Pusey against the charge of wilful dishonesty in making extracts from Hampden's works, which often give 'a passage a meaning directly the reverse of what it really bears,' and attributes their '*garblements*' to 'their incapacity of judging the work of a mind wholly different from their own, the same incapacity that Arnold has with regard to Newman.' Nor was he a blind follower of his own beloved teacher. He laments what he 'must think Arnold's somewhat uncharitable spirit towards two such generally good men as Newman and Pusey.' And the commencement of the following letter shows how deeply he regretted the intemperate vehemence of Arnold's famous article in the 'Edinburgh Review.'

'I am glad, and at the same time, sorry, that you agree with me about the article in the "Edinburgh." It is a most sad thing, and will, I fear, make the breach . . . irreparable.'

The Long Vacation of 1836 was partly spent in a tour abroad with his mother and two sisters. The rest was greatly needed. For months he had been working with almost feverish energy for the Ireland Scholarship. The strain, followed, as it was, by the great excitement of

the Hampden controversy, told upon his health. Their combined effect had been, he confesses, 'wholly to incapacitate me for writing.' He had thrown himself into University life with such characteristic enthusiasm, and so many of his interests were now centred at Oxford, that he was glad to turn his face homewards, even though

'I feel as if I was returning to a boiling cauldron when I think of coming back to Oxford and England—the whirlpool and seething, the ocean of books to be read, and college annoyances, and knotty questions to be decided.'

'Here I am at Oxford,' he writes immediately after his return ;

'what a contrast to Bonn and Heidelberg ! I don't wonder that, amidst these massy grey colleges, Newman delights in thinking that he is clinging to the only fragment left us of the ancient Catholic Church.'

His circle of Oxford friends had widened, although his shyness continues to be noticed. W. G. Ward, now a Fellow of Balliol, was his most intimate friend. 'I see,' he says to Vaughan,

'more of him than of anyone else, and like him exceedingly. I hardly know how you would like him. I am afraid that at first you would not. He is very uncouth in appearance, as you know, and also uncouth in his tastes ; at least, he has no taste for beauty of scenery, and not much for beauty of poetry. On the other hand, he is passionately fond of music, and I should think that his taste in that line is very good. On these points, therefore, we have not much in common. But what I do like very much in him is his great honesty, and fearless and intense love of truth, and his deep interest in all that concerns the happiness of the human race. These I never saw so strongly developed in anybody. We first became acquainted from his expressing, in my presence, his great

admiration of Arnold, merely from a knowledge of his writings; and this, not having been diminished by our further intercourse, has, of course, proved a great point of union. He is the best arguer and the most clear-headed man that I ever saw; though, in one way, his logical faculty is one of his defects, for it has attained such gigantic heights as rather to overshadow some of the other parts of his mind. He is also enthusiastically fond of mathematics, and, I believe, a very good mathematician. He is very fond of me, and, added to these points, he is a very good man, very humble, very devout, very affectionate, and has done a great deal to improve himself since I knew him. He has been badly educated, and therefore, though very well informed on many points, is on many others, such as modern history and geography, excessively ignorant. I have said so much about him because I am afraid that, from what you have seen of him or heard of him, you might very naturally, but very seriously, underrate him. Almost all his worst points, his shyness, awkwardness, love of arguing, and want of love for physical beauty, come out at first very often, and give people an erroneous impression.'

It was a hard task for Stanley to turn from questions in which lay his chief interest, or from the society of his friends, to the solitude of his rooms and to the distasteful reading which was necessary for University distinctions. His eyesight was weak, and limited his hours of study. He was frequently prostrated by bilious headaches. Much of the work required for scholarships, or even for a degree, was uncongenial and distasteful. He had no special aptitude for Greek or Latin composition, or for the more abstract branches of mental philosophy. During term time his attention had been perpetually distracted, not only by the claims of society, but also by his keen enjoyment of the storms which were raging round him. His vacations were occupied with other interests than those of 'cram and composition.' With all these drawbacks his total failure in University examinations would not have been surprising; in the face

of them, his success was remarkable. In 1837 he won the Ireland Scholarship—the highest distinction offered by the University for proficiency in Greek and Latin scholarship—and also the Newdigate Prize for English Verse with a poem on 'The Gipsies.' To these distinctions he added a first class in the Final Classical Schools, and, in the following year, a Fellowship at University College.

His University career affords a striking proof of tenacity of purpose. His aversion to mathematics has been already noticed. Yet he determined once more to take up the subject, and to try, with the aid of W. G. Ward, whether mathematics 'are, as they at present seem, quite impracticable, or whether they will not be of some good to me, if not for honours, at least for education.' The result of the effort was the final abandonment of the 'intolerably irksome' subject. 'I have left off mathematics for good,' he writes in May 1835; 'I found it quite hopeless.' That so distasteful an effort should have been made at all indicates no slight degree of determination. Still stronger evidence of his perseverance is afforded by his success in winning the Ireland Scholarship at the third attempt, and after a laborious and irksome struggle to improve his Latin verse composition.

For one whose powers of expression were in his own language so great, his incapacity to write Latin verse was remarkable, and this defect in his scholarship threatened to baulk his ambition. His aversion for this essential portion of his reading was scarcely less strong than his repugnance for mathematics; it stirred him to outcries and lamentations which he finds it impossible to repress. He characterises verse-composition as 'odious work,' 'so useless and disagreeable,' 'of all classical proficiencies the most utterly useless.' But he had set his heart on obtaining the Ireland, and he struggled manfully to conquer his deficiencies, though it was only

after two bitter disappointments that his efforts were rewarded.

At the beginning of 1837, as the time for the Ireland examination approached, he passed a fortnight in one of those 'crises of indecision' of which he often spoke, then and later, as a serious disqualification for active life. He was poised between

'the dreadful alternatives—on the one hand perpetual stings of remorse and self-accusation at having sacrificed duty to ease, on the other, four or five weeks of hopeless and gloomy and most uninteresting work, to be crowned probably by defeat, and pushing all my degree-work into the summer term and vacation. . . . If I had only to read poets and criticism, I would do it most willingly, but it is in Latin verses and Greek iambics that I fail, and these will entirely divert me from my degree work, inflict upon me the greatest misery, and will all most emphatically, as you say, perish in the using. Everyone advises me in different ways—Ward and Tait strongly, Lake and Brodie doubtfully, urge my not going in; everyone else urges it . . . and my own original indecision, with which, as you well know, I am cursed to an uncommon degree, comes in to crown the whole. . . .'

At last he determined once more to compete for the scholarship. But his old distaste for much of the work gradually returned in its full force.

'The time of my deliverance is drawing near. Words cannot express the delight I shall feel when I wake to-morrow three weeks, with the absolute certainty that I shall never do a Greek or Latin verse again. . . . Will you, by the next opportunity, send me any old paint-box that you have, for me to paint tables and maps with, when once this Ireland business is over?'

He went into the examination with 'a heavy heart as to certain defeat.' But at the end of the first day he sends a line to say that, so far, he has 'done very well,'

and that 'the satisfaction of having begun the end of my labours has taken a load off my mind.' On March 6 he writes, 'I have got the Ireland. I go home next week.'

But the most interesting of his University successes was the Newdigate Prize Poem—'The Gipsies'—which he completed a month after the award of the Ireland. A few weeks later came the adjudication of the prize. In a letter written to Mary on May 29, 1837, he speaks of the Master's (Dr. Jenkyns) invitation to the whole family to stay at Balliol for the Commemoration, so as to be present at its recitation.

'He' (the Master) 'was not aware of the existence of you and Catherine, but on my telling him, promised to accommodate you all. He is, of course, beside himself with joy. I am now hard at work, correcting, learning, and rehearsing. It reminds me of old days at Rugby. I see Keble to-morrow. It is, indeed, delightful to think of the happiness and comfort it will be to my father.'

Stanley's account of his interview with Keble is preserved in a paper which appeared in 'Macmillan's Magazine' in 1866. He there tells his readers how one of 'the young authors who had obtained the Newdigate Prize' 'still recalls, after the lapse of more than thirty years, the quiet kindness of manner, the bright twinkling eye, illuminating that otherwise inexpressive countenance, which greeted the bashful student on his entrance into the Professor's presence. One touch after another was given to the juvenile verses, substituting for this or that awkward phrase graceful turns of expression, all his own.' After giving several instances of singularly happy emendations suggested by the author of 'The Christian Year,' he ends his reminiscences of the interview by recording the 'delight of his youthful hearer at the sympathetic warmth' with which the Professor referred to one of Dr. Arnold's sermons, 'as showing

the recollection of the friend from whom, at that time, he was so strangely alienated.'

Father, mother, and sisters, were present at the Commemoration, and witnessed the enthusiastic greeting with which the recital of 'The Gipsies' was received. The poem was no doubt one of unusual merit; and from the first line to the last there is scarcely a thought or a passage that is not eminently characteristic of the writer. But apart from this there was something in the high-bred and almost boyish appearance of the young speaker that went at once to the heart of the assembly that filled the Sheldonian Theatre. The rounds of applause, not confined to undergraduates only, so touched the father, that he was unable to conceal his emotion, and hid his face in his hands.

Before he settled down to work for the final examination for his degree, his father had been appointed to the Bishopric of Norwich. He announces the appointment in a letter dated 'Charles Street, Grosvenor Square, April 14.'

'I came up to town to-day for two days to have a tooth out, and here I found my father just in the agonies of deciding on the Bishopric of Norwich. It is all over, and he is appointed. I had not the least expected it; no more, I imagine, has the world at large. I have hardly figured yet to myself the change that it will be. To me the parting from Alderley will be far less painful than to the rest. Indeed, I shall not care much about it. But the remaining part will be worse to me than to the rest. Of course he is a fit man in many respects, but my heart groans at the exclusion of Arnold, or even of Baptist Noel. For his own sake I believe it will be better in many respects than Alderley. . . . Of course, too, I shall be able to be of great use to him when I am older, and I feel my duties already thickening upon me. It has been a most painful struggle to him, and he was very much borne down by it. But every one of his friends in London most vehemently urged him to take it, and he most sincerely thought it his duty. God grant that it may end well! God grant

him strength to do his work and all of us strength to help him !'

His final examination was to take place in November 1837, and the work proved heavier than he had expected. Writing from Oxford during the Long Vacation, he says :

'I should think few people have been more behindhand than I am. My Ireland and my poem have wrought their perfect work in cutting up all my precious time. I struggle on as well as I can, however.'

Yet, precious as were his few remaining weeks, his reading was once more interrupted. The new Bishop of Norwich preached his installation sermon on August 17th, 1837. While stating his own conviction as to 'the importance of all education being based on religion,' he added that he felt bound 'to hail as a national blessing every attempt, in whatsoever form or shape, towards the mental advancement of the great body of the people.' At the present day such a statement would hardly, perhaps, provoke much comment, even in an inaugural address from a new bishop. But at a time when a Whig Ministry was loudly accused of wishing to introduce a system of national education entirely divorced from all religious teaching, it was profoundly distasteful to a large portion of his audience. Still more so were other passages in the sermon, in which, in his desire to promote a spirit of friendly co-operation between all denominations of Christians, he had used the following language on the true meaning of the sin of schism :

'No one who has read the New Testament can doubt that the division of the unity of Christ's Church is a fearful sin ; but it were well to consider what it really is. Surely, when our Lord declared of the man who cast out devils in Christ's name, yet followed not with the Apostles, that "he who was not against Him was on His part," He told us clearly that there might be outward divisions of form,

which were compatible with the truest unity of spirit. And when He declared, "He that is not with Me is against Me," and again, "Not everyone that saith unto Me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven," He told us clearly that there might be a perfect unity of form, with the most utter division of spirit. It is, then, against the spirit, and not the form of division, that the denunciations against schism are directed. If the heart of a man be full of love and peace, whatsoever be his outward act of division, he is not guilty of schism. Let no man, then, think himself free from schism because he is in outward conformity with this or any other Church. He is a schismatic, and he only, who creates feuds and scandals and divisions in the Church of Christ.'

The effect of such advice on the minds of a large portion of the clergy who were present was to produce a stormy scene at the installation dinner, and to give a somewhat inauspicious character to the commencement of the preacher's episcopal work. No one in the congregation would have suspected that the remarks on the meaning of the word 'schism' were the production of an Oxford undergraduate steeped in the engrossing work of reading for his degree. The whole passage formed part of two confidential letters written to his mother from Oxford, and was introduced in one of those letters by the words, 'I do not quite like the sentence about schism, as you give it. If I had it to do, I should put it rather in this way'—and then follows the passage, of which only the first portion is quoted above, and which his father at once substituted for his own. It is a passage which might have formed a part of any of the real author's utterances, in the pulpit or elsewhere, from that day to his last on earth.

The sermon excited almost as virulent a controversy in the press and elsewhere as the Hampden appointment of the preceding year. Stanley at once urged its immediate publication as the best answer to the exaggerated accounts of its contents. He also promises

'Church of England authorities by wholesale for all about schism, dissent, and education, if they are wanted.' His advice was followed. The sermon was printed, and a long note in defence of the distinction drawn between *dissent* and *schism* shows the value of the son's suggestions and the fulfilment of his promise. Unable to remain at a distance with comfort, he left Oxford, and himself arrived at Norwich before the end of August. The following letter describes the impression made upon him by his new home. It was written, after his return to Oxford, to his brother Owen.

'I was the first who saw the Palace stripped of the remnants of the old Bishop's furniture, and, to a certain degree, made comfortable, so that my first impressions are the most favourable; and as I entered the gate for the first time, I was more struck with the size than the ugliness of the Palace, and with the surpassing beauty of the Cathedral, which overshadows it, more than with anything else. The outside is a bad edition of Withenshaw; the inside I do not object to, but I cannot compare it to anything, for I never saw any house like it; it is among houses, I should think, what Moscow is among towns—rooms which we may really call very fine side by side with the meanest of passages and staircases; and the garden is an improved edition of the lawn at Sheen. Then, as to the living attractions of the place, it is more in my way than Alderley was. I find it exceedingly interesting to see so many clergy passing constantly before one's eyes and ears; such letters at breakfast—complimentary, abusive, sermons in verse; such faces at dinner—all overcast, as soon as they come into the dining-room, by the remembrance that it was the scene of their examination for Ordination in past times. That, by the way, together with an enormous hall, is all that people seem to remember of the Palace. Then, I think the Bishop of Norwich seems to be an unusually important bishop in his diocese, whether from the old one having been so much out of the way for so long, or from the country being so much at the world's end. By the riverside is a sign where a bishop once killed a wolf; over the river a road, down which Bishop Turbo marched, with 6,000

men-at-arms. I, as well as you, was first reconciled to it by the house in town, which I still rejoice in, though that served me not much better than the pony at Norwich, for a fortnight's holiday in London knocked me up with dissipation. . . . I do not repent of my father's decision now. He seems much freer and happier than he ever did before, and, I think, likes the work better. I am most heartily amused, and, I assure you, most highly flattered, by your having carried your remembrance of Hampden with you all through the winter. The storm has subsided and he is left in peaceable possession of his theological chair—in fact, his place in the newspapers, as you may perhaps have seen, has been occupied by the installation sermon of the Bishop of Norwich.

'I went to church the other Sunday at Norwich, to hear my father preach. You would have been amused to see the way in which the people gazed their eyes out with looking at him. A little boy in the pew with me exclaimed, "Mamma, the bishop has got his mitre in his hand," taking his spectacles to be the mitre.

'I am afraid this letter will have given you the idea (which they say at home is the case) that I am the only one puffed up by the accession of dignity. Excuse this rambling letter.'

Meanwhile the examination was rapidly approaching. The ordeal, for which he refreshed himself by a visit to Rugby, acted on him as a tonic. On November 13th he writes to Vaughan :

'Here I am actually in the second day of paper work, neither having been upset on the Pig, crushed in a shower-bath, nor annihilated by black doses. I am quite surprised at my health and success. Logic, Aristotle, history questions, English prose into Greek and Latin, Greek and Latin poetry into English, are now past, all quite to my satisfaction. The examination acted upon me like magic, dispelled all my headaches, and I only break down in the intervals.'

A few days more, and he writes to his sister in a note

bearing, as usual, no date beyond that of 'Oxford, Monday':

'All is over. I am very well. I passed my *viva voce* examination to-day. Nothing could be better; in Divinity especially, I proved, I hope, quite sufficiently that the son of a Whig bishop and a pupil of Arnold knew as much as other people. I have so much to do in finishing off, that I cannot get off before Wednesday night, on which, or on Thursday morning, I shall come.'

Shortly after his return to Norwich came the publication of the class list, in which his name appeared in an unusually large first-class.

CHAPTER VII

1837-39

Oxford—Bonn—Ordination

THE pressure of reading for a degree, and the necessity of toiling at uncongenial studies in order to attain University distinctions, were at an end. But the stage in life to which, in early days at College, Stanley had looked forward so hopefully, failed to fulfil its promise. A Fellowship at Balliol was to be the first stage of his life at Oxford, and he had already planned the use that he would there make of his position and opportunities. 'I forget,' he writes to Vaughan, while still reading for the Final Schools,

'whether I told you what would be one of the great objects of my ambition in staying up at Oxford—viz. to set systematically and deliberately at work to effect its reformation. If it is possible, there is nothing which I should seek further. As Augustus Hare has said in a poem of his on Italy :

Then let me die,
Die how well satisfied,
Conscious that I have seen the second birth
Of the most beauteous being upon earth.

But the years which followed the publication of the first 'Tracts for the Times,' and the appearance of Arnold's Sermons and pamphlet on Church Reform,

were years of extreme political and theological tension. Party feeling ran unprecedentedly high. It was the obvious intention of some of the Fellows of Balliol to oppose Stanley's election, on the ground of his sympathy with Dr. Arnold's religious and political views. Before he returned to Oxford, after obtaining his First Class, he had received hints that his hopes of obtaining a Fellowship at Balliol were not likely to be fulfilled. 'Listen,' he writes to Vaughan at the end of December 1837—'listen to what will make your Cambridge hair stand on end with astonishment.' He then tells him that he has reason to believe that one after another of the members of the society

'has given in to the overwhelming terror of the outcry against Balliol as an heretical and Arnoldian college, and declared that they had rather not elect me in November. Accordingly, there is now no manner of doubt, unless the Oxford revolutions take a new turn within the next two months, that I must stand at Oriel, unless I find their gates also closed against me.'

Disturbed by the obvious intention of some of the Fellows to oppose his election, and knowing that his repulse from Oriel was almost equally likely, he suffered acutely for the next few months from an indecision which was in this instance more than excusable. It was now, moreover, for the first and last time, that the great movement, which was making itself felt through every nerve and tissue of Oxford life, threw its spell, for a limited period and to a limited extent, over his mind. His inexpressible and imaginative nature felt the strong 'attraction of Newmanism,' to use his own phrase, and the power of a system that claimed to rest, not on the fluctuating interpretation of the New Testament Scriptures, but on the solid ground of primitive and apostolic authority. The interval of suspense was short. No one conversant with the workings of his

mind up to that point would have looked for so entire a subversion of his whole religious, moral, and intellectual attitude as the final change of Arthur Stanley into a member of the party of which Newman was the leader. Yet, for the moment, the movement told upon him as a real force. The compass by which he had hitherto steered his course trembled and wavered, and seemed to give signs of pointing in an entirely opposite direction.

At the beginning of 1838, Stanley showed decided symptoms of passing from impartial appreciation into active personal sympathy with the Tractarian movement. A real, though transitory, change passed over his mind. He paused to review his whole position. His disquietude, both from the uncertainty of his academical future and from the religious influences by which he was surrounded, is best disclosed in the following extract from a letter of February.

‘Your letter about my turning Newmanist came strangely in accordance with my own state of mind about it now. Not that I am turned, or am turning, Newmanist, but I do feel that the crisis in my opinions is coming on, and that the difficulties which I find in my present views are greater than I thought they were, and that here (at Oxford) I am in the presence of a magnificent and consistent system, shooting up on every side, whilst all that I see here against it is weak and grovelling. At the same time, my impression that the voice of St. Paul’s Epistles is strongly against it remains very deep; and I feel that to become a Newmanist would be a shock to my whole existence, that it would subvert every relation of life in which I have stood or hope to stand hereafter. I dread to think of it even as a possibility, while I dread also the possibility of a long and dreary halting between two opinions, which will mar the pleasure of every opinion that I hold for an indefinite period.’

With this feeling he assures his friend that he ‘will

not act without a most serious fight, and will leave no stone unturned.'

'I know no system to which I can hold except Arnold's. If that breaks down under me, I know not where I can look. But, whatever happens, I trust that God will help me to make up my mind for the best. I will not trouble you with my special perplexities till you have got through your work; and meantime do not be unnecessarily alarmed about me.' 'Pray for me,' he ends, 'that I may come into the truth.'

A visit to his family in London came as a timely distraction to his unquiet thoughts. On May 2nd, 1838, he writes to Vaughan from his father's house in Lower Brook Street :

'... I have been twice to the House of Lords, where (as being eldest son *pro tem.* to my father) I stand on the steps of the throne, and hear very well all that goes on. I have heard no long speeches, but short and somewhat sharp ones from Lords Lyndhurst, Winchilsea, Londonderry, Melbourne. Lord Melbourne is a most pleasant speaker, and a most agreeable-looking man. . . . I expect to enjoy going there very much, though Lord Brougham, I am afraid, will not be there. On one of the days I went with my father into the Bishops' robing-room, when the Bishop of Exeter was there. He, as if by accident, after discoursing on two or three indifferent topics, said, "I was delighted, my Lord, to hear of your son's great success at Oxford." Whereupon my father introduced me to him; and he, starting as if in surprise, exclaimed, "Is it indeed he? I had entertained a faint hope of it. Allow me to congratulate you, sir, and you, my Lord, on this wonderful" &c. . . . I think it was as characteristic a trait of him as could well be enacted! To-morrow night I hope to hear him speak. . . . I have been a good deal about Lincoln's Inn Fields and the Temple, and feel much reconciled to the life of a lawyer; so that, if I should feel invincible obstacles to the Articles or Liturgy, I should not feel utterly incapable of taking to another line of life, although it would certainly

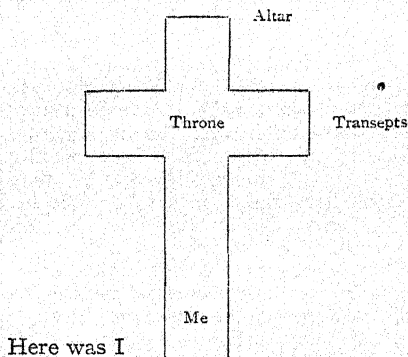
be still very much against the grain. Have you read Carlyle's "Revolution"? I went to hear the first of a course of lectures by him on general literature, which I liked extremely; also to one of Chalmers', which I did not like so much. . . . My respect for the Whig Ministry in itself, and as such, does not increase. As a committee of public safety under the circumstances, I think they may be very likely the best and safest alternative; but my *sympathy* is more with the Christianity of the Tories and the great views of the Radicals; and if the latter could become Christianised, my sympathy would be wholly with them. However, as I say, considering the momentous danger of a stoppage in things from Toryism, or of a general overthrow of Christianity by Radicalism, I should be well content to prop up the mediocrity of the Whigs. . . . Oh for a man like Wilberforce!

Meantime, as the summer drew on, the Fellowship difficulty assumed a shape that required a positive answer. A vacancy had occurred at University College, and overtures were made to Arthur Stanley, who reluctantly resolved not to expose himself to the possibility of a repulse at Balliol, but to accept the haven which seemed offered to him. A scanty notice of his half-formed intention to offer himself as a candidate appears at the end of a note to his sister on June 20th. 'I am rather doubting whether I shall stand for a Fellowship in University College (Oxford, not London) on July 4, where I should be sure of getting in; but not a very agreeable college.'

In the midst of his doubts he came to London to be present at the Coronation of the Queen on June 28th, 1838. The following description of the scene in Westminster Abbey needs no comment:

'Now for the Coronation. At half-past 5 we started; London all awake; the streets crowded. At 7 we reached the Abbey. My mother and sister were deposited behind the peeresses, and I was taken up to the vaultings to my

brother and sister. This was the first view of the Abbey, I had—most glorious, the dazzling splendour of the prodigious crowd all in their full dress, and literally “living out” upon the walls. I was here, as it were :



And thus saw everything but the nave* and peeresses, being very high up, but with the widest possible view. It was perfectly easy to walk about in the hinder and therefore unoccupied parts of the gallery, where were refreshments &c. prepared, with the most perfect convenience. At 9 the guns announced that the Queen had left the Palace; an electric shock ran visibly through the whole Abbey, and from that time till the end of all, at 3½ P.M., the interest was so intense that I did not feel exhausted for a moment. At 10½ another gun announced that she was at the Abbey door, and in about a quarter of an hour the procession appeared from under the organ, advancing up the purple approach to the chancel—everyone leaning over—and in they came: first the great dukes, struggling with their enormous trains: then bishops &c.; and then the Queen with her vast crimson train, outspread by eight ladies all in white, followed by the great ladies of her Court in enormous crimson trains, and the smaller ladies, with delicate

* Through inadvertence the word ‘nave’ is obviously used here for ‘transepts.’

sky-blue trains, trailing along the dark floor. When she came within the full view of the gorgeous Abbey, she paused, as if for breath, and clasped her hands. The orchestra broke out into the most tremendous crash of music I ever heard. "I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord." Everyone literally gasped for breath from the intense interest, and the rails of the gallery visibly trembled in one's hands from the trembling of the spectators. I never saw anything like it; tears would have been a relief; one felt that the Queen must sink into the earth under the tremendous awe. But at last she moved on to her place by the altar, and (as I heard from one of my cousins who had a place close by) threw herself on her knees, buried her face in her hands, and evidently prayed fervently. For the first part the silence was so great that at my extreme point I could hear quite distinctly the tremulous but articulate voice of the Archbishop: afterwards it was quite inaudible; the great drawbacks were the feeble responses to the service, and the feebleness of the acclamations—hardly any at all at the Recognition, and only tolerable at the Coronation. That was the crisis of the ceremony, and the most striking part. The very moment the crown touched her head the guns went off—the trumpets began, and the shouts; she was perfectly immovable, like a statue. The Duchess of Kent burst into tears, and her lady had to put on her coronet for her. The Anointing was very beautiful from the cloth of gold; the Homage also, from the magnificent cluster in the very centre. It was a take off, though a necessary one, I suppose, that, throughout, her face was turned away from the spectators, towards the altar. All the movements were beautiful. She was always accompanied by her eight ladies, floating about her like a silvery cloud. It was over at 3½, *i.e.* she went out then with her crown, her orb, and her sceptre. I walked home; the rest had to wait till 8 for their carriage, which was forced back by the length of the line to Kennington Common; the crowd in the streets to see the return of the procession was stupendous. It was all more like a dream than a reality—more beautiful than I could have conceived possible. I should wish almost never to see her again; that, as this was the first image I have ever had of her, so it should be the last.'

This full account of the Coronation ceremony was written to Vaughan on the morning of July 4, 1838, while waiting for the formal announcement of his election at University College—a characteristic diversion from his suspense. Averse as he always was to sever the ties of homelike habits and associations, the wrench which the change from Balliol involved was extremely painful. Even during the examination he was visited by one of those paroxysms of indecision to which he was, at least in early life, constantly liable. But he persevered, and readers of the 'Reminiscences of Mark Pattison,' late Rector of Lincoln, will remember a description of the consternation caused among the assembled candidates by the 'appearance of the well-known face and figure of A. P. Stanley of Balliol.' The result was, in fact, almost a foregone conclusion. On July 4th he wrote the following letter to his father :

'My dear Father,—I am Fellow of University. I hope it will be for the best, though it is impossible not to feel that it is a change which nothing but the certainty of the election, contrasted with the uncertainty of the other, could justify. Will you send an affirmation that I was born on December 13, 1815, signed by yourself, to the Master of University College, Oxford, as soon as possible? I go to Hurstmonceux to-morrow.

'Believe me,

'Ever yours,

'A. P. STANLEY.'

The event of the vacation which followed his election at University was his short visit to Newcastle to attend the meeting of the British Association. His long, detailed letters show that he was able to step out of the atmosphere of shy reserve which still hung round him at home, to throw off the depression caused by recent events at Oxford, and to enter with his usual enjoyment into such a gathering.

He embarked at Great Yarmouth on board a steamer crowded with visitors bound like himself for Newcastle. Among them were :

'Mr. Hall of Bristol, agricultural and dog-destroying, gentlemanly, and speaking in the highest terms of the Bishop ; Dr. Bowring, Dr. Granville (Oriental traveller), a Black clothed in flowing white robes and a red skull cap, Miss Martineau, and a Mr. Robertson, from whom I will draw up the veil hereafter. On passing by Whitby (which reminded me that we were performing the voyage of Clare in "Marmion") people brightened up a little ; vehement disputes in Arabic took place with the Black, and a yet more vehement one between Dr. Bowring and the rest of the passengers on the contagiousness of the plague—he denying, they affirming. I also introduced myself to Miss Martineau, who behaved very well all the voyage—perhaps because she was sick.'

Arrived at Newcastle, the Bishop's son found himself the guest of an Unitarian household.

'In the street, on going to the committee of lodgings, met Miss Martineau and suite, who offered me a bed in her brother-in-law's house, Mr. Greenhow, a surgeon. I accepted, thinking that a Unitarian family with her in it was worth seeing, especially as a surgeon did not appear to present so offensive an appearance to the public as a minister—as her literary not her theological opinions form her chief characteristics—as my connection with her was not through the Bishop—and as, lastly, I shall have to subscribe the Athanasian Creed next summer. . . . At 5 I dined with Mr. Greenhow (which prevented me writing last night), meeting him and his wife (a sister of Miss M., pretty and pleasing, and unlike her in every other respect), Mr. Turner, with a son and nephew, Unitarian ministers resembling Roman Catholic priests, Mr. Taylor, and the mysterious Mr. Robertson. Towards the last-named gentleman my heart warmed the moment he entered the room at his beginning to criticise the appropriation of the name of "science" by physical philosophers, wherein I cordially

joined, and managed to sit by him at dinner. He then asked me many rational questions concerning Newmanism, and I, after having satisfied him on that point, began to open a new line by asking whether he had seen the last number of the "London and Westminster Review." "Why, don't you know that I am the editor?" I confess I felt a sort of awe at being unexpectedly pushed into the presence of a man who is holding one of the most important positions in the journalism of England. It seemed like standing at the very fountain-head of Radicalism. However, after apologies, I expressed to him freely my opinion of his Review: that I wished it rather more Christian than it was, &c., but thought some of the articles the best I had ever seen in any Review. He said, "I am not an infidel myself, and I am determined that the Review shall be Christian, and shall not be infidel," with a good deal more of interesting information about it. He does not come up to my beautiful ideal of a Radical, . . . but still he is a remarkable man, very clever, very zealous. Before the discovery, he said, while talking of Bacon, "Study the New Testament and the 'Novum Organum.' They are the only two books I thoroughly know myself: the first gives you the sublimest morals, the second the best training of intellect."

'As far as religion goes, Miss M. appears to me the best of the Unitarian race that I have seen here—recommending me to read certain books, especially on the ground of their exemplifying so strongly the force of religion, &c.; rejoicing so heartily that the New Testament is one of the books chosen for the blind children of America to read; coming into the room with great pictorial Bibles to-day under her arm. But on the whole they seem to have the intolerant bigotry and uncharitableness that I have generally seen in their writings. I see I shall be troubled with overmany rather than with overfew acquaintances, and these Radicals (male and female), though exceedingly interesting, are rather distressing. I fear I have no excuse for deserting this infected roof.'

In a second letter he describes another social side of the meeting:

'Wandered from eleven to two from section to section;

went to the lodgings of the Bishop of Durham. Just as the coach drove up and he got out, presented myself, together with an Italian leading, not a monkey, but, as a monkey, a mathematical boy to be exhibited; introduced by Brougham and "the Duc de Suxès." The Bishop, not having the least conception who I was, but confounding me with the boy and the boy leader, drove us all—or made his chaplain drive us—into a room upstairs; talked wretched French, which had to be interpreted through a somewhat dull chaplain, to these Italians, who were very urgent for him to exhibit them as soon as possible; then, having despatched them, he opened my father's letter; introduced me to his chaplain as son of the Bishop of Oxford (an error which he afterwards corrected), and afterwards to a man in the geological section (whither he hurried me as bodkin in his coach) as having come "to represent my father"; he putting in this formal and legal manner what my father had put jocosely; which I in vain endeavoured to correct, and consequently expect to lead me into all sorts of anomalous positions, as he evidently thinks that I am to officiate as a *bond fide* deputy. This has determined me to break the illusion, as far as in me lies, to-night, by going to the ball instead of the meeting, where, at any rate, I cannot be supposed to act as vicegerent for a bishop.

The next day (August 23), instead of going to the evening meeting, I stayed with Miss M. and Mr. R., and listened to them unfolding their schemes. From what dropped in the conversation, I gathered a strange, almost romantic, picture of the Radical chiefs—of the great struggle between the old Unitarian section of them against Mr. R., as imaginative and conservative of many things; Mill, the greatest of all, deeply imbued with old Benthamite connections, and gradually beginning to understand the strong personal devotion and friendship of Mr. R. as a Highlander, which he is, morally, as well as physically. All that I see gives me a painful impression of how little we, in our circle, know of all the hard realities and roots of bitterness which lie at the bottom of society; but it gives me also a most encouraging view of the future—that these are the men at the very head of the movement, who, zealous and destructive though they are in the reformation of earth, will never allow it to go on to the reformation of heaven. There are

fearful rumours afloat of a grand split in the Association....

'One hardly knows what to make of Miss M.: a woman so entirely in a man's position, and yet not without the quiet of a woman. It is like a thaumatrope. Carlyle, I perceive, has great influence behind the scenes, unconsciously. Mr. R.'s opinions are much more like his than anyone's you ever saw.'

Before leaving Newcastle, he paid a visit on the Sunday to Ravensworth. He tells a characteristic story of his difficulties at luncheon.

'Having with infinite labour and dexterity dragged two ladies through the crowd in to lunch, and being asked to help them to some venison—nothing else would satisfy them—I saw there was nothing for it but to cut the Gordian knot, so I seized the knife and fixed it at random in the back of the haunch. The effect was all that could have been desired. I was immediately stopped by a piercing shriek from an old lady further down, three or four gentlemen rushed to the rescue, and I delivered the haunch unmutilated into their hands.'

His account of his Sunday ends with a description of the Bishop of Durham's sermon on schools, and an anecdote suggested by the subject:

'Lest I forget, here is a story about schools: A lady, examining a Sunday-school about Dives and Lazarus, asked whether it was not very bad of Dives not to give the crumbs to Lazarus. Of course they all said "Yes"; but one little girl demurred: "Perhaps, ma'am, he kept chickens." A very pretty story, I think.'

Some of the impressions made on him by his visit are sufficiently illustrated by these extracts from his letters. For the first time he encountered the undefined, yet growing, power of 'the press'—using the term in its widest sense—as embodied in his new acquaintance, Mr.

Robertson. He speaks of 'the aristocracy at the top, the philosophers a little deeper in the workings of things, and in the dark background the Radical reviewer, unknown and unregarded, but enthroned in the very heart of society.' There can be no doubt, also, that his social and friendly intercourse with Unitarians of the type of Miss Martineau and Mr. Robertson, without affecting his views as to 'the fundamental issues of the Trinitarian controversy, intensified the difficulty which he had already felt in regarding such persons as doomed 'without doubt to perish everlastingly.' The natural result of such intercourse was to bring forcibly before him the question of the subscription required at Ordination to formularies which included the damnatory clauses of the Athanasian Creed. In this sense the few days spent at Newcastle may have affected his whole life.

The time had now come for his return to Oxford, and his first plunge into what was to him the chilling air of University College. The feeling of his new solitude which hung over him as a new boy at Rugby, the sense of desolation that depressed him as a freshman at Balliol, were revived. In after-life every change of home or sphere of work was acutely felt, and there is nothing surprising in the agony—no other word will express his misery—which the removal from Balliol cost him. The first consolation came to him in the College chapel, where he heard, on the Festival of St. Simon and St. Jude, 'the thanksgiving for "Alfred the Great, first Founder of this House." ' But the solace was short-lived. The change seemed in every way for the worse. The 'utter impossibility even of procuring toast for breakfast,' and the depressing silence of the Fellows' Common Room, weighed upon his spirits. 'Worse than all, it is declared *semper, ubique, et ab omnibus*, that retreat is now impossible.'

Thus the year 1838 ended somewhat sadly. The disillusionising, and often disappointing, process of life's

experience was steadily doing its work on the sensitive, young spirit. The dream of passing from undergraduate life by an easy transition to a position of happy usefulness as a resident Fellow of Balliol, there by degrees to find opportunities, with the aid of congenial friends, of working out those reforms in the University which were already taking shape in his active brain, had been rudely dissipated. The most intimate, and the most valued, of the new associates whom he had found at Balliol no longer shared his views on the most important of all subjects. Five years before, the College had opened its doors to the brilliant schoolboy, and had enabled him to feel that the distinction which it conferred on himself as the first-fruits of Arnold's teaching gave him the power to repay something of his debt to his beloved master. Now the same College had deliberately warned him from its precincts, for no other reason than that of his sympathy with the teacher to whose fostering genius he attributed all his academical success. Already here, too, he had felt the first warnings of lessons, which were to impress upon him in due time the conviction, that he must learn to stand alone, and work out for himself his own position in the Church and the world. It was already becoming clear that Arnold could not, without ceasing to be Arnold, share the wide sympathies, the detachment from party, the impartial attitude, the eager thirst for toleration and comprehension, that marked his youthful friend; that Stanley, without ceasing to be Stanley, could not acquire the directness, the force, the intense concentration, the passionate convictions of his master. Even as regards the sacred profession to which he had looked forward from boyhood, difficulties already indicated had begun to shape themselves in his path, and the question of reconciling the voice of his conscience with an assent to anathemas that seemed to him to contradict the very essence of Christian teaching was beginning to assume

formidable dimensions. The year, therefore, in which he reached a position that, in one sense, closed the period of his earlier youth, was not unclouded. But the clouds were, after all, such as may overshadow for a while the brightest day. The College, in which for a time he felt himself an almost lonely stranger, became the scene of happy years of fruitful work, endeared to him by the growth within its walls of unlooked-for friendships, and of devoted affection. The Church, whose ministry he entered from within its walls, learned, in spite of stormy controversies and intestine strife, to recognise the loss which it would have incurred if a question which has tried so many of its faithful servants had shut the gates against one of such rare gifts as are recalled to thousands by the name of Arthur Stanley.

On his return to Oxford, at the close of the Easter Vacation, he found himself without definite work, and once more confronted by the problem of subscription. His difficulties weighed heavily upon him. He was for a time attracted by a plan of exchanging his Fellowship, by the consent of the College, for a lay Fellowship, which would have left him free to choose his own time for taking Orders, and relieved him from all possibility of feeling that he had allowed motives of interest to influence his decision. But the idea was soon deliberately abandoned, and, with its abandonment, he regained his cheerfulness. Though still living on terms of close intimacy with Ward and others of his Balliol friends, there are signs that he was learning to appreciate his new associates. He speaks of the kindness of Twiss, and of 'a fortnightly walk and a daily interchange of dinner-table jokes with "a shy and silent, but very gentlemanlike, and, I believe, very clever Fellow,"' the future Professor W. F. Donkin. It is obvious, too, that he was mixing to some extent in the general society of Oxford. He mentions incidentally to his sister that he had been placed at dinner by the side of Dr. Lepsius, in

order to 'talk French and German to him. I chose,' he adds, 'the latter.'

His letters home are full of allusions to Carlyle's lectures, of which his sister Catherine was sending him full reports. But that interest was interrupted by the news of the death of his 'cousin Bella,' the wife of the hero of his boyhood, Sir Edward Parry. A story relating to her death is told by Arthur Stanley to Vaughan:

'E. J. Stanley, her brother, was so much affected by the news of her danger on Monday morning that, on the news of her death arriving in the evening, they did not tell him, meaning to keep it from him till he returned from the House of Commons, where they knew he must be. When Lord John Russell rose to reply to Peel, E. J. S. observed that his eyes were constantly fixed on him, and everybody observed how confused he (Lord J. R.) seemed, and how ill he spoke. As soon as the House was up, Lord J. R. asked E. J. S. (they live near each other) to come back with him in his carriage. As soon as the door was shut he said, "I never spoke so ill in my life. Have you heard the news?" E. J. S. thought he meant some political news. "Have you heard the sad news of your sister's death?" And, having so said, he burst into an uncontrollable agony of grief. Someone had told him of it just before he rose to speak, and the circumstances of her death recalled his own wife's death so strikingly before him that he was overpowered.'

A few days later he announces to his sister the fate of his two essays:

'If anything could be more singular and unexpected than what has just taken place—viz. that I have lost the English Essay—it is what has taken place at the same time—viz. that I have gained the Latin Essay. I know you will all exclaim—particularly Catherine—"How stupid: I don't care a bit for his getting the Latin Essay."'

The subject of the Latin Essay was peculiarly appro-

appropriate to the studies and thoughts of the ardent University reformer—*Quænam sint Academiae erga Rempublicam officia*—or ‘The National Responsibilities and Duties of the University.’ He was soon busy preparing for its recitation at the approaching Commemoration. ‘Arnold,’ he tells his sister, ‘is coming up, being unable to resist the triple temptation of the honours to be conferred on Wordsworth, Bunsen, and—me!’ The event of the Commemoration was the reception of Wordsworth, who was welcomed with a burst of ‘enthusiastic cheering’ which ‘threw all else into the shade.’ Nothing, says Stanley, could fall ‘so flat as the recitation of my essay, which was read when everyone was quite exhausted by a most immensely long business of degrees, &c., amidst hardly any other sound than that of departing footsteps.’ His account of his own difficulty of finding the *Rostrum*—and, when that was discovered, of delivering his harangue, enveloped in a B.A. hood and a cloud of swan’s down—is chiefly noticeable from his being accompanied in his search by Hugh Pearson—the first mention of one who was to be for forty years the closest of his friends.

No sooner had the Long Vacation commenced than he was hard at work writing for the Chancellor’s English Essay for 1840 on the subject, ‘*Do States, like Individuals, inevitably tend, after a certain period of maturity, to decay?*’ But he laid it aside to join Tait at Bonn. ‘I am off,’ he writes on August 16th, ‘to Bonn till Sept. 16. I have not undertaken it without most agonising throes of indecision, but the demon, having rent me sorely, is for the present cast out.’

Tait, who was living at Professor Böcking’s, on the Coblenz road, had secured him a ground-floor room in the same house—a new building, ‘consisting of two Siamese towers united by a fat body of rooms in the interval,’ commanding a splendid view of the Seven Hills, and the great sweep of the Rhine.

'On the third-floor is Tait; the rooms looking out on the Rhine and opening out on the leads, which, of course, command the whole view to perfection. Mr. Böcking is gone to Ostend—what a place to go to!—but the two little boys remain behind, Adolph and Max, dear little boys, but as shy as fawns. The chief waiting-maid is Totty, probably spelt Dothe, and a contraction of Dorothea, doubtless the love of Hermann. At one we dined at the *table d'hôte* at the Trierscher Hof, as the Professor excludes us from that meal, seeming to think that Englishmen would cause a famine in his house.'

A full record of the three weeks at Bonn (from August 20th to September 10th) is preserved in the closely-written sheets which were despatched at intervals of three or four days to his home at Norwich. It was a period of unresting, but by no means purposeless, activity. One main object was steadily pursued by the two friends. Both set themselves to the task of gaining such an insight into the working of a great German university as would give definite shape to the reforms which they hoped to advocate and promote at Oxford. The elder was no visionary framer of Utopian schemes, but a man whose solid practical sagacity was eventually proved in many wider fields than that of a Balliol tutorship. He could not have foreseen that, twelve years later, he would be officially charged, in conjunction with his younger friend, with the duty of reviewing the whole system of Oxford education. But his sound judgment had shown him the value of the coadjutor whom he had invited to join him in his task. He felt that he could obtain no better lieutenant than the friend whose warm devotion to the true interests of Oxford, capacity for the recognition of all that was best elsewhere, ready pen and marvellous power of expression, he fully appreciated, and whose latest academical distinction had been won by an essay on the national responsibilities of a university.

Of the hours spent in the elaboration of projects of

reform no hint is given in Stanley's letters to Norwich. On the ulterior object of the visit to Bonn a discreet silence is observed. Of all besides, things and persons, the pictures are full, clear, and lifelike. A period passed in such ceaseless mental and bodily activity left little room for misgivings as to the future, and the close companionship of Tait could not but exercise a calming and wholesome influence. Traces occur from time to time of discussions with his friend, or with German professors, on the vexed question of subscription to Protestant formularies. But so absorbed was Stanley in the novelty and interest of his surroundings, that the tone of high spirits is maintained throughout, and there is a most marked and unusual absence from his letters of any references to domestic or public events in England.

According to the arrangement made before leaving England, Stanley returned to Norwich on September 18th. A fortnight later he writes to Vaughan upon a subject which for the next three months was to be continually in his thoughts—his approaching Ordination, and the subscription which it involved to the damnatory clauses of the Athanasian Creed.

'I enjoyed my Bonn visit much, and wish I had gone before. I had enormous arguments with Tait, as well as with all the Professors, about subscription. Tait takes the line that you bind yourself to the living authorities, and that, if they do not put on the clauses the offensive interpretations, you need not.'

Though his letters from Oxford during the October term touch on many topics, one subject only distracted his attention from his own Ordination. A pamphlet with the title, '*Hints on the Formation of a Plan for the Safe and Effectual Revival of the Professorial System at Oxford*,' was published in November 1839. The author's name did not appear. For two or three weeks conjecture was rife; but at last it was understood that the

'Resident Member of Convocation' who signed the pamphlet was A. C. Tait, of Balliol. The part which Stanley had taken in the preparation of the manifesto is described to Vaughan in a letter of November 18th :

'My only share in Tait's pamphlet is, that the plan was devised by him in walks at Bonn, and that he wrote it with me sitting in the room, hearing, criticising, and perhaps correcting, each sentence; of course in *some* passages my element preponderates.'

The leading idea put forward by the two future members of the University Commission of 1852 was to encourage students, after completing the three years' academical course, and being released from the pressure of the Examination in Arts, to reside in Oxford for a fourth year in order to attend professorial lectures. Those who read the pages of the pamphlet will perhaps both smile and sigh, as they see how much that the reformers of 1839 desired has been fulfilled, how much that they deprecated has come to pass, how some fears have proved groundless, some hopes vain, some ideals unattainable. But the carefully considered plan which Tait and his friend suggested for the educational reform of Oxford need scarcely be discussed here.

The pamphlet published, Stanley was left face to face with his own perplexities. Though he did not allow his personal difficulties to absorb his whole attention, and though there is in his letters no abstention from lighter topics, the difficulty of the Athanasian Creed pressed more and more heavily on his mind. He did not shrink from embracing the most sacred of all professions on the ground of any doubts respecting the central doctrines of the Christian creed. The whole question of subscription, *i.e.* of calling upon any candidate for Orders to pledge himself for life to the maintenance of the vast variety of propositions covered by the formularies of the English Church, was one which, then and always,

caused him much discomfort. But on this point his anxiety proceeded from the inherent nature of any obligatory pledge, and might have been shared by any of those who differed most widely from him in opinions. His real difficulty lay elsewhere. His painful shrinking from the subscription exacted at ordination was due to the language used in the 8th Article as to the so-called Creed of Athanasius. Even on this point it was not the theological statements of the Creed that caused his hesitation, but the damnatory clauses by which they were accompanied—the sentence ‘without doubt shall perish everlastingly’ pronounced on all who did not accept its minutest definitions of the nature and relations of the Three Persons in the Divine Trinity. Even in his most confidential letters there is not the slightest trace of any other cause of real doubt or of prolonged hesitation. But the difficulty presented to him by these damnatory clauses can hardly be exaggerated. It darkened with a shadow of exceeding gloom the most momentous period of his life. Its effect was never obliterated by time or by experience. It exercised a marked influence on his views and actions from the day of his ordination down to the last hour of conscious life. Even those who have never felt the same difficulties can scarcely refuse their sympathies to the misgivings of one in whose eyes truth was precious and worldly interests insignificant, and who dreaded lest he should be called on to sacrifice that which he prized most highly for that which he valued least of all.

It was only after prolonged hesitation that he decided on giving in his name to the Bishop of Oxford (Dr. Bagot) as a candidate for ordination at Christmas. Immediately after he had made this decisive step, he wrote to his mother—not as usual to his sister—a full account of the reasons which had finally determined him to take the course from which he had long held back. The letter is dated November 13th, 1839.

'All my friends had strongly advised my determining at once to do so. They urged that I had considered the question as fully as I could hope ever to consider it; that to indulge my personal scruples was only to encourage my general indecision, already too great; that every unnecessary delay encouraged the indulgence of my present scruples, and would give birth to future ones; that my difficulties are such as are involved in the very nature of subscription, and are not greater than such as stood at the threshold of every active profession. . . . All these arguments determined me to-day, after a full consideration also of all that you say in your letter, to present myself before the Archdeacon and ask leave to put down my name for Christmas, which I have done with the firm determination, first (also with the advice of all my friends) to state in the fullest manner my opinions on every subject which calls for them, and to go out of my way to bring in my opinion of the damnatory clauses; and secondly, never to let go any opportunity of reducing the form of subscription into conformity with its practice.'

It was not till the second day of the examination (December 17th) that he found the opportunity to challenge attention to his special difficulty. 'The deed,' he writes to his sister,

'is done. But as yet nothing definite has transpired. The question to which I appended it was "*What are the tenets of the Church on the sufficiency of Scripture?*" I quoted Articles 6, 20, 21, and Article 8, and said, "In mentioning this Article the difficulty arises whether it refers to the *doctrines* only of the Athanasian Creed, or also to the *censures*," and so on. I went with it to the Archdeacon; waited till he said he should have great pleasure in presenting me to the Bishop, and then said, "Might I ask you as a great favour to look at the answer to question 9? * The subject is one which has caused me a good deal of annoyance." He said, "I will certainly pay attention to it," and so we parted. . . . What will further take place, of course, cannot be known; but I have said my say.'

* The answer itself will be found in the Appendix at the end of this chapter.

The parallel account of the interview given to Vaughan ends with the words—

‘and so we parted, and so the clauses are interpreted for me and the Diocese of Oxford. And to-morrow I sign and seal, and on Sunday am ordained, and on Monday travel to town, and on Tuesday appear at Norwich, where I stay till Feb. 8. Think of me on Sunday, and tell your brother of this issue, which I hope you will both think satisfactory.’

The first letter written after his ordination was written to his sister. It was penned from the roof of F. D. Maurice, who had, for the last four years, held the post of Chaplain to Guy’s Hospital.

‘Having a quarter of an hour to spare, I just sit down to tell you that all is over well and safely. The Bishop’s Charge was on Saturday, well delivered, and, as far as it went, good, but an imperfect statement of the question; especially as regarded the collegiate clergy. The ordination lasted from 10 till 2; the great number of the candidates of both orders (thirty I think of each) made it very imposing, and nothing could be better arranged. It all floats before me like a dream. There was very little in the service with which I could not heartily sympathize; and the sermon was happily such as hardly jarred with my own feelings on the subject even once. One of the most pleasing recollections I have throughout was hearing the voice of the Archdeacon breaking in from time to time in the service—the same voice which had in the conversation of Friday sanctioned my protest against the clauses. I feel as if I was gradually awaking into a new life; the old one really seems, and I hope I shall feel it to be, lying far behind, and separated from me by an impassable barrier. If anything could have added to the solemnity of the thing, or taken the sting out of the troubles of making the irrevocable step, it would have been the beautiful letter which I enclose to you from Arnold.* The last sentence alludes to a conversation we had the last time I was at Rugby. I write

* The letter from Dr. Arnold will be found in his *Life*, No. CXC., ‘To an old Pupil,’ dated Fox How, Dec. 20, 1839.

from Guy's Hospital: shall be down by the Telegraph (coach) to-morrow.'

THE ATHANASIAN CREED.

Stanley's protest against the literal interpretation of the Creed, made in the form of an answer to a question in his examination for Holy Orders, runs as follows :

'To ascertain the *original* meaning of the censures of the Athanasian Creed is impossible, from the doubt which hangs over the authorship of the Creed.

'Their *obvious* meaning, and that which was affixed to them at the time of the *general* reception of the Creed into the Church and of its reception into the Reformed Church of England, seems to be, that *every* individual who denies *any* of the statements therein contained will perish everlastingly. (This appears from the practice and principles of the Middle Ages, which applied them to the denial of the Double Procession in the Greek Church, and from the English Articles of 1563, and other reformed Confessions, 1532 and 1536.) Such, however, judging from the practice and writings of all subsequent Anglican divines, is not the opinion required from members and ministers of the Anglican Church. Not to mention the detailed modifications by which many great divines, with Waterland, have forborne "to lay stress on every little nicety of explanation," it is well known that the Bishops of 1689 prepared a rubric confining their meaning to such as obstinately deny the substance of the Christian faith; that Bishop Taylor declared that they were "extrinsic and incidental to the Creed," and that "he dare not" hold them (vii. 494); that Bishop Burnet says (on Article 8), that "all the most eminent men of the English Church, as far back as the memory of all that he knew could go up, confined them to such as stifled their own convictions"; that Bishop Tomline "thought them presumptuous and unnecessary" ("Elements" 202); that Archbishop Secker "thought it a pity they had not been originally omitted" (vi. 227); that Archbishop Tillotson wished earnestly for their removal; and that Dr. Burton, though declaring that, rather than give up one jot or tittle of the doctrines of the Creed, he would

part with the hand which subscribed them, yet "thought the censures essentially different and unconnected with the Creed, and that Christian charity and humility would wish that they were not retained and read publicly; and that the Church of England excludes none from salvation who rejects any of her confessions" (Sermon on Mark xvi. 16). Hence it seems clear that the strict and obvious interpretation is not the one required. Perhaps the interpretation which would best accord with the original words, and with these several Anglican authorities, would be to understand them as affirming that, though every error concerning the nature of God or man *may* be in itself harmless, yet, if *fully carried out into all its logical and moral consequences*, it will end in the subversion of the Christian faith in him who holds it.'

CHAPTER VIII

1840-41

Tour in Greece and Italy

STANLEY spent the first six weeks after his Ordination at Norwich. Writing on January 12th, 1840, to C. J. Vaughan, he says :

‘ Since I came here I have performed every service belonging to the Diaconate except that of marrying. I have read prayers, administered the Communion, preached, and buried. The preaching is supposed to have been better than could have been expected. It seemed very unnatural and strange—a sort of being oneself and not oneself.’

His first sermon was preached, it may be added, at Bergh Apton, a village near Norwich. The sermon itself, which was on the words, ‘ He loveth our nation, and hath built us a synagogue ’ (Luke vii. 5), has disappeared, but a record of its effect upon the audience has been preserved. After the service, two old women of the parish were overheard discussing the sermon and the preacher. The first old woman observed to her friend, ‘ Well, I do feel empty-like ! ’ ‘ And so do I,’ returned the other ; ‘ that young man didn’t give us much to feed on.’

For months after his Ordination his mind was almost

exclusively absorbed in the question of clerical subscription to the Church's formularies. His own difficulties on the subject had been removed by Archdeacon Clerke. But he was still desirous of relieving others from the sense of the burden, and the desire was strengthened by his intimacy with Canon Wodehouse, his father's chaplain, who had for years expressed his unwillingness to accept the damnatory clauses of the Athanasian Creed. On this question of subscription, which, twelve months later, and under another form, derived such importance from the publication of 'Tract 90,' his interests were concentrated. Before this engrossing question all the topics on which he had from childhood written home so freely—the details of his daily life, his reading, his friends, events of public importance—recede into the remote background. There is scarcely even a reference to the prize compositions on which he was engaged, and in both of which, after two previous failures, he proved successful—the Chancellor's English Essay, and the Ellerton Theological Essay.

Canon Wodehouse was, at this moment, preparing a petition to the House of Lords, calling the attention both of the Bishops and the Legislature to the grave discrepancy between the terms to which all the clergy of the English Church were bound to subscribe at Ordination, and the practice and feeling of the vast majority of Churchmen. The petition finally took the shape of a prayer 'that the letter of the Prayer Book and the subscription to the Articles and Liturgy might be rendered consistent with the practice of the clergy and the acknowledged meaning of the Church.' To the form of this petition Stanley strongly objected. He desired to leave the letter of the Articles and of the Prayer Book untouched. He wished for no modification of the Liturgy or of the formularies of the Church. He feared lest any legislation might 'make the subscription more stringent than the present form actually is.' He hoped

that the discussion of the subject might elicit from the Bishops some official declaration that they did not regard subscription as binding the conscience of the clergy to a literal agreement with every line or letter of the services or the formularies. If such an authoritative statement were withheld, and any change were considered necessary, he wished that the alteration should take the form of some modification in the terms of subscription. This was, in his view, the only practicable, and the only desirable, object.

Events showed that Stanley was right in his opinion. At the end of May 1840 Archbishop Whately presented the petition to the House of Lords. The course of the debate which followed illustrated the practical wisdom of Stanley's warnings and the impolicy of uniting Liturgical revision with the demand for relaxation of subscription. More than one of the speakers insisted on the incompetence of Parliament to deal with changes in the Liturgy. The Bishop of Norwich alone kept the two points entirely distinct. While he admitted the 'insuperable difficulties' which stood in the way of any alteration of the services, he insisted on the heavy burden that was imposed by the existing terms of subscription on tender and scrupulous consciences. He was answered by the Bishop of London, whose 'speech, admirably delivered and with withering ferocity, struck a visible panic through the House, so that on his subsiding it instantly adjourned.' The tone and manner of the reply struck a chill into the heart of Stanley, who was present in the House during what he describes as an 'awful' debate. 'For myself,' said the Bishop, 'I should believe that *I was eating the bread of the Church unworthily* by subscribing to any Article which I did not implicitly believe!' The only immediate result of the petition seemed to be an uncompromising rejection of its prayer. But Stanley clung to his point. 'I am only anxious,' he writes to his sister,

'to return to the course which I should have preferred from the beginning; and therefore beg for the future to have nothing to do with legislative bodies for the Church, or alterations of Liturgy. About subscription I still feel as before; but the mischief hitherto has so evidently been the confusion of two distinct things, that I hope they will now be kept apart, and that the line chiefly pursued will not be alteration of formularies, but of subscription. Anything else but this would, in my judgment, ruin the cause completely.'

The debate of May 1840 produced a publication which deserves notice, because in it Stanley had a share. The Bishop of Norwich thought it right to publish his speech in the House of Lords, which had subjected him to keen censure, not only from the Bishop of London, but in the public press. In an appendix he quoted from divines of the English Church from Cranmer downwards, that the Articles were *intentionally* framed to admit persons who differed widely on important points, and that subscription was not, and could not be, understood to enforce agreement with every proposition and expression in their full, obvious, and literal meaning. The quotations were largely furnished by his son, whose hand is plainly visible in almost every page.

Thus ends the story of Stanley's first active participation in any joint action in the sphere of Church politics, his first attempt to relieve the English clergy from a burden which he and others felt to be needlessly heavy. His mind had been so absorbed in the struggle that, since his Ordination, all personal topics are conspicuously absent from his correspondence. The efforts that he had made told severely upon a physical strength which was already overtaxed. His letters during the first six months of 1840 show that some period of rest was sorely needed. His brain and sensitive temperament were overwrought; the continuous strain impaired both his health and spirits; his elasticity of mind seemed dead-

ened, his keen sense of humour dulled ; and he speaks frequently of paroxysms of headache. No more potent remedy for his condition of mind and body could be devised than the Continental tour which, when once the question of subscription was for the time settled, engaged all his attention. He proposed to leave England on the 10th of July for a visit to the Bunsens at Berne, and a tour in Switzerland, which was to last till the end of August. At Geneva he was to be joined by E. M. Goulburn, the future Head Master of Rugby and Dean of Norwich. 'My present design,' he says,

'is to leave Geneva about August 28 ; go straight by Milan, &c., to Venice and Trieste, and to take Florence, Pisa, Genoa, Nice, and France on my way back in the spring ; Greece and Rome occupying the interval. But how long I stay in Greece, or how I return to Italy, depends on what I hear there.'

The foreign tour of 1840 proved an important crisis in Stanley's life. In the first place, it forced him to think and act for himself, and thus helped to dissipate that constitutional shyness which did injustice to his abilities, both at home and abroad. Partially, at least, it made him known to his family and friends as what he really was. His sister's account of his mode of life at Norwich shows in what heavy folds the mantle of shyness hung about him, even in the domestic circle, and how valuable was any event which compelled him, for the time, to lay it aside.

Much of the Palace at Norwich has been demolished, rebuilt, or otherwise changed since 1840. The room which he occupied was upstairs. There, from ten to one every morning, he used to stand at his desk by the fireplace (as years later in his library at Westminster), with his books and papers before him, often with his younger sister at her studies, or assisting him, in the same room. At one he came down to luncheon, which

he generally ate standing with his back to the fire. In the afternoon his walk was almost always in the same direction—across the ferry and over Mousehold. In these walks the same sister was his most frequent companion. Often she would undertake to read the history of some person, or reign, or century. This would be made the subject of examination and discussion, as with quick, short steps he walked over the heathery moorland, looking down upon the forest of spires and on the old castle that lay bathed in the sunset glow beneath them. Then came another hour of study in his remote corner; then the dinner at 6.30, and the long evening spent in the family-circle. No weather would keep him in the house from two till four; on rainy days he might be seen pacing industriously round and round the Cathedral Cloisters, as afterwards he took his exercise in those of Queen's or Magdalen, at Oxford.

It is impossible to resist the evidence that the brilliant story-teller, the delightful companion, the gifted conversationalist, developed all his social talents in other circles than that of his own family. At home he seldom talked much or with expansion. In his father's work he took small interest, except when the Bishop consulted him on theological points. Even his mother had then little in common with him. None of his family thought him likely to be distinguished in practical or public life, but looked upon him in the light of the poetic dreamer, the scholar, or the bookworm. If visitors were suddenly announced, he would hide in the deep bay of the drawing-room windows. Those whom he could not escape found him, as a rule, silent, reserved, and shy; while for some years it seemed to candidates for Ordination impossible that the boyish figure moving silently among them was that of the Bishop's son and chaplain, and their own examiner.

Nor was the foreign tour only memorable because it helped, so to speak, to break his shell. It strengthened

and confirmed his love of foreign travel ; it revealed to himself and to his friends his descriptive powers ; it determined the character of the enjoyment which he henceforward derived from travelling ; it brought into relief many of the peculiarities which distinguished him as a traveller or a sightseer.

For pictures in themselves, or for architecture for its own sake, he had no taste. He could not lie on a hill-side and drink in enjoyment. External Nature seldom seized hold upon him, except as the symbol of some idea, the background of history, or the framework of human interest. It was not that he had no eye for beauty. Lines in his poetry and phrases in his prose show that he had a painter's perception and a poet's pen ; but he was intent on other things. As Napoleon would not visit Jerusalem because it did not enter into his field of operations (one of Stanley's favourite stories), so he was too absorbed in what to him was the soul of natural beauty to care for its body. Scenery, apart from its associations, possessed little attraction for him. 'I do not,' he says, 'describe scenery for its own sake in my letters.' The Alps strike him as 'unformed, unmeaning lumps' ; confronted by the Matterhorn, he wishes that it were connected with history, with legend, or with worship. On the Lake of Lucerne he cared only for the spots identified with the story of Tell. Among the Carpathians, or in Saxon Switzerland, he could scarcely be induced to raise his eyes from his book to see the most beautiful views that were visible from the window of the carriage. He was unmoved by the splendour of a Northern sunset on the Baltic, or by the beauty of the wooded islands with which that sea is studded. The ash-trees near Odin's Grove, the possible descendants of the Ygdrasil of Scandinavian mythology, charmed him more than all the lakes and woods of Dalecarlia. Places rarely interested him in themselves, unless they were distinguished above all other spots by

some superlative characteristic, even if that special feature were only dirt. But no man ever experienced so eager a delight in seeing spots which were connected with famous people, striking events, important legends, or scenes in the works of great masters of poetry or fiction. Where man had set his mark upon a place, there his interest was keen and his memory unerring. He at once detected any departure from faithful representation of such a spot. That tree, he would say, could not have been seen, or that rock was more to the right. The page of History, ancient, modern, or sacred, was to him 'rich with the spoils of Time,' and he brought its treasures with him wherever he journeyed.

To every historic spot he came with full and exact knowledge of the points of view from which to look, and the special features to be noted. He would make straight for those points, hardly looking round him as he went, put up his glasses, fix an eager gaze on the view for a few intense moments, then shut them up and walk away. In that brief interval the whole had been taken in, not only with the eye, but with the historical imagination. And it was very rarely that he cared to visit the same spot a second time. 'When once,' he said,

'I have seen a remarkable sight I do not care to see it again, unless it is one with which fond or happy associations are connected. . . . The second sight of Prague quite revolted me, and though I saw Marathon on a rainy day, yet I refused three or four opportunities of seeing it again. On the first sight of scenes of this sort a whole new world opens before me; floods of thought come in which are indelible, and there is nothing new in a second visit.'

His journeys constituted a perpetual triumph of mind over matter, for his desire to see conquered every difficulty of sickness, discomfort, or weather. The mind dragged about the body, allowing it neither rest nor food till everything was finished. Even then he would

barely allow himself time to eat, in his eagerness to write down in his note-books all that he had seen. In the practical arrangements of a journey he was absolutely dependent on others. Mainly for this reason he disliked travelling alone. The debt that he owed to his friendly couriers was richly repaid. He was a delightful fellow-traveller. Nothing wearied him. No fatigue exhausted the almost childish gaiety of his spirits. He endured every discomfort with equanimity, except that of dining early or of walking after dinner. He possessed the happy art of extracting amusement from the smallest incident of a journey, even from a misfortune or an accident to himself. He cared for everything. He knew, or got to know, everything. He had introductions to, or made acquaintance with, the persons best worth knowing in foreign countries. And, when not engaged in studying the books which were to reveal to him the secrets of the new land, he overflowed with a ceaseless stream of anecdote. Above all, he communicated his own enthusiasm to those about him. Peopling every spot with living forms, seizing with keen directness of vision the special characteristic which gave its peculiar local colouring to every occurrence, marking the exact points where Nature and history blended, tracing the topographical features which directed the course of events, he made his fulness of information as fresh and vivid to others as it was to himself.

At Bunsen's house at Berne Stanley stayed for a week. His host 'flowed like a fountain.' His conversation covered a vast range of subjects—scenes of Swiss national life, the condition of Italy and of Rome, the conscience clause in English national education, the prospects of Prussia under her new ruler, and 'religious and learned matters all over the world.' All is reproduced in Stanley's letters to his family. In the evening Bunsen

'generally reads some German book to the strangers and his family. He talked last night a good deal about Church and State, and English national education. Of the latter, he said that he thought the great flaw in the original Whig plan was the mixture of sects in teaching, which had been tried and failed in Germany; and the great flaw on the other side, their obstinacy in not allowing any relaxation about the Catechism. His own plan, he said, would have been to leave those sects which could not advance any money for themselves to voluntary contributions, as their not being able to do so would be a sign of their not being of sufficient importance to make necessary a deviation from a general rule; to pay and to send inspectors to those schools which did advance money; and to suffer the children to go out when the Catechism was taught, and to go to their own chapels, if they brought a certificate of their having so gone to the schoolmaster or clergyman.'

As his final departure drew near

'my conversations with Bunsen grew more frequent and more interesting, and they were also facilitated, as mine always are, by the presence of a third person (Tait). One in particular, on Church and State, in which he unfolded his plans for the renovation of Prussia in the shed of his coach-house, where we were detained by a sudden thunder-storm.

"Conceive," said Tait, when he went away, "walking in Whitehall Gardens with Sir R. Peel, on the eve of Lord Melbourne's resignation, and hearing him discuss all his plans for the next session." The interest which it gives to the present prospects of Prussia is, of course, immense; it was impossible not to feel "Visions of glory spare my aching sight!" They plainly think their move not improbable, though he himself greatly deprecates it, saying that he should be entirely baffled by the tremendous difficulties of altering the present system; and though he says that there is great opposition to his appointment, "because they say, first, I am a schoolmaster and secondly a Pietist." His great notion is plainly a filling-up of the deficiencies of Germany from England and a conversion of all its floating elements of good into national institutions.'

Bunsen showed him his

'extinguisher. It was a hollow figure of a Jesuit with his arms folded, and Bunsen's delight is to put him on the candlestick, and imagine him to say, as the smoke rises round him, "Thank Heaven, I have extinguished a light." He read us one night Petrarch's famous sonnets against Rome, and described how, on the last night before he (B.) left his house on the Capitol, he took out his two eldest boys on the balcony, and, like Hannibal, made them look towards St. Peter's, and swear eternal enmity, and learn by heart these two sonnets.'

After a week at Berne he started on an expedition with F. D. Maurice to the Bernese Oberland. Even in the heart of the mountains the scenery moved him to little enthusiasm. Once, indeed, on the Wengern Alp, he sees 'a majestic vision' of the Jungfrau.

'Peak after peak emerged from the dense mass of mist, which still hung in wreaths about the summit, and in a heavy girdle round the lower parts, which became blacker and blacker as the sun went down, whilst the heights above shone out stronger and stronger with the last rays of the sun, like the peak at Eaux Bonnes, except that it was a long, continuous range of broken peaks of snow. This is the most beautiful sight I have seen here. It gave me more the notion of a vision than anything I have ever seen; it was like a golden city hanging midway between heaven and earth, part after part revealing itself, and standing out in such brilliant contrast against the dull fog and the blackness of darkness below; then suddenly the veil was drawn over it, and it vanished.'

But his prevailing impression of Alpine scenery is that it is 'unmeaning,' and that its 'beauty is as fictitious as the Rhine, and depends more upon clouds and sunset than on the mountains themselves.' If, however, Swiss mountains afforded him small satisfaction, he was delighted with his companion. 'Maurice,' he says,

'is a most enthusiastic traveller. I suppose it was from our being tired that we had not so much conversation as I had expected; still, we had a good deal, and the last day, evidently with a most painful effort, M. opened on subscription and the Athanasian Creed. We did not enter into the personalities of the case, but confined ourselves to abstract argument. He talked upon it most admirably, with great candour, and all but satisfactorily. He was, of course, strongly opposed to any alteration, either of subscription or of Liturgy. My opinion of him is even higher than it was; I have been more struck by his fairness than heretofore.'

E. M. Goulburn, who was to be his companion in Italy and Greece, had now arrived at Geneva. The fellow-travellers proceeded over the Simplon to Milan, and spent five weeks among the lakes and towns of Northern Italy. They intended to embark at Ancona for Corfu, and, as they approached the sea-coast, Stanley looked forward with ever-increasing delight to the prospect of seeing Venice. The reality did not disappoint his anticipations. With every mile of the journey from Padua his excitement grew in intensity.

'The green vine-clad plain rapidly vanished into a country whose thin, bent trees and bleak aspect gave signs of the approaching sea, and whose appearance, with canals and villas, reminded me most completely of Holland. But in the villas themselves there was something far beyond all Dutch interest—the lions of St. Mark at almost every other gate, and, above all, a sort of melancholy gloom, with weeping willows, and statues all stamped with a most peculiarly melancholy look and attitude, with arms crossed and heads hanging down, well in accordance with the approach to the fallen Republic. At last, just as the shades of evening fell in, we came in sight of the sea, and the city rising out of it like clouds. The "britschka" was left at Fusina, and we embarked in a gondola. It was quite dark by the time we reached the town, and though I was sorry at the time that we did not enter it by daylight, yet I think we lost nothing. There was something so

striking in advancing silently in the hearse-like gondola, through the dark sea, to the lights that glimmered upon it in the distance.

‘I never before was so much impressed with the futility of pictures. People had said, “Venice is just the place of which you can gather a good idea from pictures.” Now, certainly it is true that I should have known myself instantly to be at Venice from the likeness of the Rialto, the Piazza, and Bridge of Sighs to the pictures of them, but, at the same time, I cannot better describe my feeling about the whole place, and especially these very places, than by saying how different in spirit and reality they are from anything I had ever seen or conceived of Venice. No picture can give you the way in which the Piazza of St. Mark stands quite alone of its kind in Venice; the rest of the town is striking from its palaces coming down to the water’s edge, from the black gondolas, and from any place where you meet with a confluence of canals, and from the islands. But still, I think the general strangeness and beauty have been exaggerated. A city on the sea or on a river may always, more or less, be like it.

‘But the Piazza is quite unrivalled. I shall never forget the first view, when we issued into it from a dark lane on a glorious day of Italian sunshine. It seemed as if, at one glance, the whole of Venetian history was unrolled before us. It was not beauty, nor magnificence alone, nor grotesqueness. We have been vainly searching after words to describe the peculiar effect. It is a sort of sublime quaintness—the work of a mighty child, with all the strange and lively fancies, and yet with none of the weakness or innocence of a child. The clock-tower with its two gigantic figures, the sea opposite with the ventures of Antonio, and the two granite columns from Tyre, surmounted by the winged lion, his wings and tail standing out in the clear blue sky, and by St. Theodore, the earliest patron-saint, with his right-handed shield and left-handed sword, standing on the amphibious crocodile; the long array of the ancient library, procuratory, and Ducal Palace, carved as if with a fantastic network, fretted with innumerable pinnacles, and shining through innumerable windows; the three red flagstaffs of the three subject kingdoms of Candia, Cyprus, and Morea; the red porphyry stone on which a

banished man stood for two days in the presence of the people; the two marble columns from St. Jean d'Acre; the supposed statues of Harmodius and Aristogeiton; the pigeons, which are to Venice what the bears are to Berne, feeding by hundreds on the chequered pavement; the tall tower of the Campanile, and, above all, the gorgeous Church of St. Mark, with its six domes, its bright painted front, its four horses of Lysippus, its porphyry columns and brazen gates, and winged lions—every one of these objects tends to make up the whole. One feels that every one of them would be missed; that one does miss the three flags at the top of the flagstaff, and that the only part of the scene which is like any ordinary town is the arcade, built by the French, at the end of the Piazza, instead of the ancient Church of St. Germinian. Every one of them has a story of its own, and tells of the strange, great, fantastic fortunes of the proud young State.

'The inside of St. Mark's quite prolongs the wonderful dream: no beauty, nor attempt at it, but its whole pavement rough with mosaics, every arch and wall painted, or gilded, or carved with the most grotesque and lively imagery, rich with the columns and altars and baptisteries of Tyre, Constantinople, and Jerusalem. The Ducal Palace is not so striking, but it is even more interesting. From the moment we set foot on the Giant's Staircase, where the Doges were elected and Faliero was beheaded, every step was full of history. The Golden Staircase, the halls of the Great Council, of the Ten, of the Balloting, of the Audience, of the Senate, and then the subterranean prisons, put the whole thing before one's eyes at once. In fact, one of the most striking things about it was the complete preservation of everything—the seats of the senators, the pulpit for speaking, the historical pictures, the portraits of the Doges, going on to the very last and then stopping abruptly, leaving thirteen vacant places yet to be filled up. It was like the story of the Sleeping Beauty. Here alone, of all the Italian towns I have seen, one felt that, if it was not for the terrible wickedness of the old aristocracy, one might expect to see those seats and places again filled with descendants of their ancient occupants. I fortunately remembered just enough of the Venetian history to follow the thread of these most (and to me only) interesting

pictures, but they will give tenfold life to it if ever I read it again.

'Certainly, if Switzerland teaches one the evils of democracy, Venice is not less useful in teaching the evils of an aristocracy. Even in the very gorgeousness of the Piazza there is a look of resolute, hardened pride, that seems to call for the vengeance that has visited it.'

From Venice the travellers drove to Ancona, where they embarked on board the Austrian steamer for Corfu. There he met his brother Charles, who was to accompany them to Greece. On board the steamer to Patras he donned the 'new garment' which he had had made at Corfu for his Greek travels. It consisted of

'a Scotch plaid shawl given me by Tait, turned into a coat merely by the addition of sleeves, which the tailor made more ridiculous by having them made of a different colour. All eyes were gradually turned upon this, and I could not enter or go out of the cabin without exciting shouts of laughter.'

The feelings with which he approached the coast of Greece, and caught his first glimpse of the mouth of the Acheron, the outline of the Bay of Actium, Sappho's leap, and Ithaca, were those of unmixed delight. 'It seems,' he cried, 'too good to be true that I shall really see Athens.' He was about to land upon the shores of a country whose scenery was permeated by early and solemn associations, and in which all was distance, and nothing foreground; in which the actual scenery exactly corresponded with its ideal character; in which the beauty and romance of Nature were absolutely heaving with the life of ancient creeds and ideas, that at every turn found an explanation in their natural surroundings. And mingled with scenes which revealed to him the spirit of Greek heathenism, poetry, and patriotism, arose a wealth of modern associations.

'Not only did almost every mile recall an ancient hero

or poet, but it called up with me the more substantial form of a modern friend from England. The visions of the library at Rugby, and of the lecture-room at Balliol, were constantly blending themselves with the visions of battles, and temples, and oracles.'

For him, now and always, Greece possessed an interest and a charm which were only equalled by those of Palestine. With that single exception, no other country so strongly appealed to his imagination, or so richly satisfied those special tastes that found in foreign travel their chief pleasure.

His voluminous letters show the enthusiastic sympathy which the varied charms of Greece elicited on every side. He revelled in the consciousness that the physical features of the country are unaltered, and even found some compensation for the destruction of glorious buildings in the fact that the restoration of sacred spots to their primeval desolation often suggested the original connection between their outward aspect and their local worship, or that, as at Athens, the natural configuration was thereby revealed in something like its pristine bareness. Though rivers had diminished in volume and woods dwindled in extent, though Ilissus flowed in fuller stream when it was still shaded by plane-trees, though at Thermopylæ it was hard to recognise the oak-forest, the trampling of whose leaves by the Persian host first aroused the Greeks, yet the same general outline of the landscape was seen by Pericles and Plato. He delighted to trace the connection between the topographical character of the country and the character and fortunes of its inhabitants. Nowhere else was the outward habitation more strikingly adapted to the inward soul of a nation, or the association more intimate between its history and its geography. Nowhere else was the fact of an order and plan of moral government in the destiny of States more strikingly exemplified. Greece is emphatically made for the men, and not the men for Greece.

No other country combines to the same extent the variety, the romance, the beauty, the compactness, and the proportion of Nature.

And Stanley is keen to note how appropriate were the surroundings to the destiny—how fitting it was that a people who had fixed the standard of art for all subsequent ages should be placed in a country where the greatest number of images that could most conduce to this result were suggested, and where the largest possible share of natural influences was imbibed. Or, again, he follows out the peculiar influence exercised over the character of the Greek States by the local features of their respective abodes, and observes the *indigenouness* which repels every foreign, and receives every native, impression, and shapes and colours ideas and institutions from the surrounding atmosphere and home-grown resources. From this point of view, the exquisite outline of its 'old poetic mountains,' which form the real life and genius of the landscape, derived a meaning that he failed to find in the Alps. He saw in them the obstacles to internal communication which developed within the narrowest limits the widest variety of character, the bounds which fixed the genius of each State, the barriers, first physical, and then moral, behind which were formed peculiarities of tastes and customs.

Steeped as he was in the history and literature of Greece, he followed with imaginative insight the traces which time had left of the chief glories of her earliest ages, or gathered up in his mind the minutest objects of interest that are preserved, like the ruts of the wheels worn by the Pan-Athenaic procession in the Acropolis; or the pillars of the Doric temple embedded in its walls, as a standing testimony to the Persian invasion, or to the haste with which Themistocles repaired its defences. It may be imagined with what dramatic force he realised Mycenæ, the central scene of Greek tragedy; how, with Perseus, he would draw back from the home of the

murdered parent to the very extremity of the plain of Argos ; or, standing in the ancient gateway, and among the vestiges of the primeval citadel, behold the plots of the Orestean trilogies unfold themselves ; or, looking upon the black, frowning hill that rose above the ruins, dark, sterile, precipitous, hear the curse of the Pelopidæ fall upon the spot. It may be imagined, again, with what solemn emotions he would visit the central scene of Greek religion, traverse the silent plain of Crissa, scale the rocky barrier that closes its northern end, and gaze upon the naked amphitheatre of the rocks of Delphi, where every natural feature suggests Earth speaking in oracles from her remotest heart ; or with what awe he would stand at the grave of an extinct religion, and, in the silence and desolation of the spot, realise the words of Milton :—

The oracles are dumb—
No voice or hideous hum
Runs through the arched roof in words deceiving.
Apollo from his shrine
Can now no more divine,
With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving.

In two other respects, the eminently poetical, rather than prodigally beautiful, scenery of Greece possessed for his tastes peculiar fascinations. Stanley felt, not only how poetical had been the mind of the Greek nation, but how deeply it was impregnated with the general spirit of the scenery ; how, with the exception of Homer, whose epithets are accurate and happy concentrations of description, the Greek poets regarded the landscape through the medium of the imagination ; how they were indifferent to its details, and ready to sacrifice particular facts to the idea they wished to represent. Nor was this all. He delighted to trace its mythology in the action and reaction which existed between the scenery and the imagination of Greece. He felt that natural objects determined the national belief : that to

traverse the nymph-like, muse-like uplands of Greece, or to see its grotesque white rocks, Pan-like and Faun-like, peeping through the green pines and dark firs, was to hold the key to the rise and growth of Paganism ; that its thousand coverts, from which Diana and her nymphs might still start, clean-limbed, light-sandalled, short-kilted, with red-deer leaping all around them, were the natural haunts for such divinities, their human passions, loves, and sport, and that to visit the country was to suggest the face which

Solitude might wear
To the unenlightened swains of Pagan Greece.

On the 22nd of October, 1840, Stanley reached the Gulf of Patras. 'Just as we were on the point of disembarkation Goulburn fell into the hold and severely bruised his leg.' The accident proved serious enough to alter many of the plans which the travellers had formed, and ultimately caused the return of Goulburn. But, for the moment, it did not prevent their starting the next day by boat for Delphi. The account of this expedition is the only extract that space permits to be made from the number of interesting letters in which the tour in Greece is described.

The letter which contains the description of Delphi was finished in a boat off Salamis.

'I will give you at once my impressions of the journey to Delphi, while it is still fresh before me, as the most interesting place I ever saw, and which I can hardly believe that I have seen. From the moment that we turned from the somewhat monotonous scenery of the Gulf of Corinth up that shallow gulf, where the Cretan ship, 3,000 years ago, sailed in, led by the Dolphin, to establish the worship of Apollo, the character of the scene entirely changed, and we passed among low hills of encrusted rock, tufted with spots of brushwood, but otherwise stamped as with a preternatural sterility ; little islands rising from time to time in the blue

bay ; till we reached the end of it at Scala. There, under the shade of a rock, stood two solitary houses ; along the shore lay at least forty gigantic oil-jars, well fitted for the Forty Thieves ; up the road went a troop of donkeys, with goatskins of wine on each side, and on the very top of the beach two camels, one kneeling, one standing. A few minutes' ride brought us through a rocky cleft into a wide plain, fenced in on three sides by mountains, and on the south by the-sea ; on the north by Parnassus, enveloped in cloud. Two rivers, marked by two dark clouds of olives, poured in from the two corners, and the road was fringed with shrubs of what is still called "Daphne." At the end of the plain was a red, rocky barrier, halfway up which is Crissa ; and at the top, sepulchral caves hewn in the rock, with niches and sarcophagi, all perfect.

' This was, as you may imagine, a most striking entrance to Delphi. A turn round the corner of the hill, by a road still retaining the ancient pavement, worn by the feet of pilgrims and marked with the rut of wheels, brought us suddenly in sight of the two venerable crags, the celebrated twin peaks of Parnassus, towering over the valley, like those which one sees in pictures of Spanish convents ; and close below them, as if shooting downward from their roots like a glacier, the sloping terraces which once were covered with the temples of Delphi, and in the middle of which are the mud cottages of the present village. These terraces, which as clearly mark out the site of the old town as if it were still there, descend almost to the bottom of the valley, along which flows, through a covering of olives, the silver stream of the Pleistus. The two crags are divided by a tremendous cleft, down which falls the Castalian Spring. These are the two great features ; the most remarkable, on a nearer view, is the Spring. Of the ancient *buildings* not a vestige remains standing, though you cannot go a step without seeing fragments of wall or columns embedded in the earth or lodged in the modern houses. It is as if the whole city had been carried bodily away, only leaving such parts as clung to their native rocks when the rest was torn off. But the Castalian Spring is startlingly the same as ever : a cleft like the waterfall in the Clock-house woods on a gigantic scale, the waterfall dry at the top, but at the bottom two perpetual springs,

one of which flows into a basin, certainly, I believe, the Pythias' bath, and thence, under an aged plane-tree on the site of a plane-tree to which Latona first brought the child Apollo, through a glen of laurels (bay-trees) to the Pleistus.

'My first impression on seeing this view was that it was inadequate to the greatness of its associations, but every hour's stay removed it, and there is something not beautiful, nor grand, but striking and impressive beyond any place I ever saw. One felt that it was just the place to have arrested men by its natural features at first; that, when all these vacant terraces were filled with splendid temples, it must have been the most magnificent scene in the world, and that now it exactly corresponds to the famous lines of Milton about the silencing of the oracles. Read Thirlwall's account of the repulse of the Persians at Delphi; this, as far as I can remember, gave me the best notion of it. The only thing one regrets is the total uncertainty about the site of the Temple of Apollo and the Oracular Chasm; no certain trace of either remains.'

No picture had given him 'any true notion of the everlasting beauty' of the whole view of Athens, 'the dramatic-like assemblage of all the objects of interest round the golden gem of the Acropolis, the distinct colours of the surrounding mountains, and the transparent brightness of the evening sky.' Again and again he recurs, with increasing enthusiasm, to the atmospheric effects for which Athens has ever been famous. In his attempts to paint them he exhausts his most glowing colours. At one time he describes the Acropolis as 'blazing like a topaz embraced in the violet folds of Hymettus.' At another he speaks of 'the queen-like head of the Acropolis,' which 'stands out in the midst of its painted sky, with Lycabettus glowing like a furnace in front of it, Hymettus deepening into the most living purple, and the long line of the Corinthian and Argolic mountains, with the belt of silver sea, bending round it as if in adoration.' 'Nothing,' he says in another letter,

'but Greek poetry gives one the slightest hint of the reality, that is, the beauty, of the atmosphere. Take each of the expressions separately, and dwell upon it to the uttermost, and you will then have something like a vision of an Athenian evening sky, glowing as if with liquid fire, through every part, exercising supreme control over the sea, the plain, the mountains, which shift their colours as if at its bidding, and seeming to centre its full force in that "eye of Greece," the Acropolis-of Athens, which always glitters in the midst of its surrounding hills.'

At Malta he was detained five tedious days in quarantine. His miseries seemed to be the rude awakening from a glorious dream. Yet

'to have seen the fatal vineyards of Corcyra, to have drunk of the fountains of Castalia and Pirene, to have been drenched in the stream of Lethe at Lebadea, to have bathed in the Bay of Salamis, to have seen the frogs leaping from the Limnæ into Callirrhoe at Athens, and have been kept awake at night by the βρεκεκεξ in the plains of Elis, to have followed the track of a wolf into Argolis, to have trembled at the approach of an Athenian wasp, and watched the descent of the clouds from Parnes, to have seen the *daphne* waving on the plains of Crissa, the olives in the garden of the Academy, the wild olives at Olympia, to have bathed your feet in the waters of the Ilissus, and to have shivered in the shade of the northern wall of the Acropolis,'

was an experience, the delight of which no rude awakening to painful realities could dissipate. After five days of quarantine, he left Malta for Naples, where he arrived early in February. There he found the companion whom he had hoped to meet, Hugh Pearson, '*qu'on appelle ordinairement* "burly Hugh," in good-humour and kindness the ideal of a fellow-traveller.' His stay in Greece had made him more anxious to see Rome. He contrasts the profound ignorance of the Greek peasantry with the liveliness and energy with which the Italian

postboys pointed out famous sites. As Athens could have been nowhere but at Athens, or the home of the Oracle nowhere but at Delphi, so at Rome he was impressed by the seeming anticipations of future greatness in the peculiarities of its situation. But in Italy he finds no parallel to the indigenous instinct of the Greek. The Romans courted rather than repelled foreign impressions; they imported art, manners, worship, from every quarter; they incorporated in their Empire province after province, with all its peculiarities and usages. He is struck by the contrast which is afforded, for instance, by the influence of Egypt. In Greece, he found no indisputable trace except the remnant of a pyramid on the plain of Argos; in Italy, the most remarkable feature of Pompeii is the Temple of Isis, and the city of the Cæsars and the Popes is enriched with the obelisks of Amenophis and Sesostris.

In the relics of antiquity, which time has preserved in the respective countries, he gave Greece the palm. In Greece, the remains are those which the traveller most desires to see; they belong to the period of the acme of her fame; they are the chief glories of her most glorious age. But in Italy there existed, when Stanley wrote, few memorials which were connected with the events of the Roman monarchy or republic, and the more complete specimens of Roman architecture belong to the relatively uninteresting period of the Empire. In Greek scenery he found a life and character which he missed in Italy. It breathed the atmosphere of a country grown old in years and glory. Even the outward dress of the hoary thyme and the grey olive seemed the natural vesture of a great and ancient country. The dramatic propriety with which, in Greece, each feature tells upon the landscape impressed Stanley more strongly than the riotous prodigality of life in Italian scenery. In Italy he could feel no consciousness, as he had felt in Greece, that he was beholding the exact scene which

had met the eyes of Pericles or Plato. The nature of the soil and the genius of the people were opposed to such a continuity. At Athens, for instance, the rocky character of the soil fixed the most interesting points with a certainty to which at Rome, in 1841, the obscurities that hung over the position of the Forum offered a striking contrast. In Greece, the sentiment of Aristotle, 'πάντα ὡς κάλλιστα πέφυκεν,' found an echo in every heart; to the Roman it was meaningless. What Nature dictated, the Greek obeyed; where she forbade, the Roman persisted. To conquer natural obstacles was to the Greek impiety, to the Roman a praiseworthy triumph.

Here, again, in selecting extracts from the letters the difficulty is what to omit. The description of the impressions created by Rome, will, perhaps, best indicate the general character of the correspondence.

On March 17th, 1841, he begins a letter with 'The Ides of March are happily past, and we are safe in Rome.'

'The sun rose at the stage before Albano, and I then went outside, and sat by the conductor—I need not say in how great expectation. The hills were wild, crowned with small towns; and the ancient tombs, which had more or less lined the road from Capua, began to multiply. At last, on descending the hill from Albano, the conductor called out "Roma." Far down in the plain, rising out of the desolate Campagna, which lay spread like the sea below us, rose the Eternal City, with St. Peter's dome towering above the rest. From that moment the approach became the most interesting three hours of my travels. Even Greece itself for the time waxed faint in my recollection; though, indeed, it is impossible to compare the two things. There is something in the prolonged excitement of traversing that desert plain, in the sight of a great city in the distance, without any of the usual preludes in the neighbourhood; in the only buildings being the long succession of gigantic tombs lining the green causeway of the

Appian road ; and, as you approach nearer, the ruins of immense aqueducts, advancing as if in melancholy cavalcades towards the city, which they never reach—which makes it more impressive than I had ever anticipated. In Greece you see the ruins of States ; but this is certainly the ruin of an Empire. And then, all round the plain are the clusters of those famous hills, Soracte, Tivoli, Tusculum, and Albano.

'Up to the very gate of St. John nothing can be finer, but I must confess the *bathos* is most tremendous. The first object you meet on entering is the Church of St. John Lateran, the church where Constantine was baptized, and where St. John was thrown into the boiling cauldron ; whose Canons are the kings of Europe ; which is the scene of the consecration of the Popes, and which is called Mother and Mistress of the churches of Christendom. If you imagine what such a church ought to be, and then imagine what would be most entirely unlike it, you may have some notion of my disappointment at the outside of St. John Lateran [I give you my first impression]—as modern-looking, insignificant a building as ever I saw, not in size, perhaps, although even that is not impressive, but in its whole appearance. Had I not known, I should have passed it by without a moment's notice.

'Then another dreadful *bathos* is the modern town. The Corso is a handsome street, but all so wholly devoid of character ; it might be, I was going to say, Norwich, but that is too old-looking. . . . Deeply interesting as the Forum and Capitol are, and much as you feel the wonder of everything, even of the outline of the hills themselves surviving through such eventful centuries, Athens has the advantage, first, in the certainty of its remains, and secondly, in the consciousness that, as far as general features go, you are looking at the very same view which was looked upon by Pericles and Demosthenes ; whereas at Rome much is uncertain, and everything is altered. . . .'

At first his whole interest had been absorbed in heathen Rome. 'There is something in feeling the hill of the Capitol rise under one's feet which is quite unrivalled.' But gradually other interests broke upon him.

'The first thing which awakened me from an interest in Pagan, to an interest in Christian, Rome, were the Catacombs; the first which awakened me from an interest in Imperial, to an interest in Papal, Rome, was the Pope. My first sight of the Pope was at S. Maria, on the Feast of the Annunciation, when he goes there in state to give dowries to poor girls. There was nothing much in the prelude to his appearance, except the strangeness of seeing the whole church lined, with the Papal guards, with their caps and plumes, and their lines only broken by the priests and monks running about to make preparations. At last, through this file, the procession began: cardinals, &c., &c., and last of all, high in the air I saw the waving of enormous fans of white peacock feathers, which announced the coming of the great sight. Under these fans, raised on a chair on the shoulders of men, high above the heads of the people, wearing the triple crown, motionless as a corpse, except when his two fingers moved in blessing, his whole figure visible from head to foot, sat the Pope. The moment he appeared the whole congregation, guards, and people, fell on their knees, calling out, "Benedice, Santo Padre." It was a most impressive, almost an awful, sight to see the old man so very near, in such a tremendous position—the prostration of the people making his own exaltation more striking. I could see every feature quite distinctly—not unlike Uncle Stanley, but very corpse-like. On he moved, like a statue, under the waving of the peacock fans, and I saw no more of him. The rest of the sight was pretty and gorgeous, but nothing more—the procession of the girls in white with silver crowns, the regal magnificence of the driving off of the gilt and scarlet coaches of the Pope and Cardinals; but the sight was the Pope himself—the seeing one man made so very much of, seeing him so near and so perfectly, seeing the representative of such a famous system, and the strange, half-Oriental aspect of the whole thing, haunted me all the rest of the day.'

On the 19th of April he bade farewell to Rome, 'a place which I enjoyed with the least admixture of pain, and with by far the greatest profit, of any place I have yet seen.' Besides sight-seeing, he had found time to read with an Italian master ten cantos of Dante, and

'conceived for him so great an admiration that I have bought all his works, and mean, whenever I have time, to study them deeply.' He left Rome for Florence in a carriage, in which he ultimately journeyed to Paris. By Pisa and Genoa he drove slowly northwards. It was not till the 17th of May that he reached Paris.

'Once for all, it is something to have traversed the whole length of those everlasting sealike plains of France, a ludicrous contrast to the endless richness and variety of Italy, but still more agreeable to me than much that I have seen, and reminding me pleasantly of Toulouse. It was a relief to see something of real historical interest again in Fontainebleau, and I look forward with great pleasure to my stay here. One great event took place, on the 10th or 11th of May; the immense length of our journeys unfortunately prevents us from ascertaining the exact date. I ate for the first time in my life, since my celebrated failure, an egg, a hard-boiled egg, and liked it very much. I next advanced to a poached egg, which I also overcame, and there now only remains the victory over an ordinary boiled egg, which I have not yet achieved.'

On the evening of the 26th of May, 1841, he reached his father's house in Lower Brook Street, after an absence from England of ten months.

CHAPTER IX

1841-44

Tract No. 90—Dr. Arnold's Death—The 'Life and Correspondence'

STANLEY returned to England at a crisis of great political and religious excitement.

On the very evening on which he reached his father's house Sir Robert Peel gave notice in the House of Commons of a Resolution declaring 'want of confidence' in Lord Melbourne's Government. The debate ended in favour of the Resolution by a majority of one. A Dissolution was announced, and on June 22nd Parliament was prorogued by the Queen in person.

By the end of July the new Parliament was elected. The session opened on the 19th of August with a vote of 'want of confidence,' which was carried by a large majority. On the 30th the resignation of Ministers was announced, and on the 3rd of September Sir Robert Peel accepted office.

Still more momentous was the religious crisis. The publication (February 27, 1841) of Tract No. 90 produced a storm which the author had never anticipated. It was written, as Newman has stated in his Apologia, to allay

'the restlessness, actual and prospective, of those who neither liked the *via mediâ*, nor my strong judgment against

Rome. I had been enjoined, I think by my Bishop, to keep these men straight, and I wished to do so. But their tangible difficulty was subscription to the Articles, and thus the question of the Articles came before me.'

The object of the Tract was to show

'how *patient* the Articles are of a Catholic interpretation on certain points, where they have been usually taken to pronounce an unqualified condemnation of Catholic doctrines and opinions, or to maintain Protestant ones.'

Ward had from the first prophesied that the pamphlet would be hotly received; and so it proved. Men who had long regarded the Articles as a bulwark of Protestantism, and as a barrier against the Romeward tendencies of the Movement, found their entrenchments turned. On the morning of the 27th of February, Ward burst excitedly into Tait's rooms. 'Here,' he cried, 'is something worth reading,' and threw No. 90 on the table. Tait described to Stanley how he 'sate, half-asleep,' over the pamphlet, rather disturbed from time to time by sentences about 'working in chains,' and 'stammering lips,' till, on turning over the pages, he was suddenly awakened by lighting on the commentary on the Twenty-second Article (on Purgatory). He immediately rushed to Ward's rooms to know whether he had rightly understood it; and from that moment the sensation began. He showed No. 90 to one person after another; the excitement increased, but still unknown to Newman; even on the second Sunday after the Tract had appeared, Ward, who had predicted that it would rouse a tumult, was dining with Newman, and Newman said, 'You see, Ward, you are a false prophet.' When Ward returned that night to Balliol, he found that the Protest of the Four Tutors was already prepared. It appeared the next day; by the end of the week came down, like a clap of thunder, the Protest of the Heads,

and instantly the silence was broken by its being reverberated through every paper in the country.

The Protest of the Four Tutors (Churton of Brasenose, Wilson of St. John's, Griffiths of Wadham, Tait of Balliol) appeared in the 'Times' ten days after the publication of the Tract. A few days later the Heads of Houses took up the subject. Without waiting for the letter in which they knew Newman was preparing to vindicate the object and statements of No. 90, they censured the Tract, as suggesting modes of interpretation which evaded the sense of the Thirty-nine Articles. Soon after the censure of the Board was promulgated, Newman's vindication appeared :

'The Tract is grounded on the belief that the Articles *need* not be so closed as the received method of teaching closes them, and *ought* not to be, for the sake of many persons. If we so close them, we run the risk of subjecting persons, whom we should least like to lose or distress, to the temptation of joining the Church of Rome, or to the necessity of withdrawing from the Church as established, or to the misery of subscribing with doubt and hesitation.'

At this crisis the Bishop of Oxford (Dr. Bagot) intervened, and while entirely repudiating the charge of evasion brought by the Heads of Houses, expressed a wish that the Tracts should be discontinued. Newman at once acceded to the Bishop's request ; no more Tracts were issued, and Newman published (31st of March) 'A Letter to the Lord Bishop of Oxford on the Occasion of No. 90,' in which he made a 'joyful and unreserved submission' to the authority of his Diocesan. But the controversy was by no means ended. It spread from Oxford to every diocese of the kingdom ; fresh combatants daily entered the lists ; pamphlet after pamphlet was issued in rapid succession ; the attack and defence of the controverted Tract became more and more vehement. Prominent among the defenders of No. 90 was

Ward, who restated in the most uncompromising terms, and pushed home to their logical extremes, the cautious arguments of Newman.

Intelligence of the excitement caused by Tract 90, and of the Protest of the Tutors, had reached Stanley at Rome. He at once wrote a letter to Tait, asking for fuller information.

'O, my dear Belvedere, what have you been doing? Rome is only in a less state of excitement than Oxford. The Pope has just issued a Bull defending the Decrees of Trent, on the ground that they are not contradictory to the Thirty-nine Articles; and the Cardinals have just sate in conclave on him, and determined that he is against the usages of the Vatican. But to speak seriously: What has happened? First comes a letter from London to Pearson, intimating that a Tract on such a subject has appeared, and that you are in a state of frenzy. Next, an intelligence from papers that a Protest of five Tutors, Belvedere being one, has appeared in the "Times." Next, the great manifesto from the Heads themselves, accompanied by a private letter from Twiss to me, announcing that a "convulsive moment" will "not improbably take place, only equal to a moral Niagara ceasing to flow." Pearson and I are in a state of ferment beyond bounds. Seriously, my dear Greis, do not draw these Articles too tight, or they will strangle more parties than one. I assure you, when I read the monition of the Heads I felt the halter at my own throat. Of course I speak on the hypothesis that J. H. N. has maintained the *patience*, not the *ambition*, of the Articles. If he maintains the latter, then certainly it does become time to throw away the scabbard; but if the former—ah! my dear Greis, consider the great train of consequences which a resistance to such a theory involves.'

Within three days from Stanley's arrival in England he writes to Pearson (May 27th):—

'I have read No. 90 and almost all its consequences. The result clearly is, that Roman Catholics may become members of the Church and universities of England, which I for one cannot deplore.'

He reached Oxford on the 6th of June, to find the University convulsed with the controversy and its consequences. He was himself surprised to find how much he was struck with the beauty of the city, even after all the beautiful places which he had seen ; and 'how vast and dear' was his Oxford acquaintance. Having a traveller's love of recounting his adventures, or, as he himself describes it, 'a childish delight in talking over my tour with those who will listen,' he would have been perfectly happy in Oxford, if he could have shut his eyes to the troubles which threatened the University and the Church. But Ward had already resigned his two lectureships at Balliol on account of his defence of No. 90 ; a war of reprisals seemed imminent ; and Stanley, for the first time, almost despaired of Oxford.

'Every hour convinces me how great a calamity Ward's misfortune is ; not so much in itself, or as affecting him, but, in its remote and probable consequences, striking far and deep at the foundations of the welfare of the University. There is no blame attaching to anyone, except such as attaches to an error of judgment. Tait was the great mover against Ward, and they are still on perfectly good terms with each other. The Master shed tears in the final interview, and is very much disturbed about it ; it is said that he is overheard grumbling to himself, "I wish Mrs. Jenkyns would take care of the flowers instead of the cabbages," . . . and then in the next breath, "I wish Mr. Ward would not write such pamphlets." He and everyone says that no one could have behaved better than Ward about it, as he might have given them a good deal of trouble by resisting them in details ; instead of which, he gave in at once with a good grace, which quite won the Master's heart. He loses £250 a year by it. I dread the result, because I think it is the proclamation of war to the knife, which will advance from turning out of tutorships to keeping out of fellowships ; and then will come the terrible evils of each particular party, or college, setting up a test, at its own discretion, besides the University test, and it will become of such practical importance, that young men will be driven

to hasty decisions about Newmanism before they have time properly to make up their minds. For the first time I begin to despair of Oxford.'

It is only when he had escaped to London from the sultry atmosphere of embittered controversy which overhung the University that he recovered his elasticity. A description of a breakfast-party with the poet Rogers, where he met, among other guests, Wordsworth, Taylor, the author of 'Philip van Artevelde,' Spedding, and 'three mutes,' is written with the gaiety of spirit which his foreign tour had restored.

'The great feature of the breakfast was the lively and protracted dialogue of the two poets. Whenever I had seen Wordsworth before, he was stiff or prosy; but on this occasion he not only gave birth to several wise remarks on words and metre, but it was beautiful to see the playful way in which he and his brother-poet sported together, and bantered each other on their respective habits. It was exactly the *town* and *country mouse*: the town-mouse a sleek, well-fed, sly, *white* mouse, and the country-mouse with its rough, weather-worn face and grey hairs; the town-mouse displaying its delicate little rolls and pyramids of glistening strawberries, the country-mouse exulting in its hollow tree, its crust of bread and liberty, and rallying its brother on his late hours and frequent dinners. There was a great complaint of the country-mouse about the dangers he ran by going in cabs; . . . and there was a most amusing account of their going together to Hampton Court, and how the country-mouse had fixed on the only day, and the town-mouse on the only hour, when it could not be seen, and how they were beset by fashionable acquaintances of the town-mouse, and how the country-mouse would have stayed to look at some beautiful trees in the park had not the town-mouse been engaged, of course, to a dinner in London. . . . And then, by a few rapid leaps, one of which was the definition of a poor man by Taylor as "a person whose conversation is tiresome," they entered on the subject of beggars, and Wordsworth gave a Wordsworthian account of how he and Talfourd had been standing under

a projection in Regent Street for shelter from the rain, and Talfourd gave a shilling to a poor boy, and how the boy said nothing, but his face was lighted up with the most glorious radiance, and he ran with it to his mother, who stood at a little distance and bowed her thanks to them with the most inimitable gracefulness; and then Artevelde, the statesman overpowering the poet, exclaimed, "You have ruined that boy for life. He will now, at every shower of rain, run to the same place and look out for shillings."

In scenes like these, and in congenial studies, Stanley was for the moment able to forget 'Newmanism' and the animosities by which it was assailed at Oxford. On September 21st, 1841, he found time to write a long letter to Pearson on the subject of his approaching Ordination, from which the following passages are extracts. When the letter was written, the life of his younger sister seemed to have been snatched back from the other side of the grave.

'She and we thought that she was dying from hour to hour. But last night she rallied from the lowest stage of exhaustion, and I believe that we may now thank God for her recovery. It is the first time that I ever was in a house with serious illness, the first domestic sorrow we have ever had in our family. I write *now*, partly because I cannot help feeling that any words I may say about your Ordination may be better said whilst I am fresh from the thoughts of last week than they would be a week hence. I told you on Mont Cenis that I had ceased to give advice, and perhaps it would be better if I did; but some things do suggest themselves which those many happy hours seem to demand to be spoken. I only desire that you will not think it necessary to allude to anything again, but to bury it in that vast gulf of oblivion into which we have cast so much.

'First, I believe that every clergyman would find it better to say *every* day by himself, when not able to do it in church or chapel, the daily prayers. The Psalms and Lessons it may often be impossible to read; but I have always found it possible (except when absolutely ill),

and perhaps might still oftener have done so, to say the prayers. I would not urge it, except to people who are troubled by such matters, as a compliance with the Rubric, or with any law; but I cannot help thinking that it is a safeguard against too little thought or prayer, that they are obviously the best, all circumstances considered, that can be used by Englishmen of a peaceable turn, and that it gives one an interest in them, as used in church, which nothing else can give. When I say a clergyman ought to do this, do not understand me for a moment as saying that a layman need not.

'Secondly, I believe that the besetting sin of the clerical profession—that to which its peculiar temptations most lead—is indifference to strict truth. I know that there is a desire of truth which leads only to scepticism; but there is also a habit of using words without meaning, or with only a half-belief, or for the sake of a convenient argument and of filling up an awkward gap, or with a love of things established—and all these motives abound in our profession—which leads in part, I am convinced, to that deep-rooted indifference to sermons, and that vast separation between faith and outward belief, and that distrust of all that the clergy say, and that intolerable arrogance which so many of them feel towards lay people which, with many like evils, afflict the Church.

'Thirdly, no—I will not repeat it; but I will remind you of the celebrated talk about friends on Mont Cenis. I still think there is some truth in what I then said. I leave you to find out how much.

'Fourthly, I still hold to my opinion, that there are certain positions which may be taken up wholly independent of the debatable points of Newmanism and Evangelicalism, and that, if these can be maintained, there may be a great saving both of strife and perplexity. Much has been said about love, but not too much. I seem to see whole wastes of ecclesiastical and political evil which it has never touched. Faith founded the Church; Hope has sustained it. I cannot help thinking that it is reserved for Love to reform it.

'Fifthly—though about this you must consult your own feelings—I cannot but believe that one may be saved from a great deal of humbug by remembering that, however

much the Ordination pledges us to a particular profession, it imposes upon us no *additional* obligation to holiness. "It is a great privilege to be a minister of the Church, but it is a far greater privilege to be a member of it; he who most magnifies the solemnity of Baptism will most rightly value the far inferior solemnity of Ordination." So it was said to me on the eve of my Ordination, and so I believe it to be.'

After giving a list of books which he recommends, he concludes with this characteristic warning:

'Do not think, because there are many things which I do not say, that I do not think them. But I know that it is for others, and not for me, to speak upon them. I trust that the insight of a fellow-traveller, greater even than the proverbial insight of a *valet de chambre*, is enough to prevent you from making me (if there were, otherwise, danger) in such matters an authority.'

Holding the opinions which he here expresses on religious questions, it may be imagined how repugnant to him was the condition of Oxford at the moment. The University was, to use his own phrase, a waste of ecclesiastical evil, which love seemed unable to touch. The appointment of Dr. Arnold to the Chair of Modern History was the one bright spot which the outlook afforded him. He saw in the commencement of his direct connection with the University more than a tardy tribute of respect, and more than a revival of Rugby days or a renewal of old relations of teacher and pupil. He looked forward to his lectures as the advent of a fresh invigorating breeze across a parched and sultry plain, as the counterpoise to what he considered the evil tendencies of the Oxford Movement, as the infusion of new life into the decaying professorial system. He trusted that Arnold would break down the conventional barriers which divided religious from secular learning, that he would dissipate the exclusive adoration of the

Fathers and Schoolmen among the dead, or Bishops and Pastors among the living, and that he would communicate to others the power and the charm which the great writers of antiquity, the poets and philosophers of modern times, the sailors and soldiers and statesmen of the world of action, possessed as auxiliaries in the cause of religion. His anticipations were not, indeed, unmixed with forebodings for the possible results of an event which filled his thoughts waking and sleeping. In October he had dreamed, as he tells Pearson, 'of Arnold making a dreadful failure in his inaugural lecture.' His fears proved groundless; the new Professor's triumph surpassed even his pupil's hopes.

On December 2nd, 1841, Arnold entered on his professorial duties by delivering his inaugural lecture. On the evening of the same day Stanley wrote home to 'give an account of one of the most glorious days I ever enjoyed here.'

'The proper place to deliver lectures is a small room in the Clarendon—a fit measure of the professorial lectures as usually attended; but fortunately, having anticipated a larger audience than could be contained there, we had applied for the Theatre. No one who has not witnessed the very thin attendance upon the usual lectures of professors can fully appreciate my delight at seeing the crowds of men standing till the theatre-doors were open. There was a regular rush—you know the inside of the theatre; the whole of the area and the lower gallery were completely filled—such an audience as no professor ever lectured to before, larger even than to hear the famous inaugural lecture by Hampden. . . .

In the Vice-Chancellor came at last in state, and behind him Arnold in his full doctoral robes, and took his place amidst a burst of applause. It was most striking, and to all who had been at Rugby most affecting, to see him at last standing there in his proper place, receiving the homage of the assembled University, and hear him addressing them in that clear, manly voice which one has known and loved so well. It lasted for an hour, was listened to with the

deepest attention, and closed, as it had begun, with universal applause. It was on history, and modern history generally, necessarily touching only cursorily on many points, giving no offence, yet with an evident intention to dwell on points neglected here, and to pass over those which are obvious to Oxford minds, and ending with a most touching expression of his own inadequacy to fulfil all the duties of the office, and of his delight at being allowed to hold a Professorship at the University, which one felt the more from knowing how entirely he felt them both.'

Happy in Arnold's triumph and in the calm which seemed for the moment to have settled upon Oxford, Stanley had now found fresh interests for himself in the commencement of his own work as a college lecturer. For the first month of the summer term of 1842 his letters are filled with references to his pupils and to the furniture of his new rooms. The apparent apathy of his audience distressed him. 'The only unpleasant part I find in my lectures is the total absence of any expression of feeling in the faces of my twelve auditors. Not a shadow of joy or sorrow ever passes over their immovable features.' Ten days later he writes :

'If any other colour is to be mixed with my carpet than brown, let it be *blue*, so that, if needful, I may plant upon it a blue sofa which I now have. Is it worth while importing twelve cane-bottomed chairs from London? I should have thought not, but some people recommend it. How very expensive chairs are, when one might sit upon benches! You will be glad to hear that my audience has at last given signs of human feeling by a burst of laughter at a ludicrous story. I was quite alarmed at the effect of my own wit. I have also succeeded in discovering all their names at length. On looking again at the cane-bottomed chairs, it is thought that fat undergraduates would either crush, or, if irritated during lecture, tear, them to bits, so that possibly I may, after all, require some from London.'

But on the 12th of June, 1842, occurred the event which

Stanley characterises, in a letter to Pearson written from Rugby, as 'this dreadful calamity, the greatest that ever has happened to me, almost the greatest that ever can befall me.' On the 12th of June, 1842, Arnold, apparently in full vigour, and still in the prime of life, died suddenly from *angina pectoris*. Forty years later Stanley wrote to a friend:—'Always on that 12th of June I have written, first to Mrs. Arnold, and then to Fan. And "the eye" of that anniversary recollection "is not dim, nor is its natural force abated."' The shock so completely overwhelmed him that he was obliged to take to his bed for some hours. On his recovery, he at once hastened to Rugby.

From the first he was received by the mourners as one of themselves, and from the first he was struck by the unsuspected strength with which the widow rose to meet her loss. He helped in the selection of the spot where the great Head-master should be buried :

'I went with Mr. Hull and Matt to fix upon the place in the Chapel for the burial. It is to be within the rails, immediately before the Communion-table, that being the place usually allotted to the body of the Founder; and as the real Founder is buried elsewhere, I think one may safely predict that there will never rise another who can dispute his claim to it.'

The night before the funeral

'I went up to his room—the room where he died—with Matt. The coffin was on the floor—otherwise, all as it was when he died, as it was the last time but one that I saw him. I went up then with Mrs. A. to wish him good-night when the feverish attack was upon him. The window opens to the school-field, commanding a glimpse of the Shuckburgh Hills over the trees—the only distant view about Rugby, and one, therefore, in which he especially delighted. . . . Matt and I knelt down by the coffin, and I said a short prayer for us both. . . .'

On the Sunday after the funeral he read the service to the family in the Chapel, and, with Mr. Penrose (Mrs. Arnold's brother), administered the Communion.

'I saw Mrs. Arnold directly afterwards, for the first time since her widow's cap had been put on. She talked just as before, but with greater calmness. She spoke of the service as having been so very soothing to her, and quoted the last verse of Keble on the Burial Service: "Over the grave their Lord have met." Only think what a delightful recollection for me! In the afternoon I read the service again, and chose one of his unpublished sermons, the last I ever heard him preach, on Hebrews xi. 13: "These all died in faith." I knew it was very applicable, but when I came to read it aloud in the Chapel it was quite startling. . . . I hear that at the end of it Mrs. Arnold looked up with a gleam on her face, not of comfort, but of happiness—the first that they have seen.'

On the 22nd of June came the painful parting, when Mrs. Arnold and her family quitted for ever their Rugby home. 'We all,' he writes, 'went down with them to the station. There was no formal leave-taking; but I felt when the bell rang for their departure, and the train whizzed off, that the last act of this sad week was over.'

The week was over, but it left upon him an impression which was never effaced. 'I feel,' he says, 'as if I had lived years of manifold experience.' The history of the Gospel and of the Acts on the one side, and on the other the perplexities of human life, acquired a reality for him that they never lost. It was the habit of his mind to pass rapidly from any facts or situations brought before him to the highest and greatest facts or situations of the same class—from the real life to the ideal, from the human to the divine. And thus, in the death of this true servant of God, with all its concomitant circumstances—the desolation of those who were left, the sense of his continual, though invisible, presence, the spirit

which he left behind him, caught in various degrees by different disciples, like the broken lights from a shattered mirror—he seemed to realise, with a vividness never known before, but never afterwards exhausted, the death of his Divine Master.

‘I am afraid,’ he adds, after expressing this train of thought,

‘that I may be thought to take too deep an interest, or to attach exaggerated importance to what has passed; and therefore I do not speak of it to those who think so, or seem to think so. But when I reflect that to me no other event of the same awful kind can ever happen again, and that “if he was not an apostle to others, he was an apostle to me,” I cannot think that all this has been allowed to pass before me without calling upon me to consider it most deeply in all its bearings.’

But the succession to the Head-mastership of Rugby filled him with anxiety. To his great surprise, some of the most prominent, both among the masters and among the old Rugbeians who had gathered for the funeral, conceived the idea that he would be the fittest successor.

‘I suppose’ (he wrote to his family) ‘you have heard nothing of what came like a thunderclap upon me when it was first mentioned, viz., the notion that I should stand for the Head-mastership here. I endeavour to put it down at once, as utterly hopeless, saying that I believe you would put an absolute veto upon it, and that I feel myself in every way unfit for it. Nor would I have mentioned it to you now but that so many people here, both among the masters and old pupils, have taken it into their heads that it would call forth dormant faculties of decision, energy, &c. But I maintain that to undertake it would be, with my consciousness of tremendous deficiencies, a greater hazard than I could possibly be justified in making.’

Unfortunately, though he could decline to let himself

be put forward, he could not, as the most distinguished, academically, of living Rugbeians, the most intimate friend among Arnold's pupils, the trusted adviser of the family, avoid being consulted by influential persons on the merits of the respective candidates. And he gave his opinion with a frankness which would have caused less embarrassment had it less faithfully represented his habitual irresolution. This placed him in a false position towards the candidates, three of whom—Vaughan, Tait, and Bonamy Price—were his personal friends. On the whole, his voice was for Tait. But he could not disguise that, in some points, which at times he was disposed to regard as of paramount importance, he thought him unquestionably inferior to either Vaughan or Price. The eve of the election found him in one of his fits of despondency as to Tait's qualifications in the matter of scholarship. In a fever of excitement he wrote hither and thither, endeavouring to procure Tait's withdrawal. The announcement of the result of the election threw him into an agony of self-reproach; and with the first congratulations which greeted the new Head-master, came a wail of despair at the 'awful intelligence' from the friend who had contributed most to his success. Throughout the whole transaction, his transparent sincerity, and their own generosity, prevented any breach with the candidates, successful or unsuccessful. But he never forgot the 'mess of misunderstanding' in which, with the best intentions, he had become involved. Rarely again could he be induced to do anything, in similar cases, beyond what was absolutely necessary, or to pass outside the safe region of written testimonials.

Before leaving Rugby Mrs. Arnold had expressed her wish that Stanley should 'collect all he could of his own or others' recollections of her husband's Rugby life.' The wish soon expanded into a request that he would draw up a complete Memoir. He eagerly undertook the

task, which had, indeed, been a dream of his boyhood. The store of papers at his disposal was quite a revelation to him. Even his intense admiration for Arnold had not prepared him for the wealth of matter which they contained. On the first evening he wrote :

‘What Mrs. Arnold read me of his journals and letters has been most striking. If I am not able to make out of them one of the most remarkable biographies that has appeared for a long time, it will be my fault, not theirs.’

And again, a few days later :—

‘It has been a most interesting, almost an awful, sight to see the mind of so remarkable a man unfolding itself before me so completely as it does in these letters ; some phases wholly new have been opened to me.’

From this time he threw himself heart and soul into the preparation of the Memoir. Any lingering fear of exaggeration of feeling disappeared, leaving only the fear lest he should wrong his hero by exaggeration of language. The result was a glow of repressed enthusiasm, which gives to the work one of its greatest charms. For nearly two years he abandoned for it every other occupation that was not an absolute duty. His vacations, happily extending to at least half the year, were chiefly spent with Mrs. Arnold at Fox How, where he could always rely, not only on ready information, but on the wisest, most cordial, and most generous criticism.

Even during the Oxford terms, though the burden of college work greatly hindered his writing, he was constantly employed in collecting facts, opinions, or suggestions for the improvement of his book. He spared neither time nor trouble, animated by the sole desire to paint a faithful portrait of Arnold, which should reveal him to the world as he really was, and displace the distorted image that many had formed of his char-

acter. For two years (June 1842–May 1844) his life was so completely absorbed in this one object, that, outside the progress of the Memoir, there is little to be told. The labour was great—by far the hardest, he used to say, that he ever went through in his life. At times it hung, as he told Pearson, ‘like a millstone round my neck.’ Yet it was truly a labour of love; and when, on the last day of May 1844, the ‘Life and Correspondence of Dr. Arnold’ appeared, he had his reward. The effect, as he himself says, was

‘startling on those who had not known Arnold. I find that the impression in everyone’s mind is exactly what I had intended—entirely and exclusively of *him*, and not of me. You may imagine how amply overpaid I now feel for all the anxiety I have had, and how thankful for having been able to bring it to this end.’

The reviews were uniformly favourable. He searched them eagerly, but less to see what was said of himself, than to see whether the facts which he had sought to portray were correctly apprehended. It was an especial pleasure to him to learn that some of the leaders of the Tractarian party, who had most disliked and distrusted Arnold, as they conceived him, were completely won over by the piety and humility of the real man. If the facts as stated by his biographer were misunderstood, his comment was that such misapprehensions

‘only proved how difficult it is so to describe a man to those who did not know him that they shall really understand him.’

In some respects the ‘Life of Dr. Arnold’ was, as he himself anticipated when composing it, *the* work of Stanley’s life, the book by which he most affected for good the largest number of persons. It idealised a profession which is every year recognised to be of wider

and deeper importance. At the same time, it produced on his own mind and character the consolidating effect of an arduous and sustained effort, especially as, in depicting the sentiments and opinions of another, he was taking stock, so to speak, of his own. And yet again, the great and deserved success of the 'Life,' which at Christmas, 1844, had reached its fourth edition, gave him an assured position, and made him a power, not in Oxford only, nor merely in the world of letters. From this time forward his movements seem more free, his step more firm, his carriage more erect.

CHAPTER X

1844-48

*Oxford—Degradation of W. G. Ward—Work as
College Tutor*

AFTER two years of anxious work upon the Memoir of Arnold, Stanley sought the necessary change of thought and scene in foreign travel. In August 1844 he started with Benjamin Jowett (the late Master of Balliol) for a six weeks' tour in Germany. Travelling for the most part by 'hateful diligences,' they made their way to Trèves, where the Holy Coat was being exhibited for the first time since 1810. In his account of the relic of the seamless vesture, of the procession of the pilgrims, and of the miraculous cures alleged to have been performed at the shrine, Stanley passes away from the region of doubt or denial to that which is beyond dispute. He insists on the historical interest undeniably possessed by an object which has been for many centuries so intensely and so widely venerated.

'I cannot help suspecting that it has been considered in some way as the Palladium of the German race. Various expressions in the first authentic mention of it, its natural adaptation to be the symbol of what Dante calls the seamless vesture of the German Empire, its being carried off into the heart of Germany, and the difficulty of recovering it, all point in the same direction.'

Prague was the farthest point which the travellers reached:

'It fully equalled my expectations; whilst the influx of new ideas was so great that I could hardly sleep from them the first of the two nights we passed there. I have not yet disentangled them clearly enough to see distinctly what Prague was, and is, and yet may be, or what are the various ways in which it strikes one as different from all other cities I have yet seen. It is not, to my mind, strictly Oriental, nor even Slavonic purely; it is, I think, what one would expect from a city of a barbarian race struggling in the arms of a civilised world.

'Undoubtedly, the great and characteristic feature, and one not nearly enough dwelt upon, is the *bridge over the Moldau*, which divides the mass of the town from the Hradschin (*i.e.* the citadel, palace, cathedral, in short the Kremlin of Prague). You suddenly emerge from the streets of the town out of the huge buildings of the University (the university of John Huss, and the oldest of all the German universities, now so famous) and of the Seminary of the Jesuits, and you come at once in sight of this magnificent bridge, incomparably the finest I ever saw, stretching over the Moldau, arch after arch, statue after statue, till it ends at the foot of the Hradschin, which rises immediately above it, one mass of palaces and churches, with the cathedral towering out of them.

'The entrance of the bridge is guarded by a watch-tower, at the gate of which took place one of the most striking and significant scenes I ever heard of. It was here that, in the Thirty Years' War, the Swedish army, under Gustavus Adolphus, was on the point of taking the city by surprise, when a Jesuit rushed out of the adjoining college, let down the portcullis, and, like a second Cocles, defended the gate, with three students, till assistance came, and thereby secured the cause of the counter-Reformation in Prague, in Germany, perhaps in Europe. The whole scene bursts upon one with such vividness that I can hardly help dreaming of it all night; and in the mocking sculptures of Luther and his wife under the gateway, and the long line of statues on the bridge erected since the war to Roman Catholic saints, you see the visible triumph of the Jesuit's cause.'

With Charles Bunsen as his guide, Stanley completed his 'tour through the whole German world by seeing its real capital,' Berlin.

'By seeing many places I find I have got instinctive feelings peculiar to different kinds of cities, which I recognise as certainly as, when I got upon the runaway horse at Malta, I felt the paces and movement of my friend at Norwich. There is one kind of feeling suggested by places which at times exhibit themselves as scenes of great Revolutions, such as came on me when I ran up the steps of the Capitol, or stood in the central chamber of Versailles; another, when the whole history of a place is suddenly unrolled, as at Prague, or Nuremberg; and another, when I feel that the place is not dead, but living, full of influence, not only for the past, but for the future. This I felt at Paris, and I had not felt it again till I reached Berlin, when it came over me irresistibly, at once investing it with an interest before which Vienna and Dresden faded into nothing. You feel that it is teeming with intellectual energy—with purely intellectual energy, beyond any place I ever saw; that in it, humanly speaking, all the future hopes of Germany are concentrated.

'With the exception of the King and Schelling—two great exceptions, certainly—I saw everyone that I wished to see—Von Humboldt, Ranke, Neander, &c., &c. . . . I am very glad to have seen them; eminent men are always a pleasing recollection to me. But otherwise it was a failure. I am never good at drawing out people, especially when alone. And also, whether from this or from some other cause, I was somewhat disappointed with them. None of them struck me so much as Ewald.

'Of the whole set, I was, I think, most impressed by Humboldt and Neander—Humboldt, as being so perfect a gentleman; Neander, as being such a thorough Jew in physiognomy. He was one by religion originally, and assumed his present name on his conversion. I think I never saw the Hebrew features so strongly marked: the fierce black eyes (or rather eye, as he has only one), deep set under two great moustaches of overhanging eyebrows. I talked to Ranke a little about the Hussites and the Reformation, and got a little, but not much, out of him. I

was glad to find that he agreed with me in thinking that Henry VIII.'s natural greatness had been under-estimated.'

The tour completely 'answered its purpose of pouring through my mind such a flood of new ideas as will keep it from rusting for a long time to come.' At the end of 1843 he had been ordained priest, and appointed a college tutor. With fresh energy and renewed ardour he now threw himself into the duties and responsibilities of his position. His immediate work was the preparation of his lectures, and in the first letter written home after his return from Germany he speaks of himself as 'getting up "Herodotus," not having read it for seven years; it is curious to find what a world of thought has passed through one's head in the interval.' 'How well,' wrote one of his pupils (the late Dean Bradley),

'two or three of us remember that well-marked "Herodotus," which he freely lent us. It had its special marks in coloured lines, to indicate, first, passages noteworthy for the Greek; secondly, passages bearing on Greek history or on the time of Herodotus; thirdly, passages containing truths for all time.'

But the peace of the University was already disturbed by the first mutterings of coming war. Rumours, which proved to be for the present premature, were spreading of the secession of Newman, who, in September 1843, had resigned St. Mary's and retired to Littlemore. 'It would be impossible,' writes Stanley,

'to exaggerate the effect produced by this rumour (which at first seemed to have more authenticity than it has since had) on, at least, all the thinking and feeling part of Oxford. There has always, and especially for the last year, been something so mysterious about Newman's movements, that now that it seemed that he was about to take the final step, one felt the long range of causes before, and the still longer train of consequences behind, throwing every

previous secession and every previous move into the remotest distance in comparison. It really reminded me of that one grand scene that I saw in the "Medea," when the murder takes place within the palace, and the terrified slaves fly backwards and forwards between the Chorus and the closed gates, and the Chorus mounts the steps of the altar and invokes the sun to hide its rays, and darkness rapidly falls over the stage. No one asked about it in public, but everyone rushed to and fro to ask in private, and recalled the last time that Newman had been seen walking in the streets, how he looked, and what he had said. At last some reassurance was brought by the news that he was, at any rate, still at Littlemore, and it does not appear that there is any ground for anticipating an immediate move. Still, the shock has been given, and I think the public mind is prepared for it. My impression from the kind of sensation produced by this rumour is, that the effect would be very great; deep, but within a narrow circle, at first, and then gradually widening, till a great crash came. To any one who has been accustomed to look upon Arnold and Newman as *the* two great men of the Church of England, the death of one and the secession of the other could not but look ominous, like the rattle of departing chariots that was heard on the eve of the downfall of the Temple of Jerusalem.'

To the rumours of Newman's secession succeeded the growing excitement which was aroused by the publication of Ward's 'Ideal of a Christian Church considered.' Among many similar passages in that bulky volume occurred the following sentences:

'We find—oh, most joyful, most wonderful, most unexpected sight!—we find the whole cycle of Roman doctrine gradually possessing numbers of English Churchmen. . . . Three years have passed since I said plainly that in subscribing the Articles I renounce no one Roman doctrine.'

The challenge was bold, and it was accepted by the University. Notice was given that three resolutions

would be proposed at a Convocation which was summoned for February 13, 1845. The first resolution condemned selected passages from the 'Ideal Church' as 'utterly inconsistent' with the Thirty-nine Articles, and with Ward's good-faith in assenting to and subscribing the same; the second annulled the degrees of B.A. and M.A., formerly conferred upon him on the strength of such assent and subscription; the third imposed for the future on all graduates a new form of subscription to the Articles, so framed as to exclude the possibility of any such interpretation as had been placed upon them by Ward and in 'Tract 90.'

No sooner were the three resolutions announced than Stanley threw himself with characteristic energy into the opposition. Ward's case was in itself comparatively insignificant and very unpopular. But the principle raised by the proposal to impose a new test was of the utmost importance. His own feelings are explained in a letter to his sister at Norwich:

'It is likely to produce a great ferment, and to bring on the whole question of subscription beyond any previous step. In my judgment the whole thing is most objectionable; exactly the Hampden case over again, with the tables turned—a large work judged by extracts before a mob of clergy, who can, after all, never decide on the real questions at issue. And the last part, which attempts to impose a new test, is quite a new feature. I trust and think that the Liberal Party will rise all through the country. Some indeed here, such as Hampden, are most provokingly forgetful of all the arguments they used in their own defence ten years ago, and urge on the measure as if they had never suffered themselves, either from perplexed consciences or arbitrary power.'

As the Black Thursday of St. Valentine's Eve (February 13, 1845) approached, the excitement grew in intensity. Every day was big with flyleaves and protests and articles. The atmosphere of Oxford became

more and more 'suffocating,' and breathed and burned 'with nothing but pamphlets and false arguments and indignant, half-suppressed remonstrances.' In deference to popular and legal opinion, the suggested test was withdrawn by its proposers before the meeting of Convocation. But another resolution was substituted for it, formally condemning the principles of interpretation adopted in 'Tract 90.' The new proposal forced Stanley to act. On February 10th an Address to the Voters at Convocation was circulated, under the title of 'Nemesis.' The address was anonymous, but it created a considerable sensation, and its authorship was soon revealed. It expresses in a succinct form Stanley's conviction of the absurdity of the condemnation, *both* of Hampden's 'Bampton Lectures' and of the 'Ideal Church' and 'Tract 90.' After comparing the circumstances of the two cases, he thus concludes:—

'The wheel has come full circle round. The victors of 1836 are the victims of 1845. The victims of 1836 are the victors of 1845. The assailants are the assailed, the assailed are the assailants. The condemned are the condemners, the condemners the condemned.

'The wheel is come full circle round. How soon may it come round again? Voters of the 13th, deal to your opponents that justice which, perhaps, you may not expect to receive from them. But the truest hope of obtaining mercy or justice then is by showing mercy and justice now. Judge, therefore, by 1836 what should be your conduct in 1845, and by your conduct in 1845 what should be your opponents' conduct in 1856, when Puseyism may be as triumphant as it is now depressed, when none can with any face protest against a mob tribunal then, if they have appealed to it now, or deprecate the madness of a popular clamour then, if they have kindled or added to it now.'

For some days past the tide of country voters had rolled into Oxford. Clergy and laity of all opinions and classes crowded the Colleges and Inns. At last came

the morning of February 13th—'the memorable day, which must be regarded as the closing scene of the conflict of the first Oxford Movement.' Weeks afterwards, the scene haunted Stanley, growing more vivid as it grew more distant—the wild hurrying to and fro of black gowns and flying red hoods, the driving snow and sleet, the excited mob of 1,100 voters crowded in the Sheldonian Theatre, and every stage of the progress of 'the great battle of Armageddon.' 'All is over,' he writes to his sister in the evening. The degradation and censure of Ward were both carried; but the No. 90 statute was vetoed by the Proctors:

'The more I reflect upon it, the more simply shocking is the impression left. A mob of 1,200 persons assuming judicial functions, after the most solemn warnings of their incompetency, on a question which it is quite impossible they can have studied, and then proceeding to inflict a sentence such as, in its present form, has never been inflicted on anyone in the whole history of the University. . . . The great mass, I suppose, voted on both sides with their party, the Puseyite side voting for Ward, as they would vote against Whately, or had voted against Hampden; the others, as they had voted, and will vote, against anyone who breaks in on the established usage. . . . "What are you going to do?" one old clergyman was heard to say to another. "Oh, I do not know—vote for the old Church, I suppose; come and have a rubber afterwards."'

'What impressed me so deeply in the whole scene,' he adds in another letter,

'was the feeling that, had it been in the sixteenth, instead of the nineteenth, century, just the same men, with just the same arguments, would have been voting, not for degradation, but for burning.'

Stanley's sense of the gravity of the occasion is illustrated by the tone of his letters. Different evidence of

his feelings is afforded by the following anecdote, which shall be told in the words of Bishop Hobhouse, who witnessed the scene :

‘Whilst A. P. S. was living as a tutor of University College within the borders of my parish (St. Peter’s-in-the-East), he asked me to introduce him to some few houses of the lower class which he could enter for pastoral visitation.

‘I selected a few of the more cultivated of the cottager class, doubting his capacity for reaching the lowest. There was only one who was cultivated enough to understand him fully—an old College servant, whose health had broken in mid-life, and driven him to reading and meditation to an extent quite unusual in his rank of life.

‘This man died just at the time of the movement in the Oxford Convocation for the condemnation of Mr. Ward’s “Ideal of a Christian Church.” On my way to the stormy meeting, I called on his widow to make arrangements for the funeral. The widow said, “Mr. Stanley is upstairs.” There I found him, cap, gown, and hood, ready for voting in the Convocation, and just rising from his knees. I said, “Do not I know why you are here?” “Yes,” he replied, “I thought this chamber of death would be the best training for the spirit, to calm it for the coming Convocation.”’

Ward’s punishment had evoked an unexpected display of feeling among the undergraduates ; Oxford had vindicated its Protestant orthodoxy ; and it was decided to proceed no further. For the moment the final act in the Tractarian drama was deferred ; but when Stanley arrived at the Oxford Station in the following October, he was met by the report, still vague and unauthenticated, of Newman’s secession. The following letter gives his first impression on hearing the tidings of an event which actually took place on October 9th, 1845 :

‘All that is known, if indeed it be true, is this : That he resigned his Fellowship a fortnight ago, but that nothing transpired till, on the (accidental?) visit of a Dominican monk to one of the young men in the Littlemore establish-

ment, he determined, sooner, it is said, than he had originally intended, to be admitted by him in the Roman Catholic chapel in the suburbs of Oxford. And accordingly the ceremony took place, quite privately and unexpectedly, last Thursday, and became known on Friday morning. The other inmates of Littlemore have seceded with him; and it is said that he now proposes to continue there, and from thence to lay siege to the University. If this be so, I suspect the Oxford authorities will regret that they did not do their best to keep him as a quiet enemy within, instead of having him as an active enemy at their gates. . . . After an Anglican Newman has done so much, there is no saying, if he lives, what a Roman Newman may not do, both to the Roman Catholics and to us.'

The secession of Newman produced a temporary lull in the party strife at Oxford. What did the secessions portend for the Church of England? Were such defections to multiply, till they drained its strength? Were they the excesses of an irregularly-returning vigour, or were they the signs of coming inanition? Newman and his followers had created for themselves an Ideal Church, and upon it, thus idealised to the imagination, they had concentrated the ardour of their affections. But the attempt to fit the ideal to the actual had produced a revulsion, which only the circumspect or the well-advised could endure. And now Newman himself, whom his party had hitherto followed and almost adored, found the groundwork of his convictions swept away, and himself standing in the position of an involuntary traitor. What course would be pursued by his followers, who, from within their homely church, were looking, with a sense of uneasy longing for something undefined, upon the historic magnificence of the Roman Church? The hush of expectation silenced controversy.

It was at this moment that the period expired during which Dr. Pusey had been suspended from preaching in the University. At the beginning of Hilary Term, 1846,

he resumed preaching. The scene in Christ Church Cathedral demonstrates the general sense of the gravity of the crisis, and of the importance that attached to his action. 'Nothing like the crowd,' says Stanley,

'had been seen since the Archbishop of Amalfi was trodden to death at Innocent III.'s sermon on the opening of the fourth Lateran Council. Every seat, every transept, every aisle thronged to bursting; spectators or hearers wandering about the clerestories; Pusey carried up into the pulpit by a by-passage. So much for the benefits of suspension. To me, I confess, the mere sight of a vast crowd hanging on the lips of a good man is so pathetic that I would go a good way to hear it. The sermon—alas! I shuddered as I heard the text (John xx. 21) and foresaw the subject—Absolution. However, it evidently only came because it was part of his own course; the more offensive topics of which it was capable were not dwelt upon, and merely the old commonplaces and quotations reproduced in Pusey's usual confusion of style. And so, on the whole, it was like most of his sermons, a divine soul clothed in a very earthly body. The beginning very pathetic and dignified—"It will be in the memory of some that three years since," &c.—and the end, on the needs of the manufacturing towns, very earnest and solemn. I do sincerely say, "God bless him, and keep him amongst us."'

As the year 1846 advanced, the extreme tension, which had strained to the utmost limits the relations of University life, gradually relaxed. The publication of Newman's essay 'On the Development of Christian Doctrine,' the last page of which struck Stanley as 'one of the most affecting passages ever written by an uninspired pen,' passed almost unheeded. Nor did the political changes of 1846 ruffle the tranquillity of the atmosphere. Yet the fall of Sir Robert Peel's Ministry in the summer of 1846 was a dramatic event which vividly impressed the imagination of Stanley. On that occasion he writes:

'Peel's speech is, to me, the most affecting public event which I ever remember ; no return of Cicero from exile, no triumphal procession up to the temple of Capitoline Jove, no Appius Claudius in the Roman Senate, no Chatham dying in the House of Lords, could have been a truly grander sight than that great Minister retiring from office, giving to the whole world Free Trade with one hand, and universal peace with the other, and casting under foot the miserable factions which had dethroned him. '

E'en at the base of Pompey's statue,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.

So I write, the metaphor being suggested by an eyewitness, who told me that it was Mark Antony's speech over Cæsar's body, but spoken by (Cæsar) himself.'

In the midst of literary labours, of academical excitements, ecclesiastical crises, and religious movements, Stanley was rapidly gaining within the walls of his College an influence which was at that time unexampled in the University. Nor was his influence confined only to his College. His appointment as Select Preacher in October, 1845, is evidence of the position which he had acquired, and the delivery and subsequent publication of his University sermons enhanced his reputation, even while, in some circles, they compromised his character for orthodoxy. In his tutorial career were spent some of the most vigorous years of his life. The interest of his work grew upon him till it absorbed him in an unusual degree. He speaks of himself in 1846 as 'disinclined to any work which is not connected with my College work, which is at present so much the staff of my life, that I cannot bring myself to regard with enthusiasm anything which infringes upon it.' Content with his 'Paradise,' he refused the offer of Alderley Rectory, and, in 1849, of the Deanery of Carlisle. His ambition aimed at a Professorship, and, till that came within his grasp, he was happy in his position.

His efforts as a tutor to raise the character of his College were crowned with unprecedented success. University, in the year 1838, when Stanley first became a Fellow of the Society, was half its present size. The number of scholars was small; the proportion of undergraduates in easy circumstances was large; athletic interests predominated; scanty attention was paid to reading, and little private work was done. The standard of teaching and of learning was low. Neither tutors nor undergraduates looked beyond the immediate requirements of the necessary examinations; both were satisfied if the conditions of attendance at lectures were fulfilled with some approach to regularity. Stanley's election as a Fellow introduced a new epoch in the College history.

Some men take things as they find them; it was not so with Stanley. Whether he was merely forming plans for a tour, or framing his conception of the duties of a new position at Canterbury or Westminster, he was always guided by an ideal of what had to be done, and always devoted his best self to the fullest use of his new opportunities. Attracted by the rising fame and drawn by the magnetic influence of the young Fellow, an unusually large portion of the very *élite* of the best schools was sent to University. Throwing himself heart and soul into his work, he felt the successes of his pupils as personal triumphs, and their failures as personal calamities. 'I feel,' he writes of a pupil who had been plucked, 'as if I had been plucked myself, and as if I might and ought to have prevented it.' Something of the teacher's enthusiasm was infused into the pupils; the tone and temper of College society were profoundly altered; and a glance at the class lists in the ten years that follow 1844—two years after he became Junior Lecturer—reveals the position to which University rose with startling rapidity.

Among the very first of those who were thus sent to University College on the one ground of the addition of

Stanley to its teaching-staff was George Granville Bradley, the late Dean of Westminster. Years ago, he described the impression which Stanley produced upon his pupils, the work which he achieved, the influence that he exercised :

‘Stanley had, no doubt, some drawbacks as a tutor. “I am no moral philosopher or metaphysician,” he said of himself later. His interest in the minuter shades of philological scholarship was never very keen. No man knew better his own weak points. But the page of History, ancient, modern, or sacred, was to him, in the truest sense of the words, “rich with the spoils of time” ; and he knew how to make that page glow with the light of wisdom and of poetry, and to aid his pupils to regard those spoils as very treasures. He was already giving himself to the study of the Old and New Testaments with an enthusiasm which never left him, and which he was able to communicate to one after another of those who came under his influence. Even now there are those who, in East-end parishes, in country villages, in far-off missionary stations, as well as in what are called the high places of the Church, feel the impulse which they then received from him. So keen was the interest inspired by his Divinity lectures, that not only did we, his pupils, continue to attend them in the very crisis and agony of our final work for our degrees, but little by little we obtained permission to introduce our friends, and the first germ of those inter-collegiate lectures which have revolutionised Oxford teaching is to be found in those close-packed chairs that crowded the still damp ground-floor rooms in the then New Buildings, as they are still called, on the topmost story of which our lecturer had his rooms.

‘He was—need I say it?—a singularly attractive and inspiring teacher ; but in saying this I feel that I have said little. It is impossible for me to describe to you—it is difficult for me to analyse to myself—the feelings which he inspired in a circle, small at first, but with every fresh term widening and extending. The fascination, the charm, the spell, were simply irresistible ; the face, the voice, the manner ; the ready sympathy, the geniality, the freshness, the warmth, the poetry, the refinement, the humour, the

mirthfulness and merriment, the fund of knowledge, the inexhaustible store of anecdotes and stories, told so vividly, so dramatically—I shall not easily enumerate the gifts which drew us to him with a singular, some of us with quite a passionate, devotion. That sympathetic touch, which won him to the end of his life fresh friends at every breath he drew, had already come to a teacher who, as a child, had lived much alone, uncompanionable and undemonstrative to a fault, writing his boyish poems, and hidden in the light of ideas and knowledge which he was hourly absorbing. It is felt by some of us as a thing that coloured our whole lives from that day to this. We walked with him, sometimes took our meals with him—frugal meals, for he was at the mercy of an unappreciative college "scout," who was not above taking advantage of his master's helplessness in arranging for a meal, and his indifference to any article of diet other than brown bread and butter. We talked with him over that bread and butter with entire freedom, opened our hearts to him; while his perfect simplicity, no less than his high-bred refinement, made it impossible to dream that anyone in his sober senses could presume upon his kindness.

His tutorial occupations, his literary work, the preparation of his University and other sermons, his varied interests, grew more and more exacting in their demands upon his time. The circle of his friends and the range of his correspondence were ever widening. Yet, in spite of all his employments, 'the amount of time,' continues Dean Bradley,

'and of his best self which he gave to his younger friends was something almost incredible. Some of us can recall the half-amusing, half-touching efforts which he made to become acquainted with, and win the confidence of, a class of men least likely to be impressible to one like himself; the missionary spirit, if I may use the phrase, in which he regarded his relation to the undergraduates of his College. Many must still remember his introducing what had long been abandoned in that ancient College—I am not sure that he had not to go back as far as the times of the Commonwealth for a precedent—the preaching of occasional

sermons in the College chapel. They will recall his very voice, and accent, and look, and manner, and gesture. But it was not his preaching nor his teaching, it was himself most of all which impressed us. We always knew—and it was the secret of his winning to the end of his days the hearts of the young, and, let me add, of the humble and working classes of his countrymen—we always knew that he treated us and felt to us as a friend; cared for us, sympathised with us, gave us his heart, and not his heart only, but his best gifts; that we did not sit below the salt, but partook with him of all that he had to give; and what he gave us was just that which was most calculated to win and attract, as well as to inspire and stimulate.'

The ardour with which, as a lecturer, he had at first thrown himself into the duties of his position never cooled, nor was his keen sense of the responsibilities and opportunities of his official position ever dulled by time; his interest in the undergraduates who came under his care remained as fresh as if each successive pupil was his first. His rare gift of influencing the young was rather enriched by experience than impaired by use. The reminiscences of another pupil, the Rev. A. G. Butler, relate to the last years of his life as an Oxford tutor, when the Lecturer of 1842 had become Senior Tutor and Dean of the College:

'My first acquaintance with Dean Stanley was in 1849, when I went up to Oxford as a scholar of University College, and had to apply to him, as Dean of College, for "rooms." Well do I remember the small spare figure that darted forth to meet me at the door of his somewhat dark room, with the wondrous eyes, not so bright as marvellously expressive, that seemed to fasten upon you and to read your thoughts, while the eager words darted to his lips, full of sympathy and anticipation of your various wishes. And then, preliminaries being over, we began our round. Many sets of rooms were vacant, of which, as scholar, I was to have my choice. But there was one set of rooms which he had destined me to have, and which, with a showman's art, he kept for last. Accordingly, this set was too small

for me, that too expensive, another was somewhat noisy, a fourth was rather far from Hall and Chapel. And so we passed on through the whole list, till we came to a room in the south-western corner of the Quadrangle, on the ground-floor, which I was preparing to hear disparaged like the rest. "And these," he said, "were under Shelley's rooms," turning upon me a bright, wistful glance, which sealed my fate at once. I cannot say the rooms were as good as others we had visited—they were rather dark, and, as I soon found, too public for my taste; but who could resist the mute appeal of that look, or the feeling that well became the future guardian of the Abbey, that genius hallowed all the precincts near to which it had ever trod? So I took the rooms without a question, and became the Dean's devoted pupil and admirer from that time forth.'

As a lecturer he was a master of the art of interesting his audience. Every character or incident that he touched, whether in ancient history or the Bible, became living to his hearers:

'In treating a difficult and complex book like the "Politics" of Aristotle, he would recommend us carefully to note peculiarities with three varieties of coloured pencils under the following heads: truths for all time, red; truths for the time of Aristotle, blue; and then, with a humorous twinkle of his eye, truths for the schools, black.

'I may here remark that this mode of mapping out and previously arranging a new field of knowledge which he was about to occupy was thoroughly characteristic of Dean Stanley. Excellent as was his memory, he neglected no means by which to strengthen it: marks in books, commonplace books, carefully-kept note-books, made up every evening of his travels, all showed the pains he took to cultivate a faculty whose feats seemed to many who knew him so marvellous. He has even been known to say that he had not a good memory. It was only by repeating a story many times after he first heard it that he got perfectly to remember it. Then it became a part of him.

'In his private relations to his pupils he was delightful. There was, first, the breakfast-party, with the amused wonder

as to whom you would meet, and what you would find to eat. For his choice of guests was peculiar. As in after-life he delighted to bring extremes together at his table—the High Church and Evangelical, the orthodox professor and the Essayist and Reviewer—so in these College days he would invite the steady hard-working scholar to meet the somewhat irregular athletic commoner, whose talk was of sport and games. Not that he did not know them to be extremes! He knew it well, for he had a fine sense of humour; but he thought it well for all men to be acquainted. And generally his geniality and resource made things go well. There were, however, times when the incongruous elements refused to amalgamate, and when even his spirits would flag. It was on one of these occasions that he suddenly remembered it was the anniversary of (I think) the Battle of Marathon, which he proclaimed to us with a flash of delight; and then began a stream of anecdote and narration which turned the dull beginning into a brilliant success.

'The question of the food was sometimes less satisfactorily settled. So long as there was a pile of teacakes before him, which, as soft food, entailing no trouble, he preferred to everything else, he did not always consider the larger and healthier appetites of his guests. But this was a small matter. The "Dean" was the pride of the College, and even the deficiency of the entertainment had its charm.

'Then, again, there was the essay. Under this head I remember little of him, save that he seldom criticised, and still more seldom praised. But on one occasion, when he was looking over a prize poem I had written on the Druids, with the usual platitudes about Nature-worship, and the great inferiority of cathedrals generally to Stonehenge, he rebuked me (as was right) sharply. Nature simply as Nature had small attractions for him.

'And lastly, there was the walk, sometimes for friendship, sometimes for instruction, to "coach" a man in those "truths for the schools" which were needed for an approaching examination. On these occasions it was well always to be on the road side. His sympathy with his pupil and absorption in his subject were so great that, otherwise, he would keep drawing nearer and nearer to his companion, until he drove the inside member of the party into the ditch.

The walk was one of Stanley's favourite opportunities of bringing himself into friendly relations with his pupils. Those who joined him in his rooms at two o'clock for such an expedition generally found him finishing some writing at his stand-up desk, and at the same time eating his luncheon; that is to say, they found him nipping off bits of dry bread with his left hand from an irregular cube which lay beside him, while he wrote busily with his right hand. One great secret of the influence which Stanley acquired over younger men was his unconsciousness of any disparity in years, in learning, or in academical position. The intercourse was perfectly free, as between familiar friends. Whatever subject was uppermost in Stanley's mind he discussed with transparent simplicity. Now it was some criticism upon his own writings, now some injustice which in thought or speech he had done to a mutual friend, now some episode in his school or undergraduate career, ending, perhaps, with an apology for his egotism. History and topography, Greek plays, English poetry, Church traditions, Mahomedan legends, the latest books, contemporary politics at home and abroad, reminiscences of foreign travel, recollections and anecdotes of famous men, enthusiastic praise of friends, the revision of the Bible version, comparisons between the style of the Prophets and the New Testament writers, the portraits of our Lord—such were some of the topics of his conversations.

Little can be added to the records of the impressions which Stanley left upon undergraduates at the beginning, middle, and end of his tutorial career. His active beneficence and hospitality to present and former pupils were unfailing and unbounded. He was always ready to write letters, long or short, of sympathy in trouble, or of advice in doubt and difficulty. He interested himself practically in the welfare of his pupils, often in unexpected ways. It is surprising, if not alarming, to find him prescribing for their ailments, and with his own

hand administering medicines. His pecuniary aid was offered freely and delicately, whenever he saw an opening to do so with good results. Many sons of poor parents were helped by his purse in the struggle of an University career; many others were assisted to take a holiday from which they were debarred by want of means. Two such instances of friendly, unsolicited kindness must suffice:

'Once more for yourself, my dear —. Would it facilitate in any measure your flight were I to lend you (as I can without difficulty) £300, to be repaid by driblets for the rest of your long (as one hopes) life?'

Or again,

'One line to say that, supposing a prolonged expedition would not interfere with your reading, but is impeded by want of supplies, you must not let that be an obstacle, but (on the same conditions of silence, &c., as before) regard me as "the Ural Mountains," and see Prague, or whatever else it may be. I should lament your losing the sight of it when it had been in my power to help you to it.'

The reduction of University expenses was a subject which he had greatly at heart. 'Appalled by a sad revelation of a pupil's debts,' he endeavoured to bring it into practical shape by a letter to Mr. Gladstone, and by a scheme for the establishment of a College in which the advantages of Oxford might be offered to poor men at a comparatively small cost. Over the expenditure of his own pupils he tried to keep a careful eye. 'Is B,' he asks Pearson, 'endowed with such means as to hunt with impunity?' The question is suggested by a beautifully polished pair of top-boots which I encountered the other day outside his door.'

Throughout the whole of his tutorial career he endeavoured to inform himself of the criticism which under-

graduates passed upon his discharge of his duties. He spared no pains to discover the points in which he was supposed to fail, and to correct such faults as were remediable. His friends on all sides were charged to make known to him the opinions of the undergraduates. The following letter, written in 1843 to Pearson, who had then just taken his B.A. degree, illustrates the spirit with which he commenced his work, as well as that openness to receive hints from younger men, which was one secret of his continued success.

‘It is supposed that H. hunts. He is regular in lecture, and next term I hope to see more of him. Do you hear anything of me from or through him? Next term I propose to give a lecture of a more exalted character than any yet given, nominally on Livy, really on the rise and fall of the Roman State. There was some doubt whether H. was to be put into it, and, for the sake of convenience, I reluctantly consented—reluctantly because, to those who do not make good use of this lecture, it will be useless, and their presence impedes the profit of others. You would confer a service upon me if you could throw any light upon the subject by ascertaining whether it would be possible for me to appeal to H.’s better feelings, on the ground that he is in this lecture because I presume him to be fit for it (which he is, if he really cared about himself). I ask this, partly with a directly practical view to H., but partly because I look upon him as typical of others, and I wish to know whether men of that class look upon lectures (good, or intended to be good), such as that which I propose, as bores and humbug, or whether it is possible to elevate their minds above that atmosphere of childishness and frivolity which is the curse of our College.’

Nor was it only as a teacher, or as a friend, that Stanley endeavoured to influence the undergraduates. The preaching of occasional sermons in the College chapel formed part of his ideal of tutorial opportunities, and as such he regarded their introduction as a sacred duty. He never failed to take part in the administration of the

Holy Communion, and generally preached a special sermon on the preceding Sunday. It is difficult to decide whether as a preacher in the College chapel he greatly impressed his congregation. The evidence is divided. 'Indeed,' says one of his former pupils,

'I believe he shrank from preaching. Once he told me that, when he became a clergyman, his great fear was how he should ever find subjects on which to preach. He could see his way to (I think) twelve sermons, and no more. And he spoke with gratitude of Sir E. Lyons at Athens, who, when Stanley had packed all his feelings into one great sermon, asked him to preach the same sermon again.'

Perhaps the difference of opinion may be due to the different impressions produced upon his boyish audience by such an accident as that which he records in a letter to his mother written in 1847 :

'I preached again in chapel last night, but with the unfortunate drawback of — having a glove on my head ! entirely unknown to me till I was told by an undergraduate this morning.'

CHAPTER XI

1846-48

Select Preacher, 1846-47—Sermons on 'The Apostolical Age'—Paris in 1848

IN October, 1845, Stanley wrote to his sister at Norwich, 'I am appointed Select Preacher in the place of Samuel of Oxford, and so shall have to prepare a course of sermons.' As Select Preacher he preached four sermons, one in each term, beginning with February, 1846, and ending on January 31, 1847. The general subject of the course was 'The Apostolical Age,' and the characters selected as most fully representative of the forms and stages through which Christianity has passed were those of the three Apostles, St. Peter, St. Paul, and St. John.

The preparation and delivery of these sermons, their illustration by separate essays, and their revision for the press, fully occupied Stanley during the two tranquil years which intervened between the condemnation of Ward and the outbreak of the third Hampden agitation. The advice and criticism of his friends were pressed into the service on all sides. Not only was each sermon read aloud in the evenings to the home-circle at Norwich, but each was also passed round among the friends whom he considered to be typical of different classes of minds. Above all, he relied upon the assistance of Benjamin

Jowett, the late Master of Balliol, with whom he was in almost daily communication on theological and other questions, and from whom, as he writes at this time, 'I have learned more than from any living man.'

The sermons were preached at a remarkable crisis in Stanley's academical career. The tone of anxiety which runs through his letters, the care bestowed upon the preparation of the course, the fulness with which the sermons were discussed with his friends, the criticism that was invited on all sides before and after the delivery, show that he fully appreciated the importance of the occasion. At first sight it is difficult to understand why the course should have increased the suspicions already entertained of his theological opinions. 'The odour of my heterodoxy,' he writes to Pearson, 'has penetrated not only into the Board of Heads, but into the Cabinet of Whig Ministers.' The explanation lies in the condition of the University in 1846, when fresh influences were struggling into existence which, within the next ten years, transformed Oxford into a new world.

Between 1820 and 1830 the finer minds of both Universities were yielding to the thaw which broke up the frost of the eighteenth century. Both in Oxford and in Cambridge the same yearning was felt for a better union between religion and philosophy, a juster harmony between things sacred and things secular, a deeper concord between human and divine truth. The intellectual movement of the Oriel School showed that men were growing eager to heal the divorce between religious and secular learning which Puritan austerity or an indolent narrow-mindedness had effected, and to break down the conventional barriers that forbade a clergyman, except for the sake of editing a Greek play or a grammarian, to step beyond the limited circle of ecclesiastical literature. But before the thaw had had time to produce its full effect, the promise of spring was destroyed by the volcanic eruption of the Tractarian Movement. Once more

the educational life of Oxford was withered ; once more science, humane letters, and the first stirrings of intellectual freedom, were for an indefinite period overwhelmed.

The ideal which inspired the followers of Newman was noble. But their reform was based on a one-sided view of the situation. The fruits of despising mere scientific or mere literary pursuits as frivolous, if not dangerous, were terribly apparent at Oxford. The fourth century was revered as much as the immediate past and the present were decried ; lecture-rooms, in which was imparted knowledge outside the requirements of university discipline, were deserted ; the spirit for investigating any subject except theology languished ; natural philosophy was discountenanced ; historical study, in any province outside that of ecclesiastical antiquities, was neglected ; classical scholarship was declining ; the tone of Oxford society lost its spring from the fear of giving mutual offence. And the undergraduates necessarily suffered from the atmosphere by which their elders were surrounded. A tutor, whose brain was in a whirl from the religious excitements of Convocation, could scarcely rouse his pupils to enthusiasm for their requisite studies, and where his mind mechanically led theirs naturally followed.

How bitterly Stanley deplored these conditions, how confidently he had hoped that Arnold would restore a healthier tone to the University, his letters have already shown. Now, however, in 1846, the secession of Newman and many of his most active followers had proclaimed the failure of their effort ; the exclusive domination of ' clericalism ' was disturbed ; the leaders of the University ceased to be mainly absorbed in religious polemics. Pusey's quiet resumption of preaching seemed to announce the gradual subsidence of the theological flood ; and, with the return of the swollen stream to its natural course, brighter prospects dawned for the educa-

tional life of Oxford. The year 1846 thus marked the point of transition between the old world and the new. There was a dramatic fitness in the sequence of events by which, at this crisis, Stanley commenced his course of sermons in the pulpit of St. Mary's. In some respects he was not only the most complete representative of the new ideas, but also one of their most effective exponents.

Few men were better fitted to supply the stimulus to a less exclusive culture, and to exercise a transforming influence over the studies of the University. His wide range of knowledge, his infectious enthusiasms, his powers of illustration, his habit of viewing the past through the medium of the present, his art of rendering attractive every subject that he touched, were all devoted to the task. Even the deficiencies of his mind and the defects of his literary manner combined to increase his influence. A profounder analyst, a subtler metaphysician, a deeper speculator, would have missed the mark which he struck with certainty. His luxuriant discursiveness, his exuberance of comparison, his over-eagerness to draw distinctions or establish parallels, added to the suggestiveness of his matter, and for the temper of younger men were rather charms than blemishes.

It was as the representative of a new world that Stanley addressed a congregation, the elders of which regarded the old as better, and dreaded lest intellectual freedom should degenerate into intellectual license. Their worst fears of the results of free inquiry appeared to be realised when he acknowledged his obligations to the teaching of Arnold and of German theologians. It would be difficult to say which of his two guides was most distasteful to the audience that gathered in the University Church of St. Mary. The reaction in favour of Arnold as a man did not extend to his opinions, which his excessive self-confidence, his occasional vehemence of invective, and his inability to understand the views

of others, had made peculiarly offensive to his opponents. At the same time, the suspicion with which the theological thought of Germany was regarded almost amounted to a monomania. The panic was increased by the general ignorance of the German language. The irreligious spirit of Continental speculations was assumed. 'How different might have been the course of the Church of England,' Stanley used to say, 'if Newman had been able to read German!'

As the champion of intellectual freedom and of its particular application to the sphere in which its results were most dreaded, Stanley could scarcely avoid offence without the sacrifice of his true opinions. Both the sources from which his sermons were admittedly derived were equally tainted in the minds of his audience. His sense of the importance of the occasion, together with his anxiety, frequently expressed in his letters, to remove needlessly offensive passages, acquit him from any desire to irritate his hearers. In later life, and especially in Convocation, he was deliberately aggressive, and even studious to conceal the orthodox side of his opinions. On this occasion he was actuated by no such spirit. The sermons on 'The Apostolical Age' express the convictions of a man who, knowing the probable cost of his words, is impelled by a sense of duty to give them utterance. They are, indeed, remarkably outspoken. But Stanley was fearless by nature, and could afford to be bold. His social position, and pecuniary independence, relieved him from the temptations which perplex poor and struggling men, and compel them to keep silence or to make concessions, lest they should sacrifice prospects of future influence. Their delivery, therefore, marked a crisis in his life. It was the first public occasion on which he identified himself with the new ideas that were struggling into existence at Oxford. Henceforward he was regarded as one of the leaders in the movement which culminated in the appointment of the

University Commission, the foundation of the Museum for the encouragement of scientific studies, and the removal of restrictions, theological, local, and professional.

Nor was this all. To the suspicions of his orthodoxy which had been aroused by his championship of Arnold were now added suspicions of his leanings towards German rationalism. Henceforward he was regarded, theologically speaking, with equal and increasing antipathy by each of two rival parties in the English Church. If he enlisted sympathy on the one side, he repelled it on the other. As he had espoused the cause of Arnold, and opposed the condemnation of Ward; as he had laboured to defeat the censure both on Dr. Hampden and on 'Tract 90'—so in his sermons passages occur which must have jarred on the feelings of both sections of his congregation. With the attack on the inadequacy of the traditions and criticism of the fourth century as substitutes for the New Testament is combined a vindication of the 'indefatigable industry,' 'profound thought,' and 'conscientious love of knowledge' which characterised German theologians. Partisans on either side were rebuked by the insistence on the true contrast between unity and uniformity, and by the assertion of the comprehensiveness of the Church of England, which, by the very conditions of its being, was 'not High, or Low, but Broad.'

Such utterances as these proclaimed the divergence of his views from those of Evangelicals and High Churchmen alike. Neither party was interested in upholding his orthodoxy, because neither could claim him as its own. The detachment from system and from party which his whole attitude expressed was already characteristic of the man. He had before him, in the case of Arnold, an example of the cost of belonging to no section of the Church. But it is difficult to conceive the circumstances under which Stanley could have belonged to any party. His independence, his almost over-

refined sensitiveness of conscience, his sympathies, his restiveness of disposition, prevented him from assuming any badge. 'I cannot,' he said in later life, 'go out to battle in Saul's armour; I must fight with my own sling and stone, or not at all. I have never been able to reconcile myself to those unreasoning, indiscriminating warcries; whatever power I have been able to exert has been mainly derived from this abstinence.'

Unable to persuade himself that parties are even in-different means to useful ends, he felt that all, especially in religion, are combined of truth and falsehood, and that to join any is to accept the evil as well as the good. He believed that 'the man who loves Christianity better than truth is on the high-road to love his own sect better than Christianity, if not to love himself better than either.' He detested the principle of party, as the great rival in the minds of men to the love and pursuit of that truth which was 'to be sought, above all things, for itself, and not for any ulterior object.' Different ideals float before the minds of different men, which represent to them the highest aspects of religious life. To some it is the ideal of depth, or power, or height; to Stanley it was the ideal of width—of all-embracing breadth. Nor did the pursuit of this ideal mean, in his case, the surrender of point after point, which had been hitherto held sacred, for the sake of superficial agreement. With him the attitude was not negative, so much as positive. It meant the enlargement of the Church by gaining, and embracing, new truths, till nothing that was true was omitted. It was the spirit of the prayer—

Open wide our narrow thought
To embrace Thee as we ought.

A dogmatist in his abhorrence of dogma, and a bigot against intolerance, this attitude of detachment distinguished his whole career. Similarly, the plan and details of the construction of his University sermons and

essays are characteristic of the way in which he habitually approached any subject of investigation. They illustrate, in the first place, the concrete, historical, and practical bent of his mind. Never a doctrinal theologian, without the capacity or the inclination for abstract speculation, he turns aside from the deeper questions of theology involved in the Apostolic teaching, and from the general principles of the interpretation of the truths contained in the Gospels and Epistles. His aim is to present historical pictures of the characters and circumstances which most truly exemplified the Apostolic age. He attempts, in fact, to exhibit the outward local image of that which is generally contemplated in its inward spiritual essence. And he applies the results to the actual facts of modern life and the actual duties of the younger members of his congregation. It is often alleged that his sermons were not positive enough. In a sense, it would be fair to argue that the exact reverse is the truth. While other men contended against errors of doctrine, he, as here, preaches and enforces positive duties. His protests in favour of breadth are directed not only against narrow ranges of belief, but against narrow limits of practical application. He pleads that religion should not be left alone, as something to be studied apart, but should be connected with everything which can make it appeal more strongly to the human heart, and which can extend Christian principles to the whole range of practical duties.

In the second place, the sermons illustrate his habitual method of searching for central ideas, leading tendencies, or representative characters, round which he groups the subsidiary circumstances of particular periods. He treats the Apostolic age as an epitome of God's dealings with mankind, and its principal characters as eternal centres of recurring spheres of thought and action, and as perpetual types of large classes of humanity. Round St. Peter, St. Paul, and St. John, he gathers the circum-

stances not only of the past, but of the present, of subsequent history as well as of their own age. In their individual but universal character he finds the various forms and stages through which Christianity has passed in the eighteen centuries of its existence.

Lastly, the sermons illustrate his sense of the necessity of applying the methods of historical criticism to Scriptural facts and figures, and the support which he derived for his own faith from the results of free inquiry. The scope and character of Christian evidences required to be changed before they could meet new needs. A new class of difficulties had arisen, against which the standard authorities of Jackson and Stillingfleet, of Butler and Paley, were inadequate. In examining the claims of Christianity as a Divine revelation, the authenticity and authority of the written records of the New Testament were legitimate subjects of inquiry. It was, as Stanley felt, impossible to avoid the discussion of such topics. For himself, at least, the path of wisdom and of safety lay in facing them boldly, and in applying to the Scriptures the same tests by which all other writings of antiquity are tried. He resented the disposition to overstate the testimony; he accepted the evidence as he found it; and only when he was guided by its strict tenor did he feel himself to be standing on substantial ground.

Faith and inquiry, in his opinion, went hand in hand. The spirit and the understanding, in any true sense of either, seemed inseparable. He felt that it was his duty to apply to matters of religion that reason which was 'God's especial gift to man.' He did, indeed, earnestly deprecate the day of inevitable trial, 'when the works of German Biblical criticism would be read indiscriminately by all the men, women, and children of England.' To him, now and always, it seemed that all freedom required restraint, lest it should degenerate either into tyranny or license. But he believed that the best re-

straint was the recognition of free speculation as a Christian grace, and that the true limit to inquiry is its absorption into a Christian atmosphere, where it may find the Gospel to be, not its jealous enemy, but its cordial ally. He spoke in no aggressive spirit when he vindicated the results of modern criticism, which had disclosed to his own generation scenes, characters, and institutions that were comparatively unknown to the Christians of the fourth century, or when he pleaded that revelation was not resolved into a mere human process because we are able to distinguish the natural agencies through which it was communicated. It was not his object, nor, indeed, his gift, to balance probabilities, to increase the number of working hypotheses, or to add a further guess to the conjectures of German theologians. Among the shifting sands of modern speculation he sought to find for himself and others a firm footing.

For minds constituted on the same historical basis as his own, though criticism destroyed much, it created more. If it cut away some grounds of faith, it refilled the chasm with more stable foundations. When criticism disclosed the stages by which things were evolved into their present shape, it rather strengthened than impaired his faith; it helped him to understand them, to accept them, or to endure them. One distinct image vividly realised of any part of the rise of Christianity, one plain matter of fact placed beyond dispute, one lifelike impression clearly conceived of the real existence of an Apostle, confirmed for him the historical truth of the whole narrative, and developed in palpable form the strength of the human side of Christian evidences. This was the use which he made of modern criticism, and thus he interpreted its results to others. It was the same feeling which prompted his desire to see Palestine, and gives such nervous reality to his descriptions of that country. Geographical details not only add point to the images and vividness to the pictures of the sacred writings: they also give a solid

basis of fact, which, being embedded in the narratives, shows that the histories they relate do not merely represent 'a past which was never present.'

Constituted as religious parties were in 1846, the sermons on the Apostolic Age contained matter enough to excite suspicion of Stanley's attitude on theological and ecclesiastical questions. Several of his friends advised him not to print the sermons, which had been condemned as 'profane' and 'fanciful.' 'Were it not,' he writes to Pearson, 'that I look upon it as a kind of duty to go on, I would gladly put them in the fire.' But he feared lest people should imagine that he was withholding them for a purpose. The 'Sermons and Essays on the Apostolic Age' were therefore published in November 1847. They received little notice from critics or the public. In a year of political convulsion like 1848 no book had any chance of success. The French Revolution of February set Europe in a blaze. The spirit of revolt spread like wildfire. In Sicily, at Naples, in the Tuscan and Roman States, at Milan and Venice, throughout Austria and Germany, it leaped into a flame. Even in Great Britain there was grave cause for anxiety: a serious riot at Glasgow, the turbulence of a noisy mob in London, disturbances at Edinburgh, Manchester, and Newcastle, seemed to indicate that the same spirit was spreading to this country.

The news of the French Revolution threw Stanley into a fever of excitement. The intelligence reached Oxford on February 26th. 'I had,' he writes to his mother,

'come back late from a dinner at Cuddesdon the night before, and overslept myself, so that I did not hear it till just before my lecture at ten. "The Abdication of Louis Philippe"; "The Palais Royal Stormed"; "The Tuileries Sacked"; "The King on his Way to England." I could hardly get through my lectures. The first was on the revolution of Jehu, and you may imagine how Paris rose before me instead of Jezreel. Then came the excitement

of the evening papers, and we were met as we came out of chapel by undergraduates shouting that the Republic was proclaimed.'

As the term drew to a close, his excitement culminated in the determination to visit the scenes of the Revolution during the Easter vacation. Bunsen and Bancroft (whose advice was asked) declared that no danger would be incurred by a visit to Paris. 'Is Paris dangerous?' Stanley asked Bunsen. 'Yes,' was the reply, 'Paris is dangerous, and so is Kennington Common, and London; but one not more so than the other.' In case of danger Bancroft gave him a letter to the American Embassy, where he would be sure of finding protection. On Saturday, April 8th, the party, consisting of Stanley, Jowett, F. Palgrave, and Morier, described as a 'Balliol undergraduate of gigantic size, who talks French better than English, is to wear a blouse, and go about disguised in the clubs'—left Folkestone for Boulogne. The first object which met their eyes on landing was a huge placard announcing the plantation and benediction of a Tree of Liberty. Other signs of the Republic were everywhere visible. But the night journey to Paris was accomplished without interruption or difficulty, and the travellers arrived at 5 A.M. on the morning of Sunday, April 9. As they drove to the Hotel Meurice the streets were empty. Nothing but the Trees of Liberty reminded them of the Revolution till they came in sight of the Tuileries. 'Not one of us spoke; but it was truly awful to see the vast grey mass standing as before, with the consciousness of all within gone or dead for ever.'

The splendour and gaiety of the French capital were extinct. The fountains played, and the columns glittered in the clear air as before; but the brilliant throng of well-dressed people had vanished from the empty streets, the regular soldiers had been altogether removed,

the National Guard were rarely seen. The placards on the walls containing the decree of the Provisional Government, the notices of clubs, the tricolours flying over every public building, the caricatures 'in numbers numberless,' the three words 'Liberté,' 'Egalité,' 'Fraternité,' painted over the walls, the white shot-marks on the Château d'Eu, were almost the only outward signs of the political earthquake. 'C'est plus tôt ou plus tard,' said Michelet; 'à présent c'est l'entr'acte.'

A letter written from Paris on April 13th begins, 'Now for Rachel and the Clubs';—

'The play was a modern one—"Lucrèce"—the story of Lucretia and the flight of Tarquin. Rachel was Lucrèce. The chief thing that struck me was her great simplicity, and the total absence of rant. The two great scenes were—one, when she described a dreadful dream till your blood ran cold; the other, when she came in, after the catastrophe, to kill herself, and then it was extraordinary to see the complete transformation which she had undergone. You could hardly have recognised her. A world seemed to have passed over her head since she last came on the stage. The play closed by a mob rushing in to announce the Republic.

'Then a pause, and she came forward for the "Marseillaise" in white, as before. It is difficult to describe it. She had seemed to be a woman—she became a "*being*"—sublime irony, prophetic enthusiasm, demoniacal fierceness, succeeded each other like flashes of lightning. And then, with a solemn march, she advanced at the last stanza to the tricolour standard and knelt, folding it in her embrace, as if with a determination that nothing should ever part her from it—a love, an adoration as if it were an animated creature. It was very grand—Morier declared that it was itself enough to annihilate a monarchy. Madame de M. thought it the "most shocking sight she had ever seen." Certainly it did seem as if the expression of such feelings was beyond what the occasion called for. Had Nero fallen instead of Louis Philippe, the impression conveyed could not have been more ferocious. They say that Rachel enters

into it herself heart and soul, and is so wrought up by it that she usually faints away when it is over.

'Now for the Clubs. They sit, you know, in every part of Paris, and at night, that the lower classes may attend. The first we went to was the Club de la Sorbonne, in the great amphitheatre of the ancient College of Divinity, now used for the distribution of prizes, &c., in the University of France—corresponding, in fact, to the Theatre at Oxford. There we found, ranged in the semicircular tier of seats opposite the president's desk, an assembly of 1,500 people, promiscuous, but chiefly of the common people, in blouses, beards, long flowing hair, women, &c. Each speaker ascended a tribune in front of the desk, and the question for debate was the law regulating the elections. The speeches, so far as I could follow them, seemed extremely fluent and clear—nothing of a revolutionary character; and the most remarkable feature of the whole was that, though there were vehement *applaudissements*, the most perfect order was preserved. Speeches, if not liked, were heard in silence; the ringing of the president's bell was instantly attended to; in short, the House of Commons could not have been under better control.

'The next night we went to another—the Club des Intérêts du Peuple—in hopes of hearing the Abbé Lacordaire, a celebrated Parisian preacher, who has offered himself as a candidate for the Assembly. He did not appear; but his pretensions and character were passionately discussed, the more so from anger at his non-appearance. And this, added to a dispute between the secretary and president, led to a scene of confusion quite unlike the order of the Sorbonne. For two hours it was not a debate interrupted by exclamations, but one continued uproar, interrupted by a few snatches of oratory—of men gaining a hearing for a few minutes, and then being put down.

'What would you have given if you could have been mesmerically transported there, and seen the hall, dimly lighted with tallow candles, a French mob of 1,000 persons, shouting and yelling at the tops of their voices—amongst other cries, the one that I so wanted to hear, *à bas ! à bas !*—and the Poppet's [his pet name at home] head enclosed within the embrace of two huge arms of a rough-bearded and bloused man, who was leaning over me, and

every now and then pouring his complaints into my fraternising ears? Yet with all this the most perfect good-humour prevailed.'

During Stanley's visit to Paris the formidable crisis occurred which made Sunday, April 16, one of the most important days of the Revolution. The insurgents were marching upon the Hôtel de Ville, thirty thousand strong, headed by some of the fiercest leaders of the Socialists and the Clubs. General Changarnier and Marrast ordered the *Rappel général* to be beaten, and the National Guard was called out. Under the pressure of superior numbers the insurgents dispersed. The crisis was averted. The democratic party received their first check. Four days later the regular army was brought back to Paris; on April 27 the elections were held, and on May 4 the Assembly met.

On April 16th Stanley writes:

'The Press has announced, and I suppose the "Times" will have re-echoed it to you, that the date of this letter will remain in history as "the most eventful day of the Revolution since February 24." I am afraid you will be sadly disappointed at my account of it.

'At 11.30 we set off to Notre Dame, being told that we must go at that time to have any chance of places, though the service did not begin till 1.30. Indeed, an English lady had informed me that the only way for gentlemen was to send a "tall servant" before them at 8 A.M., and for ladies at 4 A.M. Whether such ample precautions were really needed did not quite appear. We were severed from each other in the crowd. Jowett and I got tolerably good places; Palgrave heard nothing; Morier heard little, but saw much.

'It was Palm Sunday—the third Palm Sunday that I have passed abroad—and the dense mass of human heads was relieved here and there by the waving branches of box-tree, which here supplied the place of the genuine palms. The throng became closer and closer, and at last, at 1.30, the Archbishop of Paris, a red-faced, heavy-looking man

(who, by the way, is said to be about to stand for the Assembly), passed through to his seat in front of the pulpit, and in the pulpit appeared Lacordaire in his Dominican costume. I never saw such a congregation: the whole nave of Notre Dame was absolutely filled from end to end, chiefly men, and all listening with the most rapt attention. The sermon lasted till 3 P.M., and was on Labour, an attack on Louis Blanc's *Organisation du Travail*, but, at the same time, in full sympathy with the Revolution, to which he alluded more than once. It was extremely forcible, and evidently told immensely on the audience; not the least the jokes, which from time to time caused an audible titter all through the church. At other times there were murmurs of dissent and of approbation. I will give you a fuller account of it afterwards, but I here confine myself to the externals. Towards the close of the sermon, in the midst of a violent invective against the master-manufacturers for not leaving their workmen free on Sundays, a loud cry was suddenly heard from the west end of the church, which I took to be an expression of dissent from what he was saying. The whole congregation rose; there was no uproar or confusion, excepting a murmur all through the place; the preacher paused for a moment, said something to the quarter from whence the interruption came, and proceeded to the end, and the congregation broke up singing the Marseillaise.

Having missed Jowett and the others in the crowd, I came out alone, and was going straight back to the hotel, when I saw, on the other side of the river, an immense procession, extending the whole way from the Tuileries to the Hôtel de Ville, along the quay. I had heard the drums beat several times during the sermon, and thought, therefore, that it was a parade of guards, or something of the kind, and so went across and moved along the *trottoir* by the side of the procession till I came to a dead-lock from the confluence of the crowds at the Pont d'Arcole. The procession consisted of two lines—one of workmen in blouses with flags about *Organisation du Travail*, the other of National Guards, both lines equally armed with muskets and bayonets, which went glittering away in the distance as far back as you could see, and lost themselves, in fact, in a sea of steel before the Hôtel de Ville. There were no

cries nor any appearance of disorder, except that at one moment, just as I was escaping from the crowd, someone appeared at the windows of the Hôtel de Ville, and there were cheers, and hats and caps waved on the ends of bayonets. I thought it was merely fraternisation of some kind between the Gardes Mobiles and Nationaux, and ran back as fast as I could to the English Church at 4, meeting on the way some troops of the line.

Jowett and I had to dine with Lord Russell at 6.30. I had only just time to dress and go there, and then, for the first time (except for a frantic exclamation of the porter's wife at Meurice's that the troops were said to be going to massacre the people), we heard that a formidable movement had taken place, but that the Provisional Government had triumphed.

'And so you must understand that the drums I heard in Notre Dame were the celebrated *rappel* of the National Guard; that the loud cry was a man rushing in and calling out *On se bat*, believing that the collision was about to take place instantly; and that the procession which I saw was the great demonstration of the workmen (as great, it is said, as that of March 17), with the still greater demonstration of the National Guard, which carried the day.'

On April 20th the regular troops were brought back to Paris. Writing on the same day, Stanley thus describes the scene:

'It was a sign of the anxiety felt about it that all the preparations were kept secret till yesterday. The professed object was to fraternise the National and Mobile Guards with the Army, which had not been in Paris since the Revolution. The real object was to get the troops back again into Paris without exciting a disturbance, and to keep the Anarchical party in order. It was an ingenious plan, and hitherto seems to have been entirely successful.

'We had to be at the Triumphal Arch at 7.30, much against the grain, as it was a drizzly morning. Here we had to wait for an hour and a half before the Government came. The rain, however, kept off the mob till we were

safely lodged in the platform immediately under the Arch, whither we were transplanted by sundry dexterous movements unnecessary to repeat. The Provisional Government arrived in carriages—truly the eleven kings of France—and saluted by a royal salute of twenty-one guns (to protect ourselves against the report of which Jowett and I had provided cotton-wool to stuff our ears).

Crémieux and Marrast were the only two that we could catch distinctly as they drove up; but, after we were finally on the platform, they showed themselves from time to time by passing in and out amongst the spectators; and in this way I had a perfect view of Arago, Ledru-Rollin, Dupont de l'Eure, Louis Blanc, Flocon, and Albert. The two last were nothing remarkable to me; but the others were all very characteristic. Arago, with certainly the greatest appearance of ability; Crémieux, a clever Jewish face, animated and quick; Ledru-Rollin and Louis Blanc, the two antipodes—no portraits that I have seen do justice to the great bulk of the first or the extreme smallness of the second. Ledru-Rollin has a large coarse figure, and face—not ferocious, but extremely repulsive; Louis Blanc, one of the least men I ever saw, almost fairy-like in appearance, and with a light, easy, aerial movement and a perpetual smile upon his little features. These two, I think, were the most interesting to have looked at. Dupont de l'Eure, an old man bowed down with years, and fat, and with the dreary, vacant look which you might expect in a man who has seen three revolutions.

But, how provoking! Lamartine only came out once, when I was not by. I flew to the spot on hearing the cry of "Vive Lamartine!" but he was gone. He had paused for a minute as a countryman had presented him with a rosebud, and Palgrave saw him well. What was to be done? I waited for hours, in hopes he would again pass that way. At last, however, I did contrive by three imperfect glimpses to get some notion of him. The first was by climbing up on Morier's back, by which means I was enabled to look down into the tribune, the two others giving me the opera-glass—the celebrated opera-glass—the moment I was fairly on the shoulders of the good-natured giant, and telling me where and what to look for. The second was by another glimpse afforded me for a minute by

the kindness of an officer. The third was by attaching myself, in company with Jowett and Palgrave, to one of the advancing legions, and actually walking bareheaded, amidst the shouts of the people, as one of the troop underneath the platform, and so looking up to the great eleven as they sat on their thrones alone. He was motionless when I saw him, and therefore I did not recognise the fire and genius which you usually see in his portraits. The one thing which struck me in him, as contrasted with his colleagues, was his very aristocratic appearance—a perfect gentleman, the one gentleman of the set. Another person that one saw was Lamoricière, much older-looking than I had expected.

‘All this I mention first, as what was really most interesting to me. But the spectacle itself was of its kind as grand as can well be conceived. From the platform raised halfway up the height of the Arc de l’Etoile, immediately under the colossal statues of Napoleon and France, whose huge limbs supported and sheltered the pigmy forms of living men, you looked down the Champs Elysées to the Tuileries; and the whole avenue, down to the Obelisk which rose at the end above the whole, was one continuous stream of bayonets, first grey in the dull morning, then, as the sun came out, glittering like silver waves, wave upon wave flowing steadily onwards between the dark banks of the crowd which lined it on either side. It began at ten, and I believe is still going on now (9 P.M.).’

A second visit was paid to Paris in the first week of October, and on this occasion Stanley was accompanied by Pearson. In the interval great changes had taken place. The events of May 15th, the scene of violence in the National Assembly, and the attempt to form a new Provisional Government, had strengthened the hands of the moderate party. The leaders of the extreme Republicans felt that no time was to be lost. On June 23rd the barricades were once more formed, and a sanguinary struggle commenced, which lasted for four days, in the streets of Paris. The vigorous measures of General Cavaignac, who had been made provisional dictator, at

last restored order ; military rule triumphed over mob law ; and the Assembly, in which Louis Napoleon had taken his seat, were discussing the new Constitution and the mode of electing the President.

If the first visit to Paris had given him insight into a revolution, the second afforded him insight into a reaction. The soldiers, before so conspicuously absent, were everywhere, and their tents whitened the Champs Elysées. The Garde Mobile, in April an undisciplined motley force of ragged lads, were now subordinated to military rule, and clothed in neat uniforms like 'military midshipmen.' The Clubs had been broken up ; the blouses were banished from the streets. The Trees of Liberty were withered, and shorn of half their decorations ; the tricolours were faded ; the rainbow-coloured placards had disappeared from the walls ; the colossal bulletins of Ledru-Rollin were no longer seen ; the caricatures were few in number, and confined chiefly to ridiculous pictures of the leading Socialists ; the portraits of the Provisional Government were superseded by those of Louis Napoleon, the murdered Archbishop of Paris, or of General Cavaignac.

The principal event of the second visit to Paris was the speech of Lamartine in the Assembly.

'The debate was on the mode of electing the President, so that you will see it in the papers. The first three speakers, although speaking fluently, appeared to be obscure characters, and it was curious, especially during the two last, to observe the total indifference, but, at the same time, patience, of the deputies. No coughing, or stamping, or shuffling, but every face turned away from the orator to talk to its neighbour, or to look at a book, or to write. But for the interest, almost like that of a puzzle, to make out the different men by the numbers of the plan, it would have been tedious. But with this it was not the least so. There you saw, on the *right*, the old dynastic Opposition : Thiers, with his clever little face and grey hair ; Odillon-Barrot ; Jerome Bonaparte, the likeness of the Emperor ; Molé, a very pleasing

old man, the two hours' Minister of February 23; Fayet, Bishop of Orleans, and the two or three clergy in their black gowns. On the *left*, Arago, Lamartine, Garnier-Pagès; on the lowest benches, Ledru-Rollin; and high up on the mountain the two Socialists—Proudhon, very disagreeable, and Leroux, a wild, half-savage, long-haired, but not unpleasant countenance; Changarnier a little lower down; and, close by the President's chair, Cavaignac, with General Bedeau, halting from his wounds of June, and leaning over to speak to him. Cavaignac is very like his pictures: long, thin face, with a very high forehead, and immovable in his place, his head thrown back the whole time over the back of his seat. Everyone of eminence was there, I think, except Louis Napoleon.

About 4 P.M., to our unspeakable delight, the tribune was ascended by Lamartine. It was at the moment of a temporary suspension, and many of the deputies were absent; but in five minutes they were streaming in from every door, and for some time there was nothing to be heard but the trampling of feet and the cries, "En place, En place," he the while standing erect, with his arms folded.

The change of scene was extraordinary. From the utter apathy and vacancy of the House before, with its indifferent listeners and lifeless speakers, the whole was transformed into a beautiful picture. All the faces turned in one direction to the central tribune, and the tribune occupied by that noble figure, in himself so well suited to be the central object, with his graceful gestures, gradually becoming more and more impassioned as his voice grew louder and his countenance more animated. And so we have had a faint image of the famous speeches of February 25.

It was to me very difficult to catch the argument and the words; but it was evidently a very brilliant speech, a succession of vivid imagery, and producing a great effect; chiefly cheers from the right, but closing apparently amidst disapprobation. The voice was very distinct, with great variety of inflection, but with a certain thinness, as if it would come to an end, and required effort. The action was incessant and theatrical, but always striking—folded arms, hands raised up, but chiefly a pointing upwards or horizontal cleaving of the air, as if at the passage of visions before

him. On the whole, the impression was of consummate art, and coolness, and elevation of feeling and expression, but of too much aiming at effect to be quite agreeable; still a sight never to be forgotten, and standing out in a relief against the other speakers, which made their tame speeches valuable as the background to his.'

CHAPTER XII

1849-52

The Death of the Bishop of Norwich—Refusal of Deanery of Carlisle—The Gorham Controversy—Secretary to the Oxford University Commission—Canon of Canterbury, 1851

THROUGHOUT the early months of 1849 Stanley had been busily engaged in preparations for a visit to Palestine. He was especially anxious to make the expedition while his father was in sufficient vigour of health to dispense with his presence. His Commentary on the Epistles to the Corinthians was almost ready for the printers. His historical article on the University of Oxford, which was to form part of a volume of essays by various authors on University Reform, was nearly completed. His place as tutor was supplied by the election of Goldwin Smith as a Fellow of the College. The start was to be made in November. Nothing remained to be done except to pay the farewell visits, and to prepare for his geographical survey by a careful preliminary 'inquiry of living oracles and dead books.'

'I have taken,' he writes in July 1849,

'to reading through all the geographical parts of the Bible in Hebrew, and have got as far as the Kings, with the increasing conviction that there is no other ancient geography, except Greece, which opens its arms so widely to receive,

and to render up, the secrets of the past, as that of Palestine and Arabia.'

In the midst of his preparations an event occurred which interrupted all his plans, suspended all his schemes, and led eventually to the surrender of his Fellowship and to his acceptance of ecclesiastical preferment outside the University.

In August 1849, Stanley, his father, mother, and two sisters started for a tour in Scotland. At Derby, Stanley turned aside to visit Alderley, and the Arnolds and Jowett in the Lake District. His visits ended, he set out to rejoin his family at Perth. But on reaching Edinburgh he found a letter from his sister bidding him 'come on at once' to Brahan Castle, near Dingwall. On the evening of September 5th he arrived, to hear that his father had not many hours to live. All hope was entirely gone. The Bishop was lying without colour or expression, and without sign of life except the hard breathings which were the last struggle of Nature to deliver itself of its burden. The next evening he died.

The body was brought by sea to Yarmouth in a storm which almost wrecked the steamer. The funeral had been fixed for September 21st; but it was not till the 19th that the coffin arrived. The scene at the funeral was, as an eyewitness observed, 'not so much *impressive* as *oppressive* from the intensity of feeling displayed.' Between the Palace Gate and the Erpingham Gate the procession moved through not less than 20,000 spectators, yet not a sound could be heard beyond the trampling of feet. Every part of the Cathedral itself was thronged by thousands; all were in mourning, and many were deeply affected. 'The funeral,' writes Stanley himself to a friend, 'was one of the most impressive sights I ever saw, could I have looked upon it in that light.' The striking concourse of mourners, drawn together from every class, and representing every

shade of opinion, impressed him keenly with the greatness of the Bishop's work.

'Nothing,' he writes,

'like that funeral has been seen in Norwich Cathedral since the Reformation—I very much doubt whether in any English Cathedral. There may have been bishops who have been equally lamented by their clergy, some who have been equally lamented by the poor, or by society in general, or by Dissenters, but I do not think that there has been any who has been so sincerely mourned by *all* classes. And what made it more remarkable in his case was, that it was in spite of the great opposition which had been excited against him for so long, and also in spite of the disadvantages under which he laboured himself from his own natural tastes and pursuits having lain in another direction. And yet I believe that this very fact of his naturally unclerical tastes gave a double value to all that he did, because it made people feel that what he said to them, and did for them, he said and did, not merely as a clergyman or a bishop, but as a friend, as a man, and as a Christian. And so I hope his example will still do good, here and elsewhere, not only to the clergy, who often, I believe, complained in his lifetime that he was not one of themselves, but to the many in other classes and professions who felt, and felt most truly, that he was one of themselves.'

The Bishop had been widely recognised as an accomplished, agreeable man, whose tastes and pursuits were naturally scientific rather than clerical. Of his episcopal life, which had been one of works, and not of words, little was known outside his own diocese. Even to his own son many facts and features were only disclosed by the perusal of his private papers or by the communications of his friends. He had lived down the strong opposition which he had at first encountered, and had won the esteem and affection of men of all classes, ages, opinions, and professions. Clergy and laity, Churchmen and Dissenters, mourned him equally. He found his

diocese 'a wilderness'; he left it comparatively 'a cultivated field.' And this work had been done by a man who was, by natural tastes, temperament, and early training, unfitted to be a bishop, but who, finding himself in that unsought, undesired position, had formed a lofty ideal of the practical requirements of the office, and carried it out consistently as his highest duty. In preparing to write a short biography of his father, Stanley had adopted the same plan which he pursued in writing the *Life of Arnold*, and had circulated among the clergy of the diocese a series of questions, inviting the fullest and most candid information. As the answers came in, and as day by day the most striking points in the Bishop's discharge of his episcopal functions stood out in the fuller light of ascertained facts, the son's enthusiasm was kindled. His *Memoir of his father* (published early in 1851) is a book which should be put in the hands of all men who have, against their wills, entered professions for which they feel themselves naturally unfitted.

'The crash, the gloom, the uprooting, and the void,' writes Stanley between his father's death and burial, 'are at times overwhelming.' He could not look forward: 'all seems so changed that I cannot tell yet how all the old pleasures and duties will look when I come to them again. London will be our abode, and I shall not go back to Oxford till November.'

The death of the Bishop forced Stanley, as it were, into the world of real life. It plunged him into practical business—much of it business which he alone could transact. His mother and his sisters became his first care. The Dean of Carlisle, Dr. Hinds, was appointed to the See of Norwich, and the vacant deanery was immediately offered by Lord John Russell to Stanley. Stanley did not hesitate. He declined the offer. But when he witnessed the grief of his mother and sisters at parting from Norwich, and reflected upon the home

which he might have offered them at Carlisle, his confidence in his decision was shaken, and at times he half-regretted his refusal. 'If it,' he says, 'or anything similar were to come over again, I should find it very difficult to refuse.'

The tie with Oxford was already loosened. Two other events contributed to sever it altogether. Blow after blow fell on the happy family circle, which hitherto had known no loss. In December 1849 arrived the news that in August his brother Charles, a captain in the Royal Engineers, had died suddenly at Hobart Town, Van Diemen's Land. In the following March, his eldest brother, Owen, who was in command of H.M.S. *Rattlesnake*, expired suddenly on board his ship in Sydney Harbour. When the news reached Arthur Stanley in July 1850, he found himself the sole prop and stay of his family. By the death of his father and eldest brother he succeeded to a small landed estate, which rendered it impossible for him, under the existing regulations, to retain his Fellowship. Deprived of his own home at University College, and desirous to provide one for his mother and sisters, he was not likely to refuse another offer of an independent post, even if it severed his connection with his beloved Oxford.

On his return to the University at the beginning of 1850 he recoiled from the plunge into 'the vortex of its controversies and personalities,' and found it hard to revive his academic interests. Some portion of his tutorial duties had been transferred to the newly-appointed Fellow, Goldwin Smith. With his weekly lectures reduced from sixteen to six he was, for the first time in his Oxford career, the master of a 'mass of leisure.' His hands were, however, full of work. Not only was he engaged in writing the memoir of his father, and preparing two articles on Grote's History of Greece for the *Quarterly Review*; he was also immersed in the Gorham controversy, and in schemes for Univer-

sity Reform, which events were rapidly ripening to maturity.

At this distance of time the extraordinary excitement which was aroused by the Gorham controversy seems almost incredible. But from January to August 1850 there was truth as well as humour in the remark of a Frenchman, who congratulated Stanley on the fact that the English Revolution had taken the shape of 'le père Gorham.' Stanley's letters to his friends, crowded as they are with lengthy references to the contest, show the keen interest with which he followed every stage in the controversy. His attitude was throughout consistent. To his mind the technical question of theology—whether the view put forward by Mr. Gorham was true or false, whether at baptism original sin is remitted in infants or not—was relatively immaterial. The real issue was, whether the Bishop of Exeter had the power to impose upon his clergy a new test. In July 1850 he expressed this view in one of the most telling of his contributions to the *Edinburgh Review*. But the brilliant success of his article only served to increase his misgivings as to the active part which he had taken in the contest :

'In proportion as the sad events of the last few months have sunk into my thoughts, I have had some misgivings about my article. I fear that St. John would hardly have approved of it. At any rate, I will never write anything of the kind again.'

Meanwhile the question of University Reform rapidly assumed pressing importance. Eleven years before Stanley had, as already explained, assisted Tait in his pamphlet on 'The Revival of the Professorial System.' Throughout the interval the subject was continually before his mind. For months past he had been engaged, in conjunction with Jowett and other friends, in preparing a volume of essays on various topics con-

nected with the reform of the University. His views extended beyond the enlargement of the professorial system. No one recognised more clearly that a university training consists, not merely in teaching or in learning, but in a thousand undefined things—in the place, the amusements, the society, the associations—and that it was less a system of education, than a particular sphere of English life, which might be raised to higher utility by the introduction of more popular and more intellectual elements. Above all he dreaded that the time for reform might be allowed to slip, and that the consequence of neglecting the present opportunity would be a drastic revolution, which would sacrifice much that was of inestimable value. From this point of view he desired generally to adapt the University to the changes which two centuries had witnessed in the relation of classes and the subjects of knowledge—to make it a national institution which should not merely train up an intellectual aristocracy, but should extend the advantages of its education to all ranks of society. And with these objects he wished to provide endowments for neglected branches of study, to attract poor students by reducing the expenses of college life, to call the University into existence as distinct from the Colleges, and, especially, to enlarge its foundation by modifying clerical restrictions, by strengthening and enlarging the professorial system, and by removing the limitations which confined Fellowships and scholarships to particular families or counties.

In the summer of 1850 the Oxford University Commission was appointed, with Stanley as 'the trusty and well-beloved secretary.' The Commissioners were charged with the duty of sifting the whole subject of reform, of exploring the actual state and capabilities of the Universities, and of collecting the materials on which sound legislation could be based. The first meeting of the Commission was held on October 19th, 1850.

Their Report was not issued till May 1852, and their powers expired in the following August. For nearly two years the work absorbed even Stanley's indefatigable energies, and eighty-seven meetings required his constant presence in London. At first Oxford remained his headquarters; but in July 1851 he accepted a Canonry at Canterbury, which henceforward became his home. The little leisure that he enjoyed from the work of the Commission was chiefly spent in the final revision of his Commentary on the Epistles to the Corinthians, and in his tutorial, and subsequently in his canonical duties. The strain of the burden is evidenced by the striking diminution in the number and length of his letters to his family and his friends.

Moments of relaxation intervened when he was able to throw off the weight and enjoy, with all his wonted zest, some great spectacles, such as those of the opening and close of the Great Exhibition. The following letter, dated May 1st, 1851, describes to his sister-in-law the opening scene:

' You must have a letter from me dated with this memorable date, whether I am able to finish it or not. There was one question, I am sure, in everyone's mouth this morning as soon as they woke, from Victoria R. down to the humblest workman in the Exhibition: "What kind of a day is it?" And I can imagine the delight with which Albert would answer, in the same words as Stephen announced to me: "A beautiful morning, and quite dry." At 6.30 P.M. (*sic*) we were ready to start; an unexpected delay from John's "having," as he expressed it, "overlaid himself," kept us till 6.45; but we got into the Park five minutes after the gates were opened, and with not more than twenty carriages ahead of us, and a perpetually multiplying tail behind.

' At 8.15 we all took our stand close to the door on the south side of the Crystal Palace. At ten minutes before 9 the long-expected moment came, the gates flew back, and in we rushed, the very first. One moment for showing our tickets, another for receiving others, and then ensued

one of the most ridiculous scenes I ever saw. The Crystal Palace with all its wonders was before us ; but no one paused to look at a single object. The transept and the royal platform was the one only object, and forward everyone darted, first in a trot, then in full gallop, in every direction. Meanwhile the same process had taken place at all the other doors, so that the whole building was simultaneously covered with this scattered race, and was filling from all these several quarters.

'It was not till we were fairly seated that we ventured to look round. The transept, as the nearest part, was the chief object. In the centre was the platform, covered with red cloth, and a dais for the Chair of State, immediately in front of which was the glass fountain, not yet playing. On each side were statues ; in the north transept were the great green trees, and underneath them palm-trees and the like from the East India House, with another fountain, playing ; and amongst these trees stood, statue-like, the Beefeaters. Opposite was a clock, which pointed at 9 as we finally settled ourselves, and we had the interest of watching the gradual advance upon 12. Three hours pent up in a small space might seem a long time, but it was not. At last 11.30 A.M. came, when the doors were finally closed, and no more invasion of our seats was possible. Then the clock reached 5 minutes to 12, the platform cleared, and the flourish of trumpets announced the arrival of the Queen. I have a very indistinct recollection of that moment : a dim vision of a procession amidst the palm-trees, and then the whole group gradually forming itself on the platform, and "God save the Queen" bursting forth from the north organ. I never had so good a view of the Queen before, and never before saw her look so thoroughly regal. She stood in front of the chair, turning round first to one side and then to the other, with a look of power and pride, flushed with a kind of excitement which I never witnessed in any other human countenance.

'The next act was the reading of the address and the answer—both absolutely inaudible. Then the Archbishop's prayer, he coming up the steps of the platform and standing by the side of the Queen, she turning attentively to him. He must have made a great exertion, for his was the only voice which made itself heard ; of course, even that

only to the neighbourhood of the platform, and in a few sentences which I now recognise in the printed form. The prayer was instantly followed by the "Hallelujah Chorus." How admirably chosen for the occasion! But grand as it was, I must here observe that the *sounds* (with the single exception of the flourish of trumpets) were quite inadequate to the *sight*,—lost in the greatness of the building. And this was still more apparent when the procession moved away down the nave: the roar of the great organ from the west end was only just audible; the band in the eastern nave was like the booming of distant cannon.

'A beautiful sight began as soon as the platform was cleared: the glass fountain for the first time commenced to play, and the sun, which had broken out just before the Queen's entrance, played upon it in turn. Meanwhile you traced the procession down the nave by the shouts and wavings of handkerchiefs, gradually dying away in the distance on the northern side, and then beginning again on the southern side, as it gradually reappeared, crossing the corner of the platform into the south transept, each turning round, as they passed, for a glance at the new beauty which had come forth in the interval. You may judge of the length of the procession by being told that the heralds at the head of it, with their fantastic coats, had reappeared on the platform at the western corner of the south-west nave before the final disappearance of its extremity from the east corner of the platform.

'The two children were charming to see, and it was evidently a grand moment for the whole party when they reached the platform again in triumph: the Queen's severe look was melted into smiles, and everyone looked happy and relieved, as if a victory had been won. Then the trumpets, and out they went.'

A few weeks later, in July of the same year, he received, and accepted, the offer of a canonry at Canterbury. In the letters of his University friends regrets were largely mingled with congratulations. Yet, however strongly they might feel that Oxford without his presence would lose a potent charm, they recognised that a college life was not the best school of character,

and that for him the appointment was in every way a gain.

The wrench of the final parting was painful in the extreme, and the ideal of his new duties lay heavy upon him. On a cold and dreary evening in November he sent for one of his pupils to say good-bye. 'I found him,' writes the pupil (the Rev. A. G. Butler), 'in his rooms, literally cowering over the fire. "Think of me," he said, "lost in that huge Cathedral."' 'I feel deeply,' he tells Pearson, 'that my calling was *here*; and I feel as if I were passing from a land of realities into a land of shadows. How gladly would I lie down to rest under the threshold of this beloved chapel!'

When once the first great flight from Oxford was effected, the worst was over. 'Two advantages,' he writes to Jowett from Canterbury on November 17th, 1851,

'this place certainly has over both Oxford and London, and those are, rest and seclusion; and in my present condition both are greatly to be prized. . . .

'I have not had time to explore much, but I discover with satisfaction that the two most illustrious Canons of Canterbury were, one a layman, the other a minister of the Dutch Church—Casaubon and Savarin; and that Arnold's much-abused theory of having different sects worship in the same church is here fulfilled even to exaggeration, inasmuch as a Presbyterian service is carried on in the Crypt at the same hour as the Cathedral service above. Yesterday, for the first time, I saw the French Protestant texts written on the ancient Norman pillars.

'Now that the farewell to my Oxford life is over I wonder that I feel the change as little as I do. Visions of familiar faces still pass, from time to time, thro' the waste Cathedral, and the features of an old pupil, beaming thro' the moustaches of an officer in the Lancers quartered here, make my heart leap. But I am more hopeful than I ever thought I could be after my occupation was gone, and my Commission work is too great to allow me to think much of anything but of the present moment.'

The following letter, dated 'The Audit Room, Canterbury, November 26, 1851,' sketches one aspect of his new duties for which he felt himself to be wholly incompetent :

'Behold the date ! Now the second day. A conversation in Chinese (as far as relates to me) going on between the Dean, Dr. Spry, and the sexmillenarian C— on leases and tithes at one end of a long table. The aged M— wrapt in the "Times," the infirm D— wrapt in vacancy ; the auditor warming himself by the fire ; Archdeacon Harrison really doing business ; Lord Charles Thynne and A. P. S. writing letters as fast as the pen can carry us— which possibility is the redeeming feature of the whole affair, and really prevents it from being so intolerable as it would otherwise be.'

The historical charms of Canterbury strongly impressed him from the first moment that he commenced his residence. Within a few days after his arrival he had begun to realise for himself, as he afterwards realised for others with such dramatic vividness, the great events which had been enacted within or beneath the walls of the Cathedral. 'Beckett's murder,' he writes, 'is dawning in all its details. Did you ever realise that it was in the dark—by twilight ?' Mingled with regrets at leaving Oxford was his delight in the identification of his new home with Canterbury, 'the cradle of English Christianity,' 'the seat of the English Primacy.' Deeper even than the pain of severance from old ties was the pleasure of making a home for his mother and sister. 'You cannot think,' he says, 'how much the dear mother and sister enjoy the place. *This* is to me the real attraction.' His Canonry freed him from academical controversy ; it liberated him from the entanglements of party ; it removed him from an atmosphere of metaphysical subtlety which he breathed with difficulty ; it made him the master of a home which became a

centre of social life ; it enabled him, to quote his own words, to 'travel far and wide over the earth with nothing to check the constant increase of knowledge which such experience brings.' And the use that he made of his opportunities abundantly justified his appointment. It was here that he completed his 'Commentary on the Epistle to the Corinthians' ; here that he preached the sermons contained in the volume of 'Canterbury Sermons' ; here that he prepared and delivered the lectures collected in his 'Memorials of Canterbury.' It was from Canterbury that he started on his tour in the Holy Land, and it was in the cathedral city that he completed 'Sinai and Palestine.'

During the Crimean War he was walking in Hyde Park with Thomas Carlyle, who, in bitter mood, was railing against the institutions of the country. In answer to his twice-repeated question, 'What is the advice which you would give to a Canon of Canterbury ?' came a reply that began in jest and ended in earnest : 'Dearly beloved Roger,' said Carlyle, '*Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might.*' And with all his might he strove to find and to do the right work. He knew that his gifts lay in other directions than that of business details. His special work consisted in using to the utmost his powers and opportunities as a preacher ; in arousing his fellow-citizens to a keen appreciation of their privilege of living beneath the shadow of a great historic building ; in guarding, restoring, and preserving the monuments of the illustrious dead who lay buried within its precincts ; in imparting to its cold stones the living warmth of human interests ; in transforming its bare walls into glowing pages of national history. It was in these directions that he strove to realise to himself the thought which he so often expressed, that 'Every position in life, great or small, can be made almost as great, or as little, as we desire to make it.'

For the moment, indeed, the work which lay nearest

to his hand was the work of the University Commission. So great was the demand which it made on his time that he had little leisure for anything beyond the bare discharge of his canonical duties. 'Gladstone,' he writes, 'told someone the other day that he thought the Oxford Commission would avoid giving any handle for attack, owing to the "ingenuity" or "ingenuousness" (the person could not remember which) "of the secretary."' The testimony was well deserved. Singularly free though he was from the common vice of secretaries—the desire to manage everybody—it was to his conciliatory tact that the Commission owed no small measure of its success in dealing with the opposition of the Oxford Colleges and their friends. 'I know,' wrote one of the Commissioners, 'no secretary who could have brought to the work the same patience, good-temper, and conciliation as Arthur Stanley.' But the continued strain, both on mind and body, was severe. In December 1851 he speaks of 'the increasing interest of the great work' and of 'the enormous labours of all concerned.' Four months later he announces to Jowett the publication of the Report:

'The Report will explode, I presume, to-morrow (May 22) in Oxford, when you will receive your copies.

When you consider the den of lions through which the raw material had to be dragged, much will be excused. In fact, the great work was to finish it at all. There is a harsh, unfriendly tone about the whole which ought, under better circumstances, to have been avoided, but which may, perhaps, have the advantage of propitiating the Radicals.'

The Report produced an effect which surpassed Stanley's 'most ardent expectations.' 'It has struck root,' he says, 'in London, and therefore the University cannot ignore it.' The Report is a remarkable document, which formed an era in constitutional history, and furnished a precedent for the course to be followed in deal-

ing with the great institutions of the nation. To Stanley personally its success was peculiarly gratifying, because in its final shape, with the exception of the recommendations of the Commissioners, it was mainly his work.

The historical introduction is drawn from the materials which Stanley had collected for his essay in the projected volume on University Reform. In this investigation he was a pioneer. Almost his only predecessor in the field had been the German, Huber. The result showed the complete revolution which had been accomplished in the constitution and statutable form of the University and its Colleges. It disclosed a startling conflict between solemn obligations and daily conduct; it revealed radical discrepancies between sworn profession and present practice; it demonstrated direct contradictions between the legal and the actual conditions of academical studies and educational machinery. The changes were, in the main, the product of natural and inevitable development. But they had been effected rather by indirect than by open means, and the liberal construction formerly put upon the statutes negatived the arguments of those who, under new conditions, now relied on their literal interpretation as an insurmountable objection to reform. Always a strong antagonist of tests and subscriptions, Stanley could not have devised a more effective illustration of the danger of the imposition of statutory oaths, or furnished a more powerful commentary on the sophistries by which such sanctions are interpreted, the casuistry that baffles the most peremptory dispositions, and the corrupting obligation of undertaking the performance of acts which it is never intended to perform.

With the actual recommendations of the Commissioners Stanley, as secretary, had less direct concern. Most of the proposed changes have been effected by subsequent legislation. Lord Aberdeen's Government, in its second year of office (April 1854), introduced a sweeping measure

of University Reform, based on the Report of the Commissioners, which was passed into law on August 7th, 1854. The publication of the Report of the Commission in 1852 set Stanley free to pay that visit to the Holy Land which his father's death had postponed, a visit for which he had during four years carefully prepared himself, and which he felt to be of inestimable importance to his future studies.

CHAPTER XIII

1852-53

Tour in Egypt and the Holy Land—Constantinople on the Eve of the Russian War

STANLEY delayed his final departure for the East till the Canterbury audit was completed. Starting on December 1st, 1852, he reached Paris in time to hear the Second Empire proclaimed. Thence he hurried on to Marseilles, and embarked for Egypt. The Eastern tour, so long projected, had fairly begun.

Every point in the tour from Alexandria to Constantinople is minutely described in a series of letters which for descriptive vividness, unaffected simplicity, and fulness of detail, can scarcely be surpassed. 'Sinai and Palestine,' perhaps the most widely popular of his writings, is based on this material. As Professor Goldwin Smith wrote to him on his return, 'You have nothing to do but to piece together your letters, cut off their heads and tails, and the book is done.' To quote largely from these letters would therefore be superfluous.

The Eastern tour falls into four parts:—(1) Egypt; (2) The Desert; (3) Palestine, and northwards to Damascus; (4) Asia Minor and Constantinople.

And first of Egypt. At Alexandria the East burst upon him instantaneously, 'like the rush of the Sicilian spring, in its rapid race of glorious sights.' As he disembarked from the steamer in a small boat,

'a long line of turbaned men stood on the quay with sticks. The moment we landed, a rush was made at us and at each other; backwards and forwards flew the sticks to keep off the rivals from us. Into the midst of this whirl donkeys were suddenly precipitated. I jumped on one, Fremantle on the other: two boys, or men, without a word of aught but Arabic in their mouths, flew after us as we, urged by them, galloped at full speed through the streets. No scene that I ever remember in my travels, except, perhaps, the ascent of Vesuvius, was so inexpressibly diverting. I shook and shouted with laughter at the mere comicality of the sensation.

'Yet this was the least part of the scene. At every turn pictures, thoughts, dreams of former days, leaped into life and crossed our path for a moment, only to be succeeded by something equally strange and familiar. Houses hardly looking like houses, so worn and crumbling, suddenly rushing out into a fragment of the well-known Moorish arcade; women walking like sheeted spectres in long white garments, such as those worn by the penitents in the Colosseum, concealing all but their eyes; camels, not one or two, but everywhere, stretching out their long, snake-like necks; palms, not an isolated tree here and there, but towering in thick groves over the walls of gardens. Breathless with laughter and delight, we arrived at the hotel.'

He had made Egypt his starting-point, because it was the background of the history of Israel, the necessary prelude to Sinai and Palestine. Without a sense of its customs, habits, agricultural practices, and daily occupations, without a vision of its temples, its monuments, and its narrow strip of vivid verdure hemmed in by sandy wastes, he felt that no impression of the Holy Land would be complete. To saturate his mind with its unchanged aspects was to prepare for the necessary contrast with the bare, silent, solitary desert. With this object in view he embarked on board a boat, intending to proceed up the Nile as far as the Second Cataract. But before the first week was ended the voyage became intolerably tedious and monotonous.

With none of his father's love for natural history, he found his great resource in books. 'Whatever other advice,' he says, 'I should give to anyone coming up the Nile, I should say, "spare no books."' His three companions were Theodore Walrond, Fremantle, and Findlay, and he begins his first letter with a plan, as he had done of his study at Rugby or of his rooms at Balliol, of the arrangement of their cabins. Each had their nicknames with the crew. Stanley was called 'The Sheykh'; Walrond, 'The Pacha,' from his practical leadership of the party; Fremantle, 'The Fez,' from his cap; Findlay, 'The Father of Guns,' from his love of sport.

A walk on the bank before breakfast, a lecture delivered by himself on the Coptic Church, or on some kindred subject, a daily midday service, the study of all parts of the Hebrew Bible that relate to Egypt, or of the Koran, Champollion, Bunsen, Wilkinson, or Lane, formed the serious business of his day. 'The Arabian Nights' was read aloud by the whole party in turn after dinner. When books began to fail, he found in the conversation of his dragoman, Mohamed-ibn-Hassan of Ghizeh, a never-failing amusement and delight. Mohamed played too conspicuous a part in the tour to be passed over with the bare mention of his name. A Bedouin by birth, he was the son of an Arab who 'lived in a blanket.' As a boy he had driven his father's sheep to pasture at the base of the Pyramids, where, as Herodotus was told by the priests, the Shepherd King himself fed his flocks. He was a Dervish, and had himself offered his body to be trodden under the feet of the Sheykh's horse at the 'Doseh.' Now he was a packer of Dervishes, and hoped 'to be a Caliph, *i.e.* (according to the literal use of the word) one of those from whom may be chosen the successor to the Sheykh of the Saadyehs.' Throughout the whole journey from Cairo to Jaffa he accompanied Stanley, who felt the warmest

affection for his faithful servant. 'No one, except you at home, and perhaps Mohamed, knows'—so he writes in his last letter from Palestine—'how much I enjoyed all I saw, and till I reach home I shall hardly know myself.'

Before the voyage was ended Stanley found himself richly repaid for its weariness by the sight of Thebes, Karnak, and Abu Simbel. Yet it was with unfeigned delight that he again passed through Cairo to pursue the main purpose of his journey. For Stanley, Egypt had no history, in the dramatic sense of the word. Its primeval world was to him, as to the Israelite, the starting-point in the gradual unfolding of the sequences of a great drama which, physically as well as morally, ascended by successive stages, till it culminated at Jerusalem, the historical goal of the Law and the Prophets, the local consummation of the Gospel narrative. In the stillness and desolation of the Sinaitic desert was the birthplace of history. As Stanley set his face towards the wilderness, and knew that the Pyramids were receding behind him, he felt the thrill of entering upon the Holy Land, not only of Christian Europe, but of three peoples who have powerfully affected the destinies of the East. For the Egyptian, as the Sinaitic inscriptions show, the Peninsula had possessed a religious interest anterior to the exodus; for the Jew, it was the scene of all that was grandest and most awful in his sacred history; for the Moslem, it was consecrated by the frequent allusions in the Koran, and by the visit of the Prophet Mahomet. It may be imagined with what vividness—and 'Sinai and Palestine,' and still more the fresh impressions of his letters, reveal the vigour of the realistic faculty—Stanley would clothe the mountains once again with the awe of a Mighty Presence, or people anew its wilds with 'hungry seers or prophets vigil-blind,' or recall the days when Elijah lodged in the caves of Mount Sinai, or behold in the high-road of the pilgrims the

track which St. Paul followed when he went into Arabia for his mysterious sojourn, or picture the young camel-driver of Mecca resting on his toilsome march, without a thought of his destiny, without an aspiration beyond a safe transit and a ready market for his merchandise.

Stanley had come to Egypt unprepared for the ride across the desert. Fearful of the consequences, he was anxious to provide himself with riding-breeches; but only red leather could be obtained in Cairo, and 'the spectacle,' as he wisely concluded, 'of red leather would have been not only ludicrous but shocking.' Reassured by Mohamed as to the adequacy of his garments, he mounted his camel.

'Down the huge creature crumples itself. I leap on its hump, take hold of the two pegs on each side of the saddle, first fall forwards, then backwards, as he successively rears up his hind and his fore legs, and then find myself on a mass of bags and carpets and bedding, on which I can turn myself every way—forwards, backwards, sideways. And now the monster straddles out its long neck, and forth it goes, sometimes I holding the bridle, sometimes the Bedouin, Selim.

'It is literally like passing through the desert on a mountain. You feel at once raised above all ordinary cares: no fear of fleas, if there are any; no glare or heat from the sand; a wide prospect, like what one used to enjoy from the highest summit of coach or diligence, and a full enjoyment of every breeze which blows through the desert. The strangeness of the animal is inexhaustible. However much you may forget it in the ordinary ride, the lengthened and extraordinary process of the subsiding and upheaving always recalls you to a sense of your situation; and, as you ride, it is a constant amusement to watch the windings of that snake-like neck, now darting down to crop a solitary tuft of grass, now upwards at a straw fluttering from the back of my neighbour's camel, now turning its huge lips to receive a loving kiss again and again repeated from Selim.'

As in the boat on the Nile, so now on the camel in

the desert, he carefully prepared himself for his survey of the Holy Land by reading every word of Robinson's elaborate volumes of 'Biblical Researches in Palestine.' 'I read them,' he said,

'now riding on the back of a camel in the desert, now travelling on horseback through the hills of Palestine, now under the shadow of my tent, when I came in weary from the day's journey. They are among the very few books of modern literature of which I may truly say that I have read every word.'

At every step his interest grew—an interest which was sustained, protracted, and deepened, till it culminated on Calvary and on Olivet. In the desert no successive tides of great recollections weakened the effect of each other. One single wave of history has passed over that desolate, arid plain, with its stunted vegetation, its wild passes, its deep stillnesses, its unclothed grandeur. But that one stream of events had for its background the magnificence of Egypt, and for its distant horizon the forms, as yet unborn, of Judaism, of Mahometanism, of Christianity.

The wilderness melted into the mountains, and Stanley was entering Palestine. Apart from the sanctity of its sacred associations, this third portion of the tour possessed, for his mind, one special charm. In the desert, the one drawback to his complete enjoyment had been the uncertainty of the localities. His anxiety to be impartial chilled his enthusiasms. 'Oh for a word,' he cries, 'to tell me with certainty where any of these spots are which are described with such precision!' In Palestine this one drawback was removed.

'After all the uncertainty of desert topography—I may also say of Roman topography, whether classical or sacred—it was quite startling, though I knew it beforehand, to find the localities so absolutely authentic, and to hear the names of Carmel, Maon, Ziph, shouted out, in answer to my ques-

tions, from the Bedouin guides, or from the ploughmen in the fields, who know no more of David's wanderings than of those of Ulysses. And now I am in Hebron, looking on the site of a sepulchre whose genuineness has never yet been questioned—in the oldest existing city of the world; and to that, with equal certainty, is to succeed Bethlehem, and to that, Jerusalem.'

Henceforward he was in the midst of certainties, passing through places the names of which were among the familiar sounds of childhood. And no traveller has ever realised more forcibly, or imparted more vividly, this rich charm of travelling through a classic land. In Palestine he was enabled to transfer, with bold, yet reverent, hand, the whole subject of Biblical archæology to its true place in the science of man. He exhibits, in their rich complexity, the extraordinary confluence of associations which, in magnitude, in antiquity, in variety, are unique. Neither Greece nor Italy has ever provoked a Crusade. The disputes of the learned over the localities in Athens or in Rome never—as with Bethlehem or Jerusalem—aroused religious controversy, dictated prophetic interpretations, raised cases for diplomatic Missions, created foreign wars, or involved the fall of nations. As he unravels the devious webs of history which, apart from higher and holier interests, here converge, as it were, on the heart of human destiny, he converts into a reality of moral fact the simple belief exhibited in the 'Mappa Mundi,' that Jerusalem is, literally and physically, the centre of the earth.

One characteristic of 'Sinai and Palestine' is that Stanley accumulates, with pictorial vividness, the wealth of historical association, both sacred and profane, which gathers round the Holy Land. Another feature is, that, approaching the well-worn subject from a novel point of view, he shows the general history of the Chosen People to be a reflection of the land in which they lived, or traces the special course of particular events to the

geographical character of the spots where they occurred. In other respects it is rather the manner than the form of treatment which marks the individuality of the man. Other writers have shown, but none with greater force, how much is gained by seeing the country through the eyes of the Bible, and the Bible through the eyes of the country. It is Stanley's constant purpose to trace those minute correspondences between scenes and incidents, those constant and circumstantial agreements of recorded history with natural geography which, so far, at least, must convince the most sceptical that he is dealing, not with fables of Eastern origin, but with realities of flesh and blood.

Feeling, as Stanley did in every nerve and fibre of his body, the charm of knowing the exact outline of landscape, the precise colour of hills and fields, the special objects, both far and near, which met the eyes of speakers or of actors, he always endeavours to place himself in the actual spot where acts were done or words were spoken. In the identification of localities mentioned in the Old Testament the traveller is aided by the minute particularity of the descriptions, and by the use of the Hebrew phraseology, which, in precision, abundance, and picturesqueness, is only rivalled by a vocabulary of provincialisms. In the New Testament the difficulty and the need are both greater. The active, practical energy of the Christian religion converts its earliest records into narratives of journeys by land and sea, by lake and mountain. Sometimes the simple vividness of the sacred story marks the actual spot at once, beyond doubt or dispute; more often its identification must be a matter of evidence. Whatever assistance could be gained from the traditions which the historical consciousness of Palestine had accumulated, is enlisted to aid or to correct the judgment of Stanley's own eye and cultivated instinct. And his graphic pictures were the rich reward of the constant anxiety to seek out the

precise spot which had been the scene of action or of speech. Writing before the multiplication of maps, plans, pictures, prints, and photographs, Stanley may almost be said to have re-discovered Palestine by the force and freshness, the local colour, the truth and detail of the impressions which he realised for himself and conveyed to his readers.

Jerusalem was reached on Easter Eve, and was made the centre for expeditions northward to Damascus, and eastward to Jericho and the Dead Sea. The following extract from a letter commenced on the shores of Lake Gennesareth is quoted to illustrate the spirit in which he travelled through the scenes of our Lord's labours in Galilee :

'And now, before we turn away over the mountains, I will say briefly what has struck me in regard to the scenes of our Lord's ministry, of which we shall now see no more, with the exception of the glimpse of Tyre and Sidon and the Plain of Jericho.

'The chief point is, what everyone observes, the passing of the Parables before your eyes. The vineyards with their towers I noticed at Hebron and Bethlehem. On the hills above Bethany, and still more in the Valley of Jehosaphat, I saw the shepherds herding their flocks of sheep and goats, white sheep and black sheep intermingled. In the corn-fields of Shechem women and children were carefully picking out the green tares from the wheat. There, too, you saw the man ploughing with his yoke of oxen. In the Plain of Gennesareth, sloping down to the very shore where the Parable of the Sower was uttered, there is the corn springing up from that "good" and "rich" soil; there is the deeply-trodden pathway running through the midst of it; there is the rocky ground of the hillside protruding through the surface of the earth; there are the large bushes of thorn (growing abundantly all along the shores of the Lake, and remarkable as being of that special kind of which tradition says that the Crown of Thorns was woven), springing up, as all trees do in these parts, in the very midst of the waving corn. The boats have long since vanished from

the waters of the Lake, but there were two or three fishermen casting in nets from stones on the edge. Flowers grow abundantly; but the only lily (in our sense of the word) which I have seen was in one of the streams halfway between the Lake and Cæsaræa Philippi.

'All these things are so obvious, so common, that but for the Parables you would not notice them. But I think it is this very fact—this universal matter-of-fact character—that makes the allusions remarkable. And, on the other hand, one is struck with the absence of allusions to the *local* features of the country, however striking, especially as contrasted with the old prophets. He must have been familiar with that view from Nazareth. Yet none of its grand objects come within the circle of His teaching. The only one, perhaps—if it be so—is "the city set on a hill."'

At Beirut the Syrian tour ended, and Stanley parted with Mohamed, the dragoman.

'He came on board the boat with us, and there I gave him his character, and told him the substance of what I had written in it. Walrond then gave him a present of additional money. But (we were on deck) Mohamed said, "Do, master, come down stairs, and give it me there." We came into the cabin, where we were alone. He then took our hands and kissed them, and said, turning to each of us, "Do not, do not forget poor Hamed." (This is the abbreviation by which he generally calls himself.) I confess that it was quite too much for me. It was the close of one of the most interesting and delightful periods of my life, of which the interest and delight had been doubled, and trebled, by this faithful servant, whom, in all probability, I was then leaving for the last time. "No, Mohamed, I shall never forget you." He turned away, and burst into an agony of tears, kissed our hands again and again, and rushed out of the cabin, and I saw him no more.'

Stanley's departure from the Holy Land had been accelerated in order that he might see Constantinople before what he believed to be its impending fall. The 'glory,' which had brightened in intensity from the

desert to Jerusalem, was fast fading into the 'common day' of the Western world; but in the scenes of Apostolical labours or of ancient Councils the coast of Asia Minor was still illuminated by gleams 'from that imperial palace' whence he came. After all that he had seen, even Constantinople seemed to be 'somewhat a drug. The descent from the Bible to Gibbon, from names known to the whole world to names known only to the learned, is immeasurable.'

The Eastern tour, which thus closed with a visit to Constantinople on the eve of the Russian War, appropriately terminated with an interview with Lord Stratford de Redcliffe:

'I made one more attempt on Lord Stratford, and at length found him. Nothing could be more kind, more gracious. . . . Taking advantage of some opening afforded by Palestine, I ventured to ask about the position of affairs. He instantly went off on this, and stated with the utmost clearness and (I should have said) frankness, exactly his view of the case. I cannot repeat all he said. Perhaps the most remarkable as well as the safest was: "I feel that it is impossible to predict; sometimes I think it will pass over; sometimes I think that we are really on the verge of that most important event to which all the world has been looking for so many years, and that, after so many false cries, the wolf has come at last." He spoke very strongly of the injustice of the Russian claims, but at the same time with the utmost calmness and moderation.'

CHAPTER XIV

1853-56

Life at Canterbury, 1853-56—'Memorials of Canterbury,' 1854—'Commentary on the Epistles to the Corinthians,' 1855—'Sinai and Palestine,' 1856—Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the University of Oxford, 1856

STANLEY returned to England in June 1853, overflowing with the recollections of 'those glorious days which can never be taken away.' To sympathetic listeners he poured forth, with every charm of voice and manner, the rich stores of dramatic recollections and picturesque impressions which he brought with him from the East. 'Those who then had the privilege of visiting him at Canterbury,' says the late Dean Bradley, himself among the first of his privileged friends, 'will well understand his closing a letter of invitation to Professor Max Müller with the words, "I consider I was never so well worth a visit."'

Much as he had loved Oxford, his affections were now completely concentrated on his new home. The labours of the University Commission were ended; he had accomplished the Eastern tour which had been the cherished wish of years. Nothing now stood between him and Canterbury. Into the duties of his Canonry and the interests of his Cathedral he threw all the energies of

his nature. Writing from Oxford in the autumn of 1853, he says :

‘I am delving here in the Bodleian Library, which I now find is my chief interest in this place, once so delightful, but, now that I have no more duties in it, little more than a desert, with a few green spots here and there, which every year that passes withers up, in the shape of old faces rapidly passing away.

‘It is, after all, a great happiness that our home and our paradise are not fixed to any one locality, but follow in the train of our occupations and duties wherever they lead us.’

Most of his colleagues at Canterbury were much older than himself. It was at first difficult for Stanley to understand the feelings of men who were born in a previous generation, reared under conditions which no longer existed, and regarded their duties and responsibilities from a totally different point of view. But however opposed might be the ideas of the older canons to those of their younger colleague, each soon learned to value the good qualities of the other. After the audit of July 1853 Stanley wrote :

‘On the whole, I end this audit with a better opinion of my brethren than ever before. They look at everything in a totally different light from what I should ; but I think they show a real desire to do justice according to the views of their own generation, and are certainly very good-humoured.’

Reconciled to the parting from Oxford, and living on the most friendly footing with all his colleagues, Stanley entered with the keenest zest into all the charms of his residence at Canterbury. The ‘Canterbury Sermons’ and the ‘Memorials of Canterbury’ illustrate two sides of his ideal of the duties and opportunities of a canon. A third side is represented in the centre of social

life which his canonical residence became. Now, for the first time, he exchanged his bachelor's rooms at Oxford for a house of his own. The change was thoroughly enjoyed. At the close of his Canterbury life he wrote to an old Oxford pupil, who had suddenly lost his young wife :

'But yet, on the whole, I feel sure that, even with such dreadful contingencies in store, it is better to have had a home and a wife than never to have had either. To have had even such a home as I have had at Canterbury has been, I am convinced, an immense step in life—much more would the other have been.'

At Canterbury he was able not only to offer a home to his mother and unmarried sister, but to gather guests from all parts of England, belonging to all professions, and holding every variety of opinion. It was there that he developed those social gifts which changed the shy, self-contained, retiring youth into one of the most fascinating of talkers and the most delightful of hosts. There, too, he made the charm of his society felt by the entire absence of self-display, and by the simplicity and kindness with which his powers were used. Under his roof at Canterbury met, in free and social intercourse, men of such opposite views and parties that they were accustomed to regard each other as belonging to different worlds. And they met in an atmosphere of 'peace and good-will,' which the most acrimonious opponents found it impossible wholly to resist.

Another aspect of Stanley's life at Canterbury, never spoken of, yet never disregarded, was his visiting of the sick. Only by accident and from the lips of his humble friends is it known how much of his time and money was thus bestowed. At Oxford, at Canterbury, at Westminster, he was never too busy or too pre-occupied to answer the call of suffering. With the same unaffected

simplicity which, more than his vivacity, humour, and stores of anecdote, gave a charm to the use of his social gifts, he employed all his powers to cheer, amuse, console, or strengthen the sick and poor. The following passage in one of his letters describes a visit to a sick parishioner of Pearson's, for whom he had obtained admission into the infirmary at Margate :

'Ellen Allen at once, with beautiful smiles, recognised me as having preached at Sonning, and administered the Sacrament to her on Ascension Day. She was lying on a bed, looking perfectly happy and cheerful, but said that she felt no better—rather weaker. On the bed were many books, in which she rejoiced. One was the thirty-eighth edition of "The Christian Year," from which she was reading when I came in, the leaf turned down at

"Wish not, dear friends, my pain away ;"

which she said was a great delight to her. I read aloud two of the stanzas, and told her that it is much beloved by our Sarah. Happy he who can so write ! It justifies my admiration of him. She spoke with the most beaming intelligence of you and of Sonning, specially of the church, which, since its restoration, she thought beautiful, and longed on that account to return to it. Altogether "an angel's visit" in the inverted sense !'

Day by day the fascination of the historical associations of Canterbury seized firmer hold upon his imagination. To communicate to others some portion, at least, of the enthusiasm with which the Cathedral and its neighbourhood inspired him, to throw into its historic scenes and monuments that fresh human interest which might reach even the most unlettered of his hearers or readers, formed not the least important side of his ideal of the duties of a canon. And it was at Canterbury that were ripened to full maturity his gifts of dramatic, pictorial narrative. Each of the three great figures—the first

Archbishop, the eminent ecclesiastic, the ideal knight—who, at three important periods, brought Canterbury into contact with the general history of England, grew out of the shadowy past into living beings, as he grouped round them the personal details and local accessories which gave them roundness, colour, substance, and vitality. With enthusiastic zeal he followed the steps of Augustine from his first landing-place on the Isle of Thanet, till he descended the hill, crowned by the rude British chapel of St. Martin, to the 'stable-gate' in Canterbury, where the first Archbishop of the Metropolitan see was lodged. Every detail of the murder of Becket was examined with patient industry, till the scene itself is re-enacted on the very spot, with all the vividness and movement of a dramatic representation. The same pictorial imagination conjured up the features of the splendid funeral of the Black Prince, whose remains were interred in the self-chosen spot of his burial, and whose tomb, preserved by Cromwell from destruction, is one of the glories of Canterbury Cathedral. Under his lively, graphic touch, the pilgrim roads were once more alive with companies of pilgrims; the 'Chequers of the Hope' again received its motley throng of guests; the stately shrine of Becket was restored to its former magnificence; and the narrow lane of the Merceries was thronged with eager sellers of objects of devotion.

The four essays contained in the 'Memorials of Canterbury' (December 1854), though all are characterised by the same freshness and vigour, are of unequal merit. In historical value, the 'Murder of Becket' is superior to the three others, which were originally composed to be delivered as popular lectures for his fellow-citizens of Canterbury. The essay was, as he told his mother, 'the first justification' of his appointment as Canon of Canterbury, for 'it never would have been written elsewhere, or under other circumstances.' Both at home and abroad the essay excited deserved attention. In

Paris he was warmly complimented upon it by Villemain, while Thierry declared that its publication would necessitate his re-writing his chapter on the reign of Henry II. But no evidence of the interest taken in his book delighted him more than the proof to which he twice refers in his letters. 'One of the officers quartered here met me on the platform, and said that he had found my Canterbury book on the table at 11.30 P.M., and had not laid it down till he had finished it.'

The 'Memorials of Canterbury' were written, as Stanley says in the Preface dedicating the volume to Archdeacon Harrison, 'in intervals of leisure, taken from subjects of greater importance.' The years 1853-55 were the period of his greatest literary activity. His hands were full of work. In June 1855 was published his edition of 'The Epistles to the Corinthians,' and in March 1856 appeared 'Sinai and Palestine.'

'The Commentary on the Epistles to the Corinthians' is a companion work to Professor Jowett's 'Commentary on the Epistles to the Thessalonians, Galatians, and Romans.' The two books gave the first instalment of the plan which the two friends had formed some years before, and at which, before Stanley's departure from Oxford, they had worked in close collaboration. The same text—that of Lachmann—is accepted by both authors; both employ the same apparatus of introductions, critical notes, translation, and essays; both exclude direct reference to commentators whose views they adopt or combat; both shrink from the danger of straining the text into harmony with preconceived doctrinal systems. But here, with the exception of some common sympathies, the resemblances between the two works are ended. The contrasts are more marked and more numerous than the similarities. The one is essentially historical, the other metaphysical; the one is external, positive, definite to the verge of superficiality, the other subjective, negative, profound at the

risk of obscurity ; the one multiplies, the other avoids, illustrations ; the one delights in detecting unobtrusive resemblances, the other in unmasking false analogies ; the one excels in painting historical pictures, the other in portraying the phenomena which individual minds present at different stages of their growth ; the one delights in tracing the threads of connection between different ages, the other points the contrasts which divide one epoch from another.

The portions selected by the two authors were well adapted to be the fields of their respective gifts. The Epistles to the Corinthians are the *historical* Epistles, the most important chapters in the history of the Christian Church and of the Apostle himself. The Epistle to the Romans, on the other hand, is a treatise neither occasional nor personal, but philosophical and universal. Stanley felt keenly that his travels through Greece and Asia Minor had taught him to appreciate more fully the words and actions of St. Paul, and to estimate more justly the effect that the Epistles were calculated to produce upon the people to whom they were addressed. To share with others the increased knowledge which he had himself thus obtained is the main purpose of his Commentary. On this object he concentrates himself. It was true that, in all probability, the romantic sensibility to the beauties of scenery, which is so conspicuous a feature of the present day, found little place in the mind of St. Paul. But Stanley's own personal experience had taught him that to place the Apostle in close contact with outward surroundings, to paint the scenery through which he travelled, or to describe the cities in which he preached, was to recall men to the sense that St. Paul, writing as an inspired writer, was not a vague abstraction, but a real, living, acting, human being. No less he believed that, in order to catch the precise shade of meaning which particular passages, allusions, illustrations, or epithets, conveyed to the Corinthians, it was

necessary to understand those influences of external life which moulded the internal character of the people. On these points he lays his principal stress.

In all that relates to the form and colour of St. Paul's thought, or to the vesture of the Apostolical age, in its freshness and enthusiasm, in its felicitous illustrations, in its historical pictures, in the quickness with which the alternations of feeling in the Apostle's mind are caught and noted down, and in that merit, so rare in a commentary,—its sustained interest, Stanley's edition of the Epistles is of lasting value. But in other respects the Commentary proved to be full of faults. It was deficient in scholarship and accuracy. It had many self-contradictions and inconsistencies. It was also crowded with typographical errors. For these last anyone acquainted with Stanley's handwriting might be fully prepared. One instance is quoted by him in writing to Professor Jowett. "The Horn of the Burning Beast." What Apocalyptic mystery do you conjecture is veiled beneath these words? "The thorn of the burning Bush."

Both Commentaries provoked a storm of acrimonious controversy: that on the Corinthians for the absence of doctrinal statements, that on the Romans for the mode in which such topics as the Atonement were handled. Many of the criticisms were, as Stanley believed, dictated by party animosity; many seemed to him unjustifiable. Bitterly as Stanley resented what were, in his opinion, partisan attacks, he frankly recognised the value of fair criticism upon his own writings. In March 1856, a severe review of his Commentary appeared in a Cambridge periodical, from the pen of 'J. B. Lightfoot.'

Writing to Jowett, he says:

'I had a very courteous note from Lightfoot, with the review. He certainly has picked a number of deep holes.

I don't think that I am habitually inaccurate, but partly the desire of giving an explanation of everything, and partly an inexcusable impatience of details beyond a certain point, make me not thoroughly trustworthy. I never ought to write a book without a Grove or Albert Way to correct references and proofs. In some measure these inaccuracies were caused by the irregular and long intervals at which the book was written, and by the perhaps needless *minutiae* into which I rashly entered.'

In a criticism of Jowett's Commentary which appeared in the 'Quarterly Review' under the title of 'The Neology of the Cloister,' the reviewer specially praises Stanley's work for the very points in which he most severely condemns the companion volumes. As Stanley writes to Jowett, 'my mother and I amuse ourselves with the reflection that there are two persons now before the world, one receiving excess of praise, the other excess of blame, each with equal un-desert.' Already, perhaps, men felt towards Stanley something of the feeling which was at a later period expressed by Prof. Maurice. 'Why,' asked a friend, 'are things tolerated in Stanley which would not be pardoned in anyone else?' 'Because,' was the reply, 'Stanley has done more to make the Bible a reality in the homes of the people than any living man.'

'Sinai and Palestine' appeared in March 1856. 'Nothing I have ever written,' says Stanley, 'has so much interested and instructed me in the writing.' The success of the book was immediate and immense. Within a year from its publication it had passed into a fourth edition, and it still remains one of the most widely popular of Stanley's writings. The work is a notable instance of Stanley's power of giving fresh life to a well-worn theme, and of his gift of interesting alike the learned and the unlearned. In its vivid descriptions, written on the spot, it is a book to be devoured after the fashion of novel-reading. In its wealth of varied learn-

ing, it is also a book which deserves and repays close study.

Stanley has gathered into a compendious form the results of the vast literature which has grown up round sacred geography. The abundance of the material is proportionate to the interest of the subject. The minute particularity of the Old Testament descriptions, and the active practical energy of Christianity which is embodied in the New Testament, make the Bible itself the most complete and important authority. But side by side with it are placed the early geographical notices of Josephus, Strabo, Pliny, and Tacitus, and the topographical labours of the three most learned Fathers of the early Church, Origen, Eusebius, and Jerome. Stanley has marshalled to his aid the itineraries of pilgrims who, beginning with the Empress Helena, and ending with Zuallart, the Flemish pilgrim of the sixteenth century, were solely attracted by the devotional interest of the holy places. He has gathered together the early travellers, like Sandys, Pococke, and Maundrell, who are interested in the acquisition of knowledge as well as in the sacredness of the localities, and who notice natural features, discuss traditional sites, and report on geology and botany. He has assembled the discoverers, such as the Danish Niebuhr, or his successors, Burckhardt, Irby and Mangles, whose primary aim was the enlargement of knowledge, and who leave the beaten tracks to see for themselves without regard to Scripture or tradition. He has enlisted the literary travellers, like Clarke, Laborde, Lindsay, Saulcy, Williams, and Robinson, whose object is to verify Scriptural sites, and who bring to bear upon the investigation the intelligence and the science of the nineteenth century. He has enrolled descriptive travellers who, like Miss Martineau, or the author of 'Eothen,' delineate scenery; as well as masters of fiction, like Disraeli in 'Tancred,' or Walter Scott in 'The Talisman,' who detect with the instinct of

genius the lights and shades of Oriental character. He has embodied the results achieved by the composers of learned works on the geography of Palestine, such as Quaresimus the Franciscan friar of the Convent of Jerusalem, the Dutchman Reland, who was the tutor of William III., or the great German geographer, Ritter. Nor, finally, were living authorities neglected. As in his 'Memorials of Canterbury' he had consulted professor Willis on architectural questions, or Albert Way on points of antiquarian research, so in his 'Sinai and Palestine' he had recourse to experts on those special branches of learning which they had made their own. From Professor Donkin, for instance, he received scientific reports on the natural phenomena which might explain the passage of the Red Sea or the prolongation of daylight during Joshua's pursuit of the enemies of Israel; so, again, he obtained from Captain Washington accurate charts of the soundings of the Red Sea; so, lastly, he was assisted by Mr. (afterwards Sir George) Grove in the preparation of the elaborate list of Hebrew geographical terms, which so largely increased the permanent value of 'Sinai and Palestine.'

One objection was, however, strongly urged against 'Sinai and Palestine' which increased the suspicion already entertained of the negative character of Stanley's theological opinions. The point cannot be better stated than in the following extract from a letter from the author of 'The Christian Year':

'Will you pardon me for telling you what, in all your book, rich as it is in beauties, has delighted me most, and also what has most pained and distressed me? for I ought not to hide from you that in one way it is a great pain and distress to me. While I love it for the deep love which it seems to me everywhere to breathe of Him whom we all wish to serve, it fills me with regret more than I can express to see that in no part at all of your book is His Person spoken of as properly Divine; rather, that the tone and

language of it seems, as by a kind of instinct, to avoid any such assumption, and to shrink from setting Him forth as more than a Perfect Man. . . .

A theological storm was, in fact, gathering round Stanley. The impression rapidly gained ground that the cautious shrinking from definite statements on points of theology proceeded from personal doubts, if not from personal unbeliefs. Already his reticence on questions which were, in his opinion, designedly left open by the early Church, as well as by the Reformed Church, was widely misunderstood. Already his disposition to insist only on those points in which men were substantially agreed, and to avoid the multiplication of divisions by dogmatising where freedom of opinion was permissible, was largely misinterpreted. His lifelong aim was to do something towards breaking the collision between the beliefs and the doubts of the age, to bring out what is common, to overlook that which is peculiar. 'I see,' he says, 'no other course of action open for me, and "though it slay me, yet will I trust in it."' But his attitude was regarded as the attempt to construct a halfway house at a point where movement backwards or forwards was intellectually necessary—a house which could only serve as a nursery of unbelief for future generations. The storm which had already broken over the head of F. D. Maurice was a prelude to that which afterwards centred round himself and his most intimate friend.

In 1853 Maurice, then a Professor at King's College, London, published a volume of 'Theological Essays,' in one of which he combated the received theory of eternal punishment. In doing so he was prepared for the consequences. 'I knew,' he says in a letter to Charles Kingsley, 'when I wrote the sentences about eternal death that I was writing my own sentence at King's College.' His prevision proved correct. In November

1853 he was dismissed from his Professorships of Theology and of English Literature and Modern History, on the ground that 'the opinions set forth, and the doubts expressed, as to certain points of belief regarding the future punishment of the wicked, and the final issues of the Day of Judgment, are of dangerous tendency, and calculated to unsettle the minds of the theological students of King's College.' Stanley was deeply interested in the fate of the Professor. The issue involved the principle which, to him, seemed most vital to the very existence of the Church. Maurice was dismissed, not for dogmatising on the question of the endless duration of future punishments, but for protesting against all dogmatism on the subject. The Articles were silent upon the point. It therefore was, in Stanley's opinion, an open question, which no one had a right to close. Where the formularies of the Church refused to speak, the Council of King's College had attempted to force upon their most distinguished professor a rigid definition of the word eternal, and of the theory of punishment.

Stanley's own attitude towards eternal punishment is expressed in the following passage from a letter to his mother :

'For my own part, I take refuge in our ignorance of *all* the *details* of the future. There the two conflicting views of the finality of this life and the infinity of God's power and love may be reconciled. But here and now I do not see how we can get rid of the impression left, not only by Scripture, but by conscience and common-sense, that on the character formed in this life must depend the character and state of that which is to come, and that all endeavours to make this more intelligible or more reconcilable, whether by Purgatory, or by detailed descriptions of Hell, or by schemes of possible recovery, are like asking, "How are the dead raised, and with what body do they come?" and the answer is, "Thou fool!"

The advantage, meanwhile, of such a man as Maurice is, I think, that as so many men do perplex themselves

with the details, and think that the endless punishment is a fatal objection to Christianity, it is a clear gain to have a man, evidently believing in Christianity with all his soul, who yet can sincerely say that he does not find this stumbling-block in the Bible.'

Whatever might be the effect which Stanley's writings were producing upon professed theologians, they greatly increased his influence in the world at large. His growing reputation gave him a power in society; the rapid ripening of his social gifts made him the coveted guest of every circle in England. His letters, to a degree unknown before, abound in allusions to the distinguished men with whom he came in contact. Among many such references may be quoted the following passage on the conversational exuberance of Macaulay, for whose style and historical writings, in spite of a want of 'the Promethean fire of moral life,' he felt the warmest admiration:

'Surely it must be a great disadvantage to Macaulay never to acquire any information from conversation. For I do not see how he ever can. A remarkable proof of this, I thought, occurred this morning. Milnes was here, and was speaking of the Mussulman tradition which I had mentioned to him as existing in Egypt, and which Layard had confirmed as existing equally in Mesopotamia, that the fate of Islam requires that it should be at last superseded by Christianity. Macaulay, with great difficulty, was induced to let Milnes state his case at all. The moment he had done so, he burst forth into a torrent of reasons why it was impossible to believe it. In a momentary cessation, I ventured to say that Sir Charles Trevelyan had told me that he also had never met a Mussulman in India who had not the same conviction. "I never heard anything of the kind the whole time I was in India." "No," thought I to myself, "it is not likely that you ever should, if you talked as much and heard as little in India as you do here."'

Over Stanley's clerical duties in 1854 and 1855, over

his literary work and social relaxations, the Crimean War threw its grim shadow. Few of his letters are without allusions to the great national struggle in which the country was engaged :—‘How portentously all turns upon the War!’ ‘I think by day and night of that awful siege.’ ‘Poor Granville Eliot, whom we met at Nazareth, fell at Inkermann. I see him now, coming into the room at the Convent fresh from Tabor, his great brown neck all bare, and looking as if he would live for ever.’ ‘The nurses have arrived at Scutari.’ ‘Sarah is very anxious to catch the Czar himself, and wants to know whether there is any chance of finding him in Sebastopol.’

Such are some of the allusions which are interspersed among his letters, reviving, by the fitfulness of their occurrence, the strange effect of the broken, piecemeal mode in which news was then communicated, and heightening, by their mixture with lighter topics, the tragedies of a struggle during which each Gazette was ‘a record of lamentation, mourning, and woe.’

Miss Stanley’s organisation of a band of hospital nurses, and her mission to the Crimea gave him a deep personal interest in the progress of the War. It was his sister’s expedition, it may be added, which first made Stanley personally known to the Queen. A detachment of ladies and nurses had already gone out under Miss Nightingale. A second detachment of fifty was confided to the charge of Miss Stanley. Stanley himself met his sister in London, placed her on board the boat at Folkestone, and then sat down to send his mother the last news :

‘It was evidently an immense relief to Mary when we were fairly off. She said, “*This is rest,*” and added that it was like the cutting away of a balloon, leaving all the crowd and earth below. . . . She spoke but little, in fact slept a good deal, which, of course, I encouraged. When she woke, she said, with a feeling of satisfaction : “I always felt that

it would somehow or other end in my going ; " and I think it seemed to her as if her destiny was fulfilling itself. It struck me very much on the journey, what an immense difficulty it would have been to have terminated her work in London in any other way. When we arrived at Folkestone, there, as in London, there was no expectation. The Claytons and Mary Stone were the only persons on the platform, and so at once distinguishable. Mary Stone was immediately enlisted to carry a bundle of cloaks, and we went instantly to the steamer. The Roman Catholic nuns attracted so much attention that I think the others were almost overlooked, nor did the bystanders clearly understand where they were going. They only said, without enthusiasm, but also without bitterness, " Sisters of Mercy." They were soon planted in their places. I had just time to commend Mary to Angelo, and to tell Dr. Meyer that the only thing which she cared about in travelling (which struck me from her being so much revived by the cold morning breeze as we came by the train) was going with her face to the horses, with a window open. The bell rang, and we took leave of her, and came up to the parapet above. Just at that moment Alice and Captain Fox appeared. I did not see their meeting with Mary. . . . I think, if you had had any doubt of Mary being in her right place, you would have had none had you seen her going round to each with a word of cheerful encouragement, and something for the sea-sickness, and each looking up to her with a face of grateful reliance. I cannot but think that she will be completely " mistress of the whole situation," as the French say, before they reach Boulogne. There was no confusion. They seemed almost to fill the deck (tho' there were a few other passengers—Lord somebody—I think no other ladies). This gave a peculiar look to the steamer, and when it darted off, which it seemed to do with unusual precision and rapidity, it seemed almost conscious of its freight in that direct, purpose-like course which someone has described as so well illustrated in a steamer. From the London station they had started with three cheers. From Folkestone there was no one but myself who knew who or what they were. I waved my hat as long as they were in sight, and felt that, if I were never to see her again, it would be as peaceful a last impression to bear away as it would

ever be possible to have. I cannot but think that it may be the beginning of a new life to her, being the first complete opportunity of developing all her best powers that has occurred since she left Norwich, and the fulfilment in so unexpected a manner of her endeavours of the last two years. In short, I turned away thankful and happy for her beyond what I have felt for months.'

To the disputes which eventually arose out of Miss Stanley's mission to Scutari and Therapia it is unnecessary to refer. But one circumstance connected with it produced such lasting effects on Stanley's mind that it cannot be wholly omitted. From the first the 'Record' attacked Miss Stanley, who at this time was still a Protestant, with a bitterness which deeply wounded her brother. At Therapia itself 'the persecution' was continued.

'In this nurse business there is no question that the rabid Protestant party have shown by far the greatest incapacity of tolerating anything beyond their own "infinitely little minds."'

'My sister, whose exertions in the Naval Hospital at Therapia have, I sincerely believe, been as free from any sectarian bias, as truly national and Christian, and as universally good in their effects as it was possible for those of any human being to be, was stopped the other day by the chaplain. He begged to have five minutes' conversation with her. "He felt himself responsible for the publications circulated in the hospital, and he had found one of a very improper tendency; parts of it he highly disapproved, parts of it he did not understand." She asked to see it. It was a "Christian Year," left by one of the ladies with a sick midshipman. In consequence of this, he preached against them the next Sunday, in their presence, as "creeping in unawares," &c.

'This is no secret, nor ought to be. I confess my blood boils at such fiendish folly and stupidity. I know you like the lines in "Hamlet," which rise almost immediately to one's lips—

"I tell thee, Priest,
My sister shall a ministering angel be
When thou liest howling."

In March 1856 Miss Stanley joined the Church of Rome, her long-delayed secession being, as her brother believed, accelerated, if not finally caused, by Protestant bigotry and intolerance. Anxious to be absent from England when the event took place, Stanley and his mother spent some weeks in Paris. It was the moment when the plenipotentiaries of the various Powers were assembled to negotiate the terms of peace with Russia. At the Embassy Stanley 'saw Clarendon's grey head bowed low in conference with De Morny, Orloff deep in dialogue with the Prussian Minister. Of all, Orloff was most conspicuous, a Saul in head and shoulders.' In Paris, also, he met many of the most distinguished men of letters. 'Villemain and De Saulcy called on me, the one filled with admiration at Becket, and the other at "Sinai and Palestine." Tocqueville also crossed the scenes.' 'The great Guizot,' he adds, 'has presented me with "Richard Cromwell."'

The birth of the Prince Imperial was momentarily expected. 'All Paris,' writes Stanley, 'is in travail. The Rue Vivienne was inaccessibly blocked with a crowd extending the whole street's length to see the baby's clothes.' On the 16th of March, 1856, the Prince was born, and 'the burst of the cannonade on Palm Sunday morning was in the highest degree effective.'

It was, it may be noticed, during this visit to Paris that the first mention occurs in his letters of his future wife. 'If you see Lady Augusta Bruce,' he writes to his mother from England, 'will you tell her that she may calculate on me for a dinner by Thursday at latest? You will probably meet her at the Mohls.'

During the few days' absence in England to which this last letter refers the peace was proclaimed.*

* The peace was concluded at Paris on March 30, 1856.

Stanley was in London on the 31st of March, when a burst of cannon announced the proclamation of the event.

'I supped with the Buxtons, and at 10 P.M. had hardly sate down when everyone started to their feet at the same moment, with the same exclamation, "The Peace! the Peace!" How it reminded me of the morning of the 16th. They sounded magnificently in the still night. I entreated them to wake the children, that the historical continuity of the event might be carried on to the next generation. But they slept too soundly, in spite of all the exertions of their parents.'

Throughout the three years of European war which followed the conclusion of his Eastern tour Stanley found his chief relaxation from literary work or domestic anxieties in expeditions to different parts of England, Wales, and Scotland. Now he is at Ilfracombe exploring traditions of William de Tracy, one of the murderers of Becket; now in Cumberland, investigating the genuineness of the sword of Hugh de Morville, another of the four Knights; now at Caernarvon Castle and Rhuddlan, following the fortunes of Edward I. and his son. Now, again, he is at Berkeley Castle, hearing 'the shrieks of death: shrieks of an agonising king'—and the grim silence that followed. Now he is at Dumfries, moving through a world of Bruce and Red Comyn, Burns and the Covenanters, and possessed by the spirit of Old Mortality. Now he is at Glencoe, realising the scene of the massacre, correcting the description of Macaulay, and lighting upon a story which he 'had never heard before.'

'A solitary tree in the lower part of the valley marks the place where one of the soldiers, anxious to save his hosts, but fearing to break his oath of secrecy, said aloud to a *stone*, "If I were this stone, I should not stay here to-night."

'If I were a Scotchman, what a beautiful subject the history of Scotland would be !'

At Glasgow, in 1856, he met Norman M'Leod.

'M'Leod was all vigorous flesh and blood, and preached an admirable sermon, a little too rhetorical in style and manner, but not a word of untruth or extravagance in substance, on the loneliness of the selfish man, with immense illustrations from scenery, history, Shakespeare, Old Testament, New Testament.

'I went to him' (by appointment) in the vestry afterwards, and found him delightful. He came in the morning here, and talked for an hour or more. He is far the best specimen of the Scotch Church I have seen. Indeed, I know no one like him in the English Church. He ran over every subject. He was evidently delighted to see me, and said, "I have given my congregation every scrap of your book on the Corinthians that they were able to bear ; and as to your book on 'Sinai and Palestine,' it is simply inexhaustible." I would gladly have made him a Bishop in England.'

During Stanley's visit to Scotland the report was circulated in the North that he was to be appointed to the vacant See of London. The report was, however, without foundation. Dr. Tait, his former tutor at Balliol, his companion at Bonn, Arnold's successor at Rugby, and his own colleague on the Oxford University Commission, was promoted from the Deanery of Carlisle to the See of London. 'He will,' writes Stanley, 'in my humble judgment, give the Church of England a great lift. Scotland, as you may suppose, claps her hands and sings for joy at his elevation.' Stanley heard the new Bishop's farewell sermon in Carlisle Cathedral, and a fortnight later (October 1856) announces that he has consented to become his examining-chaplain.

In the interval between the appointment of Dr. Tait to the See of London and the first examination of candi-

dates for Holy Orders within his diocese, Stanley was offered, and had accepted, the Professorship of Ecclesiastical History in the University of Oxford. Though he did not at once resign his Canonry at Canterbury, and did not enter upon his new duties till the summer of 1857, the appointment began a new stage in his career.

CHAPTER XV

1856-58

Introductory Lectures as Professor of Ecclesiastical History, February 1857—Tour in Sweden and Russia, July-September, 1857—Installed as Canon of Christ Church, Oxford, March 1858

IN the last seven years Stanley had taken firm root at Canterbury. His life there had been so busy, useful, and happy, that he dreaded the return to Oxford, with its inevitable plunge into theological controversy. It was, therefore, not without reluctance that he accepted the Professorship of Ecclesiastical History. Fortunately, the pang of severance was softened by a long respite, which gradually reconciled him to the final change. A Canonry at Christ Church was attached to the Professorship; but it was not till March 1858 that a stall fell vacant. Till that date Stanley retained his Canonry and home at Canterbury, only residing at Oxford during the discharge of his professorial duties.

Stanley had good grounds for his reluctance. His intellectual fitness for the Professorship could not be questioned. But both on political and ecclesiastical grounds the appointment was unwelcome. As an ardent advocate of University Reform, and as Secretary of the late Commission, he had run counter to the conservatism of Oxford. At the same time, the tone of his theological

writings was distasteful to both of the two great ecclesiastical parties—alike to the followers of Dr. Machride and to those of Dr. Pusey. These feelings among resident members of the University found, at first, no outward expression beyond a cold reception of the new Professor. 'How many letters of congratulation,' he asks Pearson, 'do you suppose I have received from residents in Oxford? One from Jowett, and—*not one besides.*' Nor could the warmth of the solitary letter of congratulation entirely compensate the absence of others. 'I am delighted,' writes Professor Jowett,

'more than I can express. As children go about saying to themselves, "This is Christmas Day," or "This is Easter Sunday," so I go about saying to myself that one of my oldest and best friends is Professor of Ecclesiastical History.'

It may be difficult to decide whether the fears of Stanley's opponents were at all justified by results; it is impossible to deny that the hopes of his friends were largely realised. The field was one for which Stanley's studies and historical instincts gave him exceptional qualifications. They hoped that he was exchanging the poetical, imaginative, antiquarian interests of Canterbury for a sphere which added to those interests others of a more widely useful character. There was much in the preparation for Holy Orders at Oxford which was dull, tasteless, and even lowering. Stanley's friends felt assured that his never-failing sympathy with young minds would impart to his own work, and to that of his hearers, perpetual freshness, and that his enthusiasm would inspire theological study with a life and interest which were before felt only by the few and studious.

The first difficulty with which the new Professor was confronted was the choice of his subject. After long deliberations he decided to deliver three Introductory Lectures on the Province, the Study, and the Advantages

of Ecclesiastical History, and to follow these with the courses which were afterwards embodied in his Lectures on the History of the Eastern Church, and, at greater length, in his Lectures on the Jewish Church.

Before commencing his professorial duties, he conducted his first examination as Examining Chaplain to the new Bishop of London. He found the work 'exceedingly interesting and instructive,' and the Bishop 'as good as gold.' Both impressions were confirmed by successive examinations. 'I am still of the belief,' he wrote in June 1857, 'that in point of influence and power the Chaplaincy is a more valuable post than my Professorship.' In 1859 he expressed himself in similar language :

'The most interesting weeks I spend in the year (as far as Church matters and theology are concerned) I reckon to be those I spend at Fulham examining the candidates for Ordination. It is all hurry and scurry, and often unsatisfactory in men and things ; but still there is a real response awakened, and a sense of give and take, which I highly value.'

The insight which the position gave him into the needs of young men preparing for Holy Orders at Oxford was undoubtedly of practical use to him as an Ecclesiastical Professor. When, in 1860, a friend remonstrated with him upon overtaxing his strength with the work of Ordination examinations, he replied : 'I value my Examining Chaplaincy more than any of my present posts' ; and he retained the office till his appointment to the Deanery of Westminster in 1863.

In February 1857 Stanley delivered his three Introductory Lectures on Ecclesiastical History. The first lecture begins, the third ends, with a quotation from the devout Nonconformist tinker whom Stanley himself called the 'Robert Burns of England.' Years before he had been struck by the passage in the 'Pilgrim's Progress' describing the treasures of the House Beau-

tiful, which were shown to solace and cheer Christian on his pilgrimage. At the time he had promised himself that, if he were ever called upon to address an Oxford audience on ecclesiastical history, he would begin his lecture with the quotation. Now he kept his promise. In this choice of a quotation from John Bunyan to be his first words as Professor of Ecclesiastical History there lies something more than the fulfilment of a self-made promise. The choice was eminently characteristic of the spirit of lectures into which is condensed the very essence of Stanley's later sermons and writings. The three Introductory Lectures embody his inmost heart and mind and life. They give the key to his beliefs, his hopes, his aspirations. They explain his reading of the past, his attitude towards the present, his faith in the future.

Stanley refuses to accept the boundaries within which his subject was generally restricted. He pushes back the horizon of ecclesiastical history into the dim distance of primeval ages, and includes within its vast circumference not only the religious, but the moral, social, and political influences which have affected the growth of the Christian community. In range, both of time and interests, he claims for his subject a wide extension. He seeks his starting-point neither in the sixteenth century, nor in the fifth, nor yet in the second. He ascends the stream of time beyond the Reformers, the Popes, or the Fathers, to the first of the Patriarchs. In the call of Abraham he sees the first beginning of continuous growth. In the patriarchal chief, as he moves westwards from Ur of the Chaldees, he discerns the first figure in an unbroken succession, the founder of the Chosen People, the first Father of the Universal Church. As with the date, so with the interests of ecclesiastical history. 'If the Christian Church be not a priestly caste, or a monastic order, or a little sect, or a handful of opinions, but "the whole congregation" of "faithful men" "dispersed throughout the world,"' then it is impossible to

understand the history of the Church apart from the history of the world; secular and religious, civil and ecclesiastical, are inextricably commingled. He demands for the history of the Church of God a range as wide as that of the world which it was designed to penetrate. He protests against the narrowing processes by which theological terms are clipped, marred, and debased, until a word like 'ecclesiastical' carries no further value in the currency of language than that of contests for the retention or abolition of vestments, or the accidental, outward, ceremonial machinery of a Christian society.

The history of the world, he maintains, cannot be severed from the history of the Church; much more is it impossible to separate the interests of the clergy from the interests of the laity. The combination of secular and religious elements is effected in various ways—sometimes by the intellectual or political influence of the clergy, sometimes by the transfer of the spiritual guidance of mankind to laymen. There are periods in the thirteenth or in the fourteenth centuries when it was not to a priest, an 'Angelic Doctor,' or a Bishop—not even to a Pope—that men looked for the true interpretation of the feelings of mediæval Christendom. It is, rather, to a high-minded ruler like St. Louis, or a gifted writer like the poet Dante. At every stage in the history of the English Reformation is impressed the iron will of Henry VIII., or Elizabeth, and above the theological influence of the most gifted divine of the seventeenth century stands that which was exercised by the 'half-heretic, half-Puritan layman, the author of *Paradise Lost*.'

When Stanley, passing from the province of ecclesiastical history to its study, asks how life may be restored to the most withered forms and sapless institutions, he answers the question with his own experience. Doctrines and opinions, viewed through the medium of the lives and characters of those who received and taught them, cease to be phantoms, and speak as men. The practical

justice and moderation of creeds and confessions are best understood when students figure to themselves the lips by which they were first uttered, the hands by which they were first written. And in the historical methods which he thus urged upon his hearers, he had himself found the best safeguard against the levelling tendencies of ecclesiastical study, which confound things essential and unessential; the strongest protection against partiality or exclusiveness; the fullest enjoyment of the special privileges conferred by membership of a Church which, in its constitution, origin, and formularies, touches all the religious elements that have divided Christendom. That man, adds Stanley, is the truest son of the Church of England—

‘who, in the spirit of this union, feels himself free to sympathise with the several elements and principles of good which are thus combined—who knows that the strength of a National Church, especially of the Church of a nation like ours, lies in the fact that it has never been surrendered exclusively to any one theological influence, and that the Christian faith which it has inherited from all is greater than the differences which it has inherited from each.’

From the province and the study of ecclesiastical history Stanley proceeds to its advantages. The first advantage on which he seizes, and the illustration by which it is enforced, are at once the fruit of his own experience in the past and the promise of his personal influence in the future. Ecclesiastical history teaches facts—the most stubborn guides in the mazes of casuistry, ‘the most convincing’ and ‘the least irritating modes of persuasion.’

One by one Stanley enumerates the advantages of the study, till he reaches at last the comparison which ecclesiastical history suggests between what the Church is and what in the Scriptures it was intended to be—‘between what it has been, and what from the same source we

trust that it may be.' It is the fire of intense conviction which burns beneath his words on the 'endless vigour and vitality' of the Scriptures. It is the force of an unquestioning faith, based upon the warrant of those same Scriptures, which inspires his trust in a new and greater future for the Church of Christ. This prospect was the vision of the Delectable Mountains, which, now clear, now clouded, but never wholly obscured, encouraged all his efforts. 'Each age of the Church has, as it were, turned over a new page in the Bible, and found a response to its own wants.' The hope that 'we have still a leaf to turn, a leaf not the less new because it is so old,' was the mainstay of his life and the solace of his death. Stanley lived and died in the conviction that

'there were stores of spiritual strength yet unexplored in the forces of the Christian Church; that the existing materials, principles, and doctrines of the Christian religion are far greater than have ever yet been employed; that the Christian Church, if it ever be permitted or enabled to use them, has a long lease of new life, and new hope before it, such as has never yet been enjoyed. When we look on the Bible on the one hand, and history on the other—when we see what are the points on which the Scriptures lay most emphatic stress—when we remember how constant is the protest of Scripture, and, we may add, of the best spirits of Christendom also, against preferring any cause, or opinion, or ceremony, to justice, holiness, truth, and love—how constantly and steadily all these same intimations point to One Divine Object, and One only, as the life and essence of Christianity—can we hesitate to say that, if the Christian Church be drawing to its end, or if it continue to its end with no other objects than those which it has hitherto sought, it will end with its acknowledged resources confessedly undeveloped, its finest hopes of usefulness almost untried and undeveloped?'

Constituted as the University then was, Stanley's views were certain to provoke opposition. The following undated letter from Dr. Pusey shows the light in which

his opinions were regarded by an influential party in Oxford :

'My dear Stanley,—Now that you are coming among us, I must say what I have not hitherto said.

'Loving you personally, I was grieved not to be able to congratulate you on your appointment. But I viewed it with sorrow and fear.

'I am sure that, whatever ground your and Professor Jowett's pupils occupy, it will not be yours. It must be onward or backward. I have said to Professor Jowett that I could not hold his faith for an hour. Intellectually it is, I am sure, inconsistent, and although in some way his religious feeling enables him, I suppose, not to push things to their results, with his pupils it must be different. Pupils see the inconsistency, and either follow out theories to their consequence, or give up the theory. But actual unbelief has made frightful inroads already.

'Of your later works I have read less. Only in the "Sinai and Palestine" I see the shrinking from the mention of miracles which, in the next generation, develops into the unbelief of them. The reports which I have heard of your lecture on Abraham were very distressing to me.

'I do not care to involve you in needless controversy. I only wished you to know that what might seem to you coldness was not such, but simple distress.

'Yours affectionately,

'E. B. PUSEY.'

Stanley replied as follows :

'My dear Dr. Pusey,—I am much obliged to you for your kind note and cordial welcome. I will not enter into any controversy on the points you mention. You will, however, perhaps permit me to say this much, I trust with all due respect :—

'First, as I know that you have greatly misunderstood what my friend Professor Jowett has said on one class of subjects, so I trust that you may also have misunderstood what I may have said, or have been reported to have said, on a different class of subjects.

'Secondly, I would beg respectfully, but seriously, to suggest to you that the fears which you express respecting

the tendency of the teaching of those from whom you differ are the very same which are entertained by many excellent persons respecting the tendency of the teaching of those with whom you agree.

'I do not doubt that your teaching, which by many is thought so dangerous, and necessarily conducing to results that you would greatly deprecate, is to some amongst us the best stay of their faith. But I am no less sure that the teaching of those whom you dread may be, and is, the best stay of the faith of others who, if your teaching were their sole alternative, would be driven into utter unbelief.

'Forgive me if I have spoken more openly than our respective positions would justify, and believe me that I shall only be too anxious to believe that we have always the same object in view, namely, that of building up the faith of the rising generation on a foundation which cannot be shaken, and leaving the unknown results to God.

'I remain, my dear Dr. Pusey, with many thanks for former kindness, still gratefully remembered,

'Yours very faithfully,
'A. P. STANLEY.'

These two letters strike the keynote to the almost perpetual discord of controversy in which, both at Oxford and Westminster, Stanley was destined to live. For the present, however, all was peace. The disappointment at his cold reception in the University, and the pain of leaving Canterbury, gradually passed away in the growing interest of his new work. In May 1857 he began his continuous course of professorial lectures at Oxford. Before the summer term was over the charms of the place had regained some of their former power: he appreciated the influence which his new position enabled him to exercise; he grew reconciled to the thought of his impending departure from Canterbury.

In July 1857 he started on a tour through Russia, taking with him two companions, one of whom was 'young Arthur Butler, the son of the late Dean of Peterborough.' His principal object was to study the history of the Greek Church.

At Stockholm, which he visited on his way to St. Petersburg, even the tombs and relics of Gustavus Adolphus and of Charles XII. absorbed him less than the search for the traditional *stock*, or log, which, floating up the Mälar Lake from Sigtuna, the ancient capital of Sweden, guided the traditional settler to the granite rocks on which Stockholm is built. The venerable *stock* was nowhere to be found; guide-books gave no clue; Swedish friends either had not heard of it, or disbelieved its existence; Djarlieb, the courier, suggested that it had been burnt. Still Stanley persevered. One morning he disappeared. His travelling-companion was anxiously searching for him, when he was directed by a friend to the vaults under a tower which had been turned into a Government pawnshop. 'He has found his *stock*,' added the informant. 'There sate Stanley,' writes the Rev. A. G. Butler, 'in triumph, amid a small crowd of wondering Swedes, patting the log affectionately.'

On August 1st, 1857, Stanley left Stockholm by steamer for Helsingfors and St. Petersburg. The sunrises and sunsets of the Baltic passed almost unnoticed before his eyes; the innumerable fir-crowned islands provoked nothing but the remark, 'I feel as if I never wished to see an island again as long as I live.' His Swedish interests had vanished; the Russian interests lay in the future. The intermediate voyage, 'the blank part of the journey,' as he calls it, was devoted to reading. He worked like a general preparing for his campaign. 'And now,' he said to A. G. Butler as they landed at St. Petersburg, 'for Peter the Great and Ivan the Terrible.' The results of the Russian tour are fully embodied in his 'Lectures on the Eastern Church.'

To his cousin, the Hon. Louisa Stanley, he describes his first drive through St. Petersburg:

'Amidst a clatter and confusion almost equal to that of the Cairo donkey-boys, we leap into the first empty droshky that we find, and off we fly.'

‘Do you know what a droshky is? You and I have imagined to ourselves, from our earliest years, though little thinking that we should see with our mortal eyes an ancient car and charioteer. But this is exactly what a droshky is—a small light vehicle, which only wants scythes to make it perfectly savage; a light seat in front, on which sits a charioteer, draped in a long robe, holding in both his hands the reins of a fiery steed, which flies through the streets, trampling all before him. You almost expect, as you look back, to see Hector’s body dragged behind.

‘You hold your breath at first, and think that man, woman, and child will be swept before you, or that you will be dashed to pieces against this or that droshky from opposite quarters racing against you, or this splendid carriage, four horses abreast, rushing by you like a whirlwind. Not so. Turning the sharpest corners, grazing wheels and heels, but never with collision or confusion, these charioteers pick their way. See! we are passing another droshky. Our driver gives the horse of his rival a slash as he passes. The other driver wheels furiously round, pursues us, overtakes us, catches, not our man, but our horse, by the mane, slashes him violently, and vanishes away.’

More durable than general views of the imperial city was the impression made on Stanley’s mind by Peter the Great. The man himself—with his gigantic stature, his long black hair falling back from his fine forehead, his fierce eyes, his mouth clothed with indomitable power—became once more to the traveller’s vivid imagination a living being. Everywhere he marked the monuments of Peter’s herculean vigour:

‘The more one looks at this immense city, and thinks of this mighty Emperor, the more one is struck by the singular greatness of the man, who, with all his barbarism and all his weaknesses, and all his sins, conceived, and, by one tremendous wrench, almost, you may say, by his own manual labour and by his own sole gigantic strength, executed the prodigious idea of dragging the nation into the light of Europe, and erecting a new capital and a new empire amongst the cities and the kingdoms of the world.’

And as Stanley travels through Russia to Moscow the immensity of Peter's task grew upon his mind. 'If you wish,' he writes to his friend George Grove,

'to bring out the dramatic effect of Russian history, it could not be better done than by the contrast between Moscow and Petersburg—the great Eastern nation striving to become Western, or, rather, the nation, half-Eastern, half-Western, dragged against its will by one gigantic genius, literally dragged by the heels and kicked by the boots of the Giant Peter into contact with the European world.'

But even Peter the Great yielded to the fascinations of the subject which Stanley had come to study—the history of the Greek Church. The task was one of extreme difficulty. Without knowing a word of the language, it was not easy to penetrate the meaning of symbols, sacred pictures, ritual, and ceremonial observances. When Stanley, with eager look and half-parted lips, poured forth a string of questions to the bearded, solemn, semi-Oriental priest who acted as his guide through the Church of the Assumption at Moscow, the answers received no other explanation from the courier than '*Ce n'est rien! ce n'est qu'une idée!*' Day after day he returned, full of a disappointment that bordered on despair, from a building which, from cupola to pavement, was bursting with tombs, pictures, inscriptions, and symbolism. 'One moves about,' as he wrote to Professor Jowett, 'like a Homeric hero in thick darkness, protected sometimes by a god or goddess, sometimes by a very inadequate Hermes, and has to guess at the world as it passes before one.'

His Russian friends eagerly lent themselves to the task of helping him. Memories of the Crimean War were still so recent that an Englishman at first met with a cold reception. But few Russians could resist Stanley's enthusiasm and interest in all that they most valued. Astonished, flattered, charmed, they became his devoted

allies. Only once did he give offence to his hosts. General Mouravieff had taken special pains to procure him from England some English porter. Stanley drank it without comment or remark. When the General asked him how he liked his porter, he was obliged to confess that he had not known what he was drinking. Everywhere his friends helped him in every way they could. But their knowledge was not proportioned to their kindness. Stanley seemed as far as ever from getting to the heart of things. Suddenly light dawned. A fortunate introduction made him acquainted with Michael Sukatin, a judge in the Court of Justice, 'a patriot to the backbone, orthodox to the heart's core, with an answer ready for every question.' Sukatin became at once 'l'homme précieux,' the interpreter, the expounder, whom Stanley and his friends had anxiously sought.

Gradually, as Stanley grasped the central features of the history of the Russian Church, events grouped themselves round three cities, parted into periods, and centred on representative men. The first, or ancient, period is identified with the conversion of the Slavonic races, associated with Kieff, linked with the name of Vladimir, who was baptised in 980. The enormous distance and the disturbed state of the country prevented the travellers from reaching Kieff, by tradition the Glastonbury, and in fact the Canterbury, of Russia. The early period was, therefore, studied only from books, and is scarcely touched upon in his letters. The mediæval and the transition periods, dating from the fourteenth century, and ending with the close of the seventeenth, have Moscow for their centre: their history gathers round the Troitzka Monastery, or the Kremlin, and is associated with St. Sergius, with Ivan the Terrible, and the Patriarch Nikon. The fourth period, beginning with the eighteenth century, and continuing to the present day, is in its commencement identified with Peter the Great and the foundation of St. Petersburg, and in its more

modern aspect may be represented by the Metropolitan, Philaret.

Moscow, the sacred city of the second and third periods, forms the point of contact with the fourth, or Reformation, era. Stanley thus describes his first view of the city :

‘As soon as we had turned ourselves round, we threw ourselves into a carriage, and drove straight to the Kremlin. How strange is the sensation—now familiar by repetition, yet not the less thrilling for that—to rush forward to a sight long imagined, but beheld for the first time! How delightful, I must confess, to feel that even after Athens, Rome, Thebes, Jerusalem, there is a flood of enthusiasm still to be let forth at one more glorious view! In one instant it breaks upon you, looking down from the terrace of the Kremlin—the whole vast expanse of the sacred city. No panorama had given me the impression of its vast extent. It is like a boundless plain of green, the green roofs diversified with innumerable islands of forest and garden, out of which spring up, like weeds and flowers, blue, red, green, yellow, silver, golden, the domes of hundreds of churches and convent-towers. The river flows beneath. Beyond, on the horizon, is the long line of the Sparrow Hills, crowned with firs. Behind is the Kremlin. . . . such a collection of historical and architectural marvels as I have not seen in one place out of the great Piazza of S. Mark’s.’

At Moscow itself Stanley found ‘hardly anything else to be seen except the Kremlin; but the Kremlin is inexhaustible. It is the Tower, Westminster Abbey, Canterbury Cathedral, Windsor Castle, Lambeth, all crammed together within the space of a quarter of an hour’s circuit.’ The vast extent, the irregularity, and the multiplicity of the buildings, the coloured domes, the girdle of crusted green towers, the view of the city which it commanded, made it ‘irresistible.’

‘The Kremlin is surrounded by a vast wall, exactly like that of the Alhambra (only white instead of red), even to

the flame-shaped parapets, the wall itself girdled by gateway-towers, mostly of crusted green. Each of the gateway-towers contains a gate of some peculiar name; the gateway at the corner the Holy Gate, through which you may imagine how I pass with an undiminished delight each time, hat in hand, every human being who passes through it, though it were the Emperor himself, doing the same. This is the approach.

‘Immediately outside the Holy Gateway stands the Church of St. Basil, built by the mysterious, monstrous, marvellous Czar, Ivan the Terrible, the son of Basil. Pagoda on pagoda, pinnacle on pinnacle, chapel within chapel, cupola clustering on cupola, dome upon dome, it is senseless, useless, pointless, but most characteristic of the man, the place, and the time. Hundreds of artists and architects were kidnapped in Lubeck to build it; the architect had his eyes put out, that he might never build another.

‘You enter the Kremlin, and then come, jostled together in the wildest confusion, four palaces, two monasteries, four cathedrals, seven churches, and I know not what besides. The three Imperial palaces are all attached together. They represent the three elements of the Empire:—the old barbaric grotesqueness, the modern magnificence of the Emperor’s state, and the unadorned simplicity of his private life. The last speaks for itself; the second is represented in the three halls of St. George, St. Vladimir, and St. Andrew, each opening into the other, till at the end of St. Andrew’s Hall you come upon the Throne of the Czar, blazing with the emblems of all the Russian provinces, as each Hall blazes with the emblems of the three superior Orders. Nothing in any other palace, ancient or modern, Eastern or Western, can be named with this suite of gorgeous grandeur.

‘Yet, far more interesting was the first which I named, the Ancient Palace of the Czars, in part remaining, in part restored, as it was left by the last of the Moscow sovereigns, Alexis, father of Peter. . . . In the centre of all these palaces stands the oldest church in Moscow, of “the Saviour in the Forest,” built whilst the virgin forest, of which large parts still remain in the neighbourhood of Moscow, still covered the site of the Kremlin.’

Of all the three cathedrals, the Cathedral of the

Assumption, or of the Repose, or Last Sleep of the Virgin, impressed him most deeply. In it Stanley attended the service to commemorate the Coronation of the previous year :

‘Prince Urusoff came in full uniform to fetch me, and I, for my part, went in black-and-white. All the official persons were there in full costume. After the close of the usual service the peculiar part of the ceremony began. Considerable excitement prevailed when a desk was erected on the platform in front of the screen, and Philaret himself advanced to preach. There was not the slightest intimation of discontent at this unexpected prolongation of a service already sufficiently long. On the contrary, a universal murmur ran round the official circle : “*Le Métropolitain va prêcher lui-même.*” All the high personages pressed round and bent forward, hand above ear, to catch every word, and a death-like silence pervaded the whole church.

‘There stood the old man in his long white cowl. The paper was spread out before him, and he turned over the leaves, but he scarcely looked at them. At first his voice hardly rose above a whisper, but gradually rose sufficiently distinct for a few words to reach even my ears. It was a very fine sight certainly, and one of which the Russian Church might well be proud—Philaret himself, at the age of seventy-six, commanding this breathless attention and admiration from a congregation chiefly consisting of men. Behind him stood another archbishop (a simple, plain, vigorous man), Archbishop of Kamtschatka, or Russian North America, who is here for the first time for seventeen years, which he has spent in driving about his immense diocese in a sledge drawn by reindeer, converting the heathen subjects of the Empire. Leaning against the wall was the third archbishop, the blind old Eugenius, of whom I have spoken before ; he has resigned the See of Siberia, to pass the rest of his days in retirement in the Monastery of Dackoi.

‘The sermon lasted for about a quarter of an hour. I could see by the faces of those round me and by the gestures of old Philaret himself how striking it was. He described the scene of this day last year—the magnificent

assemblage, the splendour, the summer sun pouring his rays through the Cathedral windows, the Emperor and Empress high on their exalted throne, full of grandeur, yet full also of humility, for the whole service was nothing else but a prostration of the highest earthly power before the God of Gods—the consecration, the Communion. Then, suddenly changing his tone : “ But do not suppose that the grace of the coronation, however great, is sufficient to enable a sovereign to make his people happy and holy without their concurrence. It is for you to follow out this ceremony, to co-operate with this grace ; I need not argue it by text of Scripture, I appeal to your reason and common-sense whether it is not so.” So Urusoff and Sukatin explained to me afterwards.

Then, the three archbishops being seated on three thrones in the centre of the church, the old Archdeacon read the usual prayers for the Emperor and family, and appropriate passages from the Psalms : “ Give him the valour of David and the wisdom of Solomon.” Then came the Epistle, from Rom. xiii., read by a younger deacon, whose voice even surpassed that of his elder brother. . . . I never heard anything like it . . . the sound rising at the close with each successive word—

“ *Tribute to whom Tribute is due ;*
Custom to whom Custom ;
FEAR TO WHOM FEAR ;
HONOUR TO WHOM HONOUR.”

‘ Nothing else can represent to you the kind of triumph with which he looked round as the last word resounded through the Cathedral.

‘ With a contrast most remarkable did this volume of sound compare itself with the silver, trickling rill of the Metropolitan’s voice as he read the Gospel : “ Render unto Cæsar the things that be Cæsar’s, and unto God the things that be God’s.”

‘ Then Philaret began in the same gentle voice a prayer of humiliation, preceding the Te Deum, which was to be the climax of the service ; and for this prayer—a circumstance most unusual in the Russian Church, and only occurring on this and a few like occasions—the whole con-

gregation from their standing position fell upon their knees. . . . From the extreme awkwardness with which the officers did it, it was evident how unaccustomed an attitude it was. The prayer ended, the congregation rose, and instantly the choir broke out in the Russian tones of the *Te Deum*, the bells of the Cathedral chiming in at the same moment. It sang on in a joyful strain till it reached the verse, "We pray Thee to help Thy servants," when it sank into a low, gentle supplication, and then again rose with the words: "O Lord, save Thy people, and help Thine heritage"; the Imperial Anthem; and so the service ended. Loud and long sounded the great bell of Ivan the Great, a sound enough to make the ghosts of Czars and Patriarchs rise from their graves. If this mere shadow of the Coronation was so magnificent, what must have been the reality?

'Before the Coronation Service yesterday I went with the English Chaplain to see the departure of the Siberian exiles. They had already started, and were halting by the roadside for the first of the many halts of their long journey. There were about twenty. All were on foot except the sick, who were in carts. A guard of mounted Cossacks surrounded them, and groups of bystanders were giving them alms. One woman was weeping bitterly as her daughter parted from her—I suppose for ever. It is difficult to remember that they are merely convicts sentenced to transportation. "The sentence was pronounced by us," said the gentle Michael when I told him what I had been to see.'

Stanley reached Oxford in the second week of October 1857. As soon as he had delivered his lectures for the term, he returned to Canterbury, to be present at the Cathedral audit, and to keep what proved to be his last residence as Canon of Canterbury. His time was fully occupied. Every Sunday he preached once in the Cathedral, and generally twice in different parish churches. Week-days find him, now representing the Chapter at the Mayor's banquet; now examining the boys at the King's School; now entertaining fifty soldiers from the barracks to breakfast and conducting them over the Cathedral; now lecturing to different classes of his

fellow-citizens on Canterbury, or on the East, or on Russia. His house at the north-east side of the precincts was rarely empty. It was his delight to lionise his visitors over the antiquities of the city, and he prided himself on selecting from the society of the place the right persons to meet such guests as Hallam, or Whewell, or Herschell. Within his garden stood a mulberry-tree, the old trunk of which lay prostrate. But from the dead stem a young branch had taken root, and become a vigorous tree. 'Here,' he used to say, 'you have the faithful likeness of the old Church of this country, and of the thriving Church which has sprung out of its dead body.' In the financial business of the audit he took no interest, and paid it no attention. At the close of a long 'audit' meeting of the Chapter, at which the main topic was the substitution of rents for fines and beneficial leases, Archdeacon Harrison said, as they came away together, 'I wonder, Stanley, whether you quite understand the meaning of fines.' 'I have not the remotest idea,' was the prompt reply. But in other questions that came before the Chapter he took an active part. It was mainly through his influence and perseverance that the Cathedral was thrown open to the public after the hours of Divine service, and that the old state services were discontinued.

On February 20th, 1858, Dr. Bull, Canon of Christ Church, died. The vacant stall belonged to Stanley as Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History. He at once prepared to leave Canterbury. His departure was widely and deeply regretted. By one friend it was regarded as 'a public calamity': to another it seemed 'as if a cloud had suddenly passed over the sunniest spots of my life.' To himself, though he had long known the blow to be inevitable, the final severance was painful in the extreme. His years at Canterbury had been years of almost uninterrupted peace and happiness. 'Well,' he writes, 'it will be a satisfaction that Canter-

bury will now remain a spot of existence bright, happy, and useful to the end. God grant that this new stage may come anywhere near it in proportion !'

Stanley was installed at Christ Church on March 13th, 1858. 'What an end of life,' he writes to Pearson, 'these partings make ! I should be torn to shreds if they were to come more than once in seven years.' Seven years after his appointment to the Professorship of Ecclesiastical History he left Oxford for the Deanery of Westminster.

CHAPTER XVI

1858-61

First Impressions of Oxford after his Return—Tour in Spain—Revived Interest in Oxford—‘Canterbury Sermons’—His Influence as Professor of Ecclesiastical History—‘Essays and Reviews’

‘**T**O-MORROW,’ writes Stanley to Charles Kingsley on April 13th, 1858, on the eve of leaving Canterbury,

‘I leave a home which I have enjoyed increasingly for seven years, to enter on a life of turmoil and confinement, which derives its only charm from the hope, at times very faint, of being more useful than I have been here. Such a hope is revived by finding that my lectures have awakened a response from anyone so well able to judge of ecclesiastical history as you are. I wish that I knew any one generation as you know that of Hypatia, or of Elizabeth (of either Hungary or England).’

Less than a year elapsed before he was completely reconciled to the change. Yet Oxford was not a bed of roses. In the University party spirit ran high, and was especially directed against one of his two dearest and most intimate friends. Nor did he at once succeed in awakening such a response among his pupils as he had at first expected. In a letter to J. C. Shairp he enlarges upon his Oxford experiences :

'Let me begin with its sour. The dusty, secular, dried-up aspect of the place is very unpleasing. The stiffness of the undergraduates in social intercourse is only surpassed by their marvellous lack of interest (as far as appears in my lectures) in anything like theological study. I am curious, if ever I come to St. Andrews again, to hear or see how the Scotch students receive their instructions.

'On the other hand, the possession of a house makes me independent of much of the useless gossip and rattle of academical machinery, and gives me a hope of future useful social influences. There is a pleasure in finding oneself at the top of the tree, as far as any wish I could form in connection with Oxford—everything open to one's view, great persons civil and kind, small persons grateful for notice. Now and then, too, in the undergraduate world a spark of interest seems to be struck, which makes one hope that, even where none such appears, there may be some effect produced.

'Of the Balliol youth I see but little. None of them come to my lectures, which, I presume, arises from the fact that none of them go into Orders, a feature in the prospects of the Church of England far darker than any of those about which our agitators and alarmists are so wild.'

One great attraction which his position at Oxford offered to him was the Long Vacation, with its leisure for study or for travel. In the solitude of the University, during the greater part of July and August, 1858, he was busy preparing his October lectures, in order that he might be free for an expedition to the north of Spain. As soon as his work was completed he started on August 30th, 1858, for the Continent. He had already visited the south of Spain with his sisters. He was now anxious to see something of the northern provinces of a country which always fascinated him by its historical and Oriental characteristics. From Barcelona he made a pilgrimage to Montserrat, where Ignatius Loyola dedicated his sword to the black image of the Virgin. Then, proceeding down the east coast to Valencia, he traversed the bleak desert, dotted here and there with dusky olives,

which reaches up to the very gates of Madrid. The treeless, dusty, idle, extortionate capital, standing in a 'hideous situation,' was little to his taste. It only excited in him surprise that, merely to gratify the comfort of the gouty Charles V. or the gloomy humours of Philip II., the old metropolitan glories of Grenada, or Seville, or Toledo, should have been sacrificed. In the picture-galleries, except when the subjects of the pictures were historical portraits, or illustrated the national history or character, he took small interest. Yet of Murillo's genius he carried away a very vivid impression. 'His pictures have that lively art of telling a story which always pleases me so much in Sir Joshua Reynolds.' With the Armoury he was delighted. Here he could see the swords of Roland, the Cid Campeador, and Boabdil, of Pizarro, and Ferdinand the Catholic; the suit of mail worn by Columbus, and the helmet of Charles V., engraved with the motto, 'Plus ultra,' which he was fond of quoting. His insatiable curiosity even led him to a bull-fight. Already, on an Easter Sunday, from the tower of the Cathedral at Seville, he had seen a similar spectacle. The bull-fight at Madrid was held on a Monday, and he therefore could go to the actual scene with a clear conscience. 'I was,' he says,

'quite unable to feel a spark of excitement either for bulls, fighters, or spectators. The death of the poor animals was less disgusting than I had expected. But there was a childishness and a languor about the whole affair that made it to me altogether unmeaning—a cruel teasing of a poor dumb beast, that was gradually worn out by exhaustion, and then butchered without difficulty. I never desire to see or to think of it again.'

After leaving Madrid, the real interest of the tour began for Stanley. The Escorial, Toledo, Alcala, Segovia, Burgos, with their cathedrals, their universities, their churches, their tombs and monasteries, their Roman

remains, their reminiscences of Spanish sovereigns from Alonzo VI. to Philip II., of the Cid and Gil Blas, of Cervantes and Ximenes, richly repaid him for the weariness, delays, and discomforts of his journey. Toledo formed 'the climax of the tour.' Apart from the glories of the Cathedral, of the Convent of San Juan de los Reyes, or of the Jewish synagogue, nothing could surpass the beauty of the situation. His description shows how keen was his eye for natural beauty when it formed the background for human interest. 'It is,' he says,

'the walk along the hills behind the river which is of such extraordinary grandeur. What a contrast to the flatness and wretchedness of Madrid and the Manzanares! The wild, savage, mountain scenery, descending almost precipitously into the broad, full stream, is such as might make you think yourself far away from town or history. But then, it is for ever opening and closing upon glimpses of the city, which appear in a succession of stone-paved pictures—Moorish bridge, Roman aqueduct, Palace of Charles V., Cathedral spire, Jewish synagogue, Church of the Catholic Kings—a solitary group of women washing on the bare rocks below, a watch-tower on the hill, a troop of gipsies or foresters passing over the mountain-track with their laden asses; this is the magic-lantern, this is the true "Vision of Don Roderick," not in the enchanted cave, but on the enchanted mountain and beautiful river of Toledo.'

At Burgos, Stanley's enthusiasm for the Cid triumphed over sickness and fatigue. At the tomb of the Cid, at San Pedro de Cardeña, he examined every nook of the Chapel, every line of the elaborate epitaph in Latin hexameters, every detail of the sculptured armour. His one disappointment was that his guide could not point out the spot where Babieca, the Cid's faithful war-horse, was buried, so decidedly as that where Roderick and Ximena his wife were laid. In one of his most characteristic letters he describes how he tracked the footsteps of the Cid from Valencia through Segovia to Burgos:—

'This brings me to his last resting-place, his birthplace and his burial-place—Burgos and Cardeña. On the steep side of the hill on which stands Burgos Castle are a few broken pillars, standing in what was once the High Street—as at Edinburgh—where the aristocracy of Castile resided under the shadow of their great castle. Here amongst them dwelt the Cid. . . . There he was born and died, and hard by you will see a Moorish archway, to remind him of his country's enemies. But now, to Cardeña let us go. It is a wild walk of five miles or more over the bleak downs of Castile, fit burial-place for the wild Castilian hero. It is the earliest Benedictine convent in Spain, built by Sancha over the grave of her husband, Theodoric, who fell, hunting, at the Spring Cardeña, which still trickles out of the rock behind the convent-wall. It was sacked by the Moors, and the monks murdered; and for this reason, perhaps, after its restoration the Cid determined to be buried beside them. Originally his sepulchre was before the high altar. It was afterwards moved to the S. transept, and though it was opened and rifled by the French, it still remains much as it was when first put up by Alonzo the Wise. Here again read the inscriptions, which, as they are in Latin, I shall translate into my own rude verse, turned over in the long night journey between Burgos and this place :

This holy church of Peter, where Cardeña's waters flow,
 Good Sancha builded up on high, but Zephas laid it low;
 Alonzo raised it up again, and Garcia watch'd its rise;
 The mighty Cid hath honour'd it—for in its walls he lies.
 High chiefs have foster'd its advance, great kings have lent their aid:
 Good Pontiffs, with paternal eye, its glories have survey'd:
 Here rest our kings, and here our chiefs: and here our martyrs sleep.
 Behold! and see how Benedict doth all our worthies keep.

'After this compendious history, enter the transept and look at the venerable monument. There he lies, with Ximena by his side. His arms are carved beneath—namely, the two swords crossed behind a cross, and the chains of captive Moors on each side. Round the rim of the grave is a rude epitaph, written by Alonzo the Wise himself. Here it is:

The Champion, never conquered, for ever famed in war,
 Lies closed within this sepulchre, Rodrigo of Bivar.'

Underneath again are these lines :

As mighty Rome in deeds of war all other lands excels,
As Arthur ever living still in British memory dwells,
As Charlemagne to France hath left his own majestic name,
So sheds the never-conquered Cid on rugged Spain his fame.

'Round about the chapel hang the armorial bearings of all his family—father, mother, wife, sons, daughters, companions ; and over the portal, from the Vulgate, "How are the mighty fallen, and the weapons of war perished !" Farewell, Cid Campeador ! The shades of evening are falling fast, and we caught the last glimpse of him as he was seen in vast painted bas-relief, careering on Babieca, over the convent-door, trampling down the Moors under his feet.

'And farewell Spain ! I think, when I wrote before, that I looked forward with pleasure to the day on which I should recross the frontier of civilised France. Yet now that the last day has come, I think only of the delightful scenes I have enjoyed and the happy escapes out of all difficulties which have distinguished this little tour. And Spain itself, with all its drawbacks, becomes dearer in the retrospect. It is an "Archangel ruined"—and its original brightness still shines out of its ruins, and the very decay is interesting and instructive. It was a glorious October evening, and we mounted the rock of St. Sebastian and watched the sun go down. The hills of Biscay, with their many promontories, were lit up in the departing glow—and the purple ranges of the Pyrenees rose up on the east—and the dim line of France was seen to the north—and calmly, almost without a ripple, did the still Atlantic roll into the double bay—and the crescent moon was encased in a golden fleece of clouds, that caught the splendour of the last sunlight. Everything was softened down into harmony and repose ; and so is it with the recollections of this strange land, which we thus leave, to be once more, I trust, in our own next week.'

Stanley returned to Oxford in October 1858. Six months had now elapsed since he had, with many misgivings and much reluctance, transferred his home to Christ Church. Every day reconciled him more com-

pletely to his new life. In March 1859 he published a volume of his 'Canterbury Sermons,' and the publication of this volume seems to mark the date when he finally bade farewell to his old home, and definitely transferred his affections to the new. Yet his gratitude for the repose of Canterbury always remained. 'I never cease,' he says in 1863,

'to be thankful for the seven years in that green island ; but I feel that it was good to take to sea again, and on that sea I suppose that it will now be my fate to be tossed about as long as I live, or, at least, as long as I have my health.'

At Oxford he found himself, as time went on, possessed of much of that independence which he had especially valued at Canterbury, while a wider sphere of usefulness, particularly among the rising generation, compensated him for the comparative loss of leisure, and of freedom from theological controversy. In the midst of misgivings when he first accepted the Professorship, he had been cheered by the hope of awakening an interest in the study of ecclesiastical history, and of exercising 'useful social influences.' Both among young and old the hope was abundantly realised. It may, indeed, be questioned whether he would not have exercised a deeper influence on his time had he remained at Oxford. There might have been less ground for the sad complaint which he uttered not long before his death : 'This generation is lost ; it is either plunged in dogmatism or agnosticism. I look forward to the generation which is to come.' If he had remained at Oxford, he might have mediated between the two extremes more effectually than at Westminster ; for, while he charmed older men, he led the young. 'My heart leaps up,' he would say, 'when I behold an undergraduate.' And the delight which he felt in the society of young men was warmly reciprocated by the young men themselves.

Few undergraduates could resist the enthusiasm which marked his formal lectures or his informal, catechetical, conversational instruction. Fewer still were proof against his personal charm in the midst of his breakfast-parties, or his social gatherings on Sunday evenings at Christ Church. 'It was his custom,' says Mr. Victor Williamson, who afterwards became an intimate friend, but was then an undergraduate,

'at Christ Church, when alone, to open his house on Sunday evenings to any of his undergraduate acquaintances who cared to go, and it was a privilege of which several of us availed ourselves whenever it was offered. To nothing in my University life do I look back with more pleasure than to those delightful Sunday evenings at Stanley's house, and to the perfect freedom from restraint that we all felt in his company. Many thoughtless sayings were often uttered by us, which might well have provoked a rebuke or a sarcasm from one in his position. But though I clearly recollect one or two cases in which a question was asked, or a remark made, that caused us to burst into laughter at the unlucky speaker, not a word or expression ever fell from Stanley in his answer to make the man conscious that he had said a silly thing.'

His lectures were always interesting. Every character or incident with which he dealt was made alive to his hearers. In addressing large classes he combined the written lecture with simpler, unwritten illustration, or even with questioning, in a manner that might be commended to modern teachers. The questions were enforced by touches, sometimes, in his unskilful hands, by pokes with a long stick which was intended to indicate the quarter whence an answer was expected. Once, as a pupil remembers, he addressed a very ordinary question about the parent of a patriarch to one of those who were sitting near him. The stick touched the head which was leaning forward over a note-book. The head rose, and disclosed the blushing features of a well-known Oxford

tutor, who could *not* answer the question. After this accident the use of the stick was discontinued.

Another anecdote, related by the Rev. A. G. Butler, is characteristic :

‘When preparing a lecture upon early Church history, Stanley wished for a large chart giving a list, in order, of the early Fathers and the principal heretics. This he entrusted me to draw up on a large sheet from a paper which he furnished ; and in giving me his directions he begged that, with a view to distinctness, the heretics might be underlined with red ink. But here arose the difficulty. Who was a heretic ? Some one or two great offenders were promptly disposed of ; some others were condemned, with a sigh, in deference to general opinion. But it was amusing to see his tenderness for Origen, his unwillingness to brand him even with the faintest mark of disapprobation ; and it was only after a struggle that he bid me put “a very small line of red” under his name. “Perhaps,” he added with his playful smile, “they won’t see it.”’

But Stanley’s influence was not confined to the lecture-room : it was great also in the pulpit. Many young men in the University felt the power of his appeal to work at something, to fill whatever place they happened to hold. No stronger proof of his influence can be afforded than the following extract from a letter written in 1863 by the late John Richard Green, the historian :

‘I have often longed in the midst of my work, historical or clerical, to tell you how wholly that work, and the happiness which comes from it, are owing to you. I am glad I delayed till now, till the close of your Oxford teaching, that you may at least know what your teaching has done for one Oxford man out of the many that you taught.

‘I came up to Oxford a hard reader and a passionate High Churchman ; two years of residence left me idle and irreligious. Partly from ill-health, partly from disgust at my college, I had cut myself off from society within or without it. I rebelled doggedly against the systems around

me ; I would not work because work was the Oxford virtue ; I tore myself from history, which I loved, and plunged into the trifles of archæology, because they had no place in the University course. I remember that in the absolute need I felt of *some* reading, and my resolve to read nothing that could possibly bring me in contact with what Oxford valued, I spent a year over the literature of the eighteenth century, and especially the vexed questions in the life of Pope ! Of course, all this seems now absurd as a sick man's dream, but absurd as it was, it was the life I had deliberately chosen and was doggedly carrying on when accident brought me to your lecture-room.

'It was the same with religion. High Churchism fell with a great crash, and left nothing behind—nothing but a vague reverence for goodness, however narrow and bigoted in form, which kept me as far from the shallow conceit of the current Oxford Liberalism as I had already drifted from the Mansel orthodoxy. I saw only religious parties unjust to one another, and I stood apart, unjust to them all. I had withdrawn myself from Oxford work, and I found no help in Oxford theology.

'I was utterly miserable when I wandered into your lecture-room ; and my recollection of what followed is not so much of any definite words as of a great unburthening. Then, and afterwards, I heard you speak of work, not as a thing of classes and fellowships, but as something worthy for its own sake, worthy because it made us like the Great Worker. That sermon on Work was like a revelation to me. "If you cannot, or will not, work at the work which Oxford gives you, at any rate work at something." I took up my old boy-dream, history, again. I think I have been a steady worker ever since. And so in religion—it was not so much a creed that you taught me as fairness. You were liberal ; you pointed forward, you believed in a future as other "Liberals" did, but you were not, like them, unjust to the present or the past. I found that old vague reverence of mine for personal goodness, which alone remained to me, widened in your teaching into a true catholicity. I used to think as I left your lecture-room of how many different faiths and persons you had spoken, and how you had revealed and taught me to love the good that was in them all. I cannot tell you how that great principle of

fairness has helped ever since ; how in my reading it has helped me out of partisanship and mere hero-worship. In my parish it used to disclose to me the real sterling worth of obstructive churchwardens or meddling committeemen. But it has helped me most of all in my realisation of the Church, that Church of all men and all things "working together for good," drawn on through error and ignorance by and to Him who is Wisdom and Truth.

'I have said much more than I purposed, and yet much less than I might say. Of course, there were other influences. Carlyle helped me to work ; above all, Montaigne helped me to fairness. But the personal impression of a living man must always be greater and more vivid than those of books.'

Nor did Stanley lose interest in his pupils as soon as they had passed from under his immediate care. He followed their subsequent course, always ready to reopen communication with them, and always ready to help them in the difficulties of after-life. No one, probably, knows how many struggling pupils owed to his delicate sympathy that timely aid which changed the whole future of their careers. To accumulate instances of such pecuniary assistance would be almost an insult to his memory. But his time and his advice were also placed at their disposal. 'If I can hope,' he writes to a former pupil, who had consulted him on a difficulty, 'to be of any use to those who have attended my lectures, it is my best reward.'

Among older men Stanley's influence was necessarily different. He lacked the resolute, determined concentration on the mastery of a single branch of knowledge, the sustained attention to any one line of thought, which are essential to intellectual leaders. He never could have settled down alone in a remote solitude to think out a subject. But everything combined to make him a moral and social power of the best and highest kind.

He had that genius for friendship which consists in the craving for sympathy and the readiness to give it.

He felt the need for himself, and he satisfied it in others, to have his tastes, wishes, views consulted. He delighted to pour out his stores for the pleasure and profit of his friends, but it was an equal delight to him to be the recipient also of their treasures. He felt an instinctive shrinking from those altercations which so often destroy the blessings of friendship. On one occasion he wrote to his sister, mentioning with extreme pleasure that, at three successive houses in which he had been staying, he had never heard a note of discord. When any harshness or acerbity of temper was betrayed in his presence, he would simply relapse into silence, and look distressed, until he could find the opportunity of introducing some change of topic.

The habit, which he often inculcates in his sermons, of making the best of people—of ignoring differences, and finding and developing points of sympathy—was his own continual practice. It was not that he was unable to see faults in his friends. With all his admiration for Arnold, he yet lamented his failings. But, as he had a genius for friendship, so also he had a passion for justice. He dwelt upon the good that he found in men till to him, and often to them, it absorbed, effaced, and overcame the evil. He hardly ever stated, and very rarely even admitted, anything to the prejudice of another man. If he could not speak well of them, he would close his lips in a determined way. He had none of that selfish angularity which is only conscious of its own bruises. He never, it may be almost said with literal truth, had a feud or a coolness with any of his associates which was not caused by his taking up the cudgels on behalf of someone, often a stranger to himself, who was attacked. Even then the alienation was never on his side. If a friend or acquaintance insisted on breaking with him, he would watch his opportunity to win him back, sometimes by frank, but gentle, remonstrances, sometimes by acts of thoughtful kindness, sometimes by inviting him to his

table to meet distinguished guests. He was almost equally anxious to remove misunderstandings between his friends, pleading with each for the other, yet without ceasing to be friendly to both; eager to smooth away all occasions for outbreaks, and, if they occurred, to gather up and piece together the broken fragments of friendship.

He was remarkable for the extension and expansiveness of his genius for friendship. His countless friends were like beads, scattered far and wide when the string connecting them was broken. Nothing could ever bring them together again. Nor was the genius less remarkable for its intensity. In his intimate friendships, which were, of course, few, there was no reserve. To his mother and sisters his heart and mind stood open from the earliest years. From Hugh Pearson or Professor Jowett he had no secrets. And with his wife the union of thought and feeling was so complete that it is only wonderful how much affection, sympathy, and interest it left to spare for others.

Whatever storms might rage in academical society, his own home at Christ Church was a place on the threshold of which all controversial bitterness was necessarily abandoned. Thus it was that the social influence which he exercised was, in its special way, unique. In him were happily blended cheerfulness, perfect simplicity, a high and serious view of life, and a many-sided capacity for its enjoyment. Whether he was speaking, writing, or talking, he commanded a perennial flow of what was very nearly his best self. His mind was not, perhaps, fundamentally original. He culled from all sources, but especially from the lips of men of superior knowledge, the information which he distilled into the honey of his books and conversation. Possessing a rapid perception of analogies or differences, and gifted with a graphic power of description, the collocation of his ideas was always apposite, fresh, suggestive, and their presentment

always vivid and picturesque. Few persons talked with him without eliciting, if not an original thought, at least a new point of view. At any moment, in connection with a vast variety of subjects, there was a pent-up store of interest and enthusiasm which was ready to burst into expression.

Partly by instinct and taste, partly on principle, he always endeavoured to keep himself in touch with the doings and thoughts of the day. Like Bishop Fraser, he was convinced that 'the man who is out of gear with his times cannot influence others.' It was this union of breadth of sympathy with alertness of mind which made his conversation so quickening, refreshing, and stimulating. But his sympathies were not only broad: they were also high. On whatever subject he talked, he impressed his hearers with the sense that close behind the surface there existed a loftier tone of thought, which was always ready to respond to the slightest touch of congenial feeling. He was at once too full of tact and too delicately conscious of the moods of other men to intrude this side of his nature upon mixed society. But what was said with truth of the late Bishop of Manchester was, in a less direct and practical way, true of Stanley: 'He was daily bringing down light from Heaven into the life of other people.' No one could long come in contact with Stanley without feeling that he was walking in the light, and without being affected by its radiation. It was this background that gave dignity to his simplicity of character, that preserved the spiritual elements of his nature from materialisation, that permeated his social intercourse with a tenderness, an unobtrusiveness, a sincerity, an evenness of temper, and a consideration for others, which were a strengthening and purifying force in society.

Outside Oxford other theological contests were raging, and in one of the fiercest Stanley took an important part. In February 1860 a volume of seven theological

essays by different authors was published under the title of 'Essays and Reviews.' The first essay was by Dr. Temple, then Head Master of Rugby, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, the last, by Professor Jowett. The subjects chosen by the two writers respectively were, 'The Education of the World,' and 'The Interpretation of Scripture.' The other five Essayists were Dr. Rowland Williams, Professor Baden-Powell, the Rev. H. B. Wilson, Mr. C. W. Goodwin, and the Rev. Mark Pattison.

The spring and summer passed away, and the volume had excited but little attention. The appearance of an article in the 'Westminster Review,' followed, first, by the autumn Charge of Bishop Wilberforce, and then by his article in the 'Quarterly Review' at the beginning of 1861, gave the signal for a wild and panic-stricken agitation. Addresses, memorials, and remonstrances against the mischievous tendencies of the book poured in upon the Archbishops and Bishops. Inflammatory language was freely used by the champions of orthodoxy; extracts unfairly culled from the Essays were widely circulated; and the Archbishops were entreated to take action against the Essayists, who were described as traitors to their sacred calling, and as guilty of moral dishonesty.

Few men regretted more deeply than Stanley the error of judgment which had been committed by the seven authors of 'Essays and Reviews.' Neither his intimate personal friendship with Professor Jowett and Dr. Temple, nor his sympathy with liberal theology, blinded him to the impolicy of the publication and to the offensive tone and tenor of some of the Essays. He especially censured the generally negative character of the volume. 'No book,' he said, 'which treats of religious questions can hope to make its way to the heart of the English nation unless it gives at the same time that it takes away.'

But the agitation against the book assumed the character which especially excited his indignation. No effort was made to discriminate or distinguish, but all the seven writers were involved in one and the same sweeping censure, and branded with the same charge of infidelity or atheism. The champions of orthodoxy rushed into print, with wild denunciations of the Essayists, and with dogmatic assertions as to the essentials of Christianity which, in his opinion, were more mischievous than the language used by their opponents. Protests were signed by hundreds of men who never took the trouble to read the book which they condemned, or who openly avowed their reliance upon unfair extracts, in comparison with which, to use the language of Stanley, 'the Hampden extracts were white as wool.' The injustice of such an attack aroused all the combativeness of his nature. And when it was especially directed against Dr. Temple and Professor Jowett, the two men who least deserved obloquy, and had most to lose by it, he rushed into the fray, with chivalrous disregard of the personal consequences to himself.

In January 1861 Stanley was requested to write an article in the April number of the 'Edinburgh Review' on 'Essays and Reviews.' While he was preparing this article, an event occurred which, in his opinion, accentuated and embittered the whole crisis. Early in February 1861 a number of the Bishops met at Lambeth, and decided to reply to one of the numerous addresses in such a general form as would virtually answer other appeals of a similar character. Their reply ran as follows:

'Lambeth: February 12, 1861

'Reverend Sir,—I have taken the opportunity of meeting many of my episcopal brethren in London to lay your address before them.

'They unanimously agree with me in expressing the pain it has given them that any clergyman of our Church should

have published such opinions as those concerning which you have addressed us.

'We cannot understand how these opinions can be held consistently with an honest subscription to the formularies of our Church, with many of the fundamental doctrines of which they appear to us essentially at variance.

'Whether the language in which those views are expressed is such as to make the publication an act which could be visited in the Ecclesiastical Courts, or to justify the synodical condemnation of the book which contains them, is still under our gravest consideration. But our main hope is our reliance on the blessing of God in the continued and increasing earnestness with which, we trust, that we and the clergy of our several dioceses may be enabled to teach and preach that good deposit of sound doctrine which our Church teaches in its fulness, and which we pray that she may, by God's grace, ever set forth as the uncorrupted Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ.

'I remain, reverend Sir, your faithful servant,

'J. B. CANTUAR.'

In Stanley's opinion, the Episcopal letter offended against every principle of justice. It demanded the removal from the Church of five distinguished clergymen, without specifying any precise charges. It involved all the writers in one vague anathema, when the opinions of the different essays were so various as to require nice discrimination. It concealed real divergence of opinion under a false appearance of unanimity. The wholesale condemnation was, therefore, in Stanley's opinion, dishonest; and he also felt that the views of the authors ought to be tolerated in the Church, unless it were to lose its hold on the intellectual laity. In the question between the Bishops and the Essayists was involved the whole future of the National Church, 'the learning of the most learned, the freedom of the freest, the reason of the most rational, Church in the world.' The Episcopal manifesto seemed to him to proscribe free thought and research in the Church of England, to deny to the clergy that liberty which was exercised by laymen, to

proclaim to all the young and honest intellects of England that those who entered the gates of the ministry must leave independent thought behind them. The final issue, as it appeared to him, was, in fact, whether the Bible was to be read, or was to remain a closed book. The cause of liberty was, as he believed, brought before the bar, and was 'pleading for its very life.'

For some time it seemed probable that, in consequence of the Bishops' censure and the action of Convocation, Dr. Temple would be called upon to resign the head-mastership of Rugby School. Men like Dr. Vaughan (afterwards Dean of Llandaff), Dr. Lightfoot (afterwards Bishop of Durham), and Dr. Westcott (afterwards Bishop of Durham), agreed with Stanley in regarding such a result as a national calamity, as well as in deprecating the violent and sweeping charges with which the Essayists were assailed. Vaughan, fresh from the perusal of a recently-published volume of Dr. Temple's sermons, could 'conceive no graver responsibility than that which would be incurred by silencing such exhortations from the pulpit of Rugby School.' Lightfoot was

'unable to conceive a greater calamity, happening just at this crisis, not only to Rugby, but to the English Church generally, than the resignation of Dr. Temple.

'Do you think it would be possible to circulate, and obtain signatures to, a paper expressing confidence in Dr. Temple as an instructor of boys? I fancy that there are a great number of moderate-minded men who would be ready to sign such a paper, and whose sense of justice revolts against the indiscriminate censure with which *all* the writers have been assailed, and which the Bishops' manifesto seems to sanction.

'It is very much to be apprehended, I fear, that the agitation about "Essays and Reviews" will have the effect of dividing men into two well-defined and extreme parties, the one consisting of irrational champions of so-called orthodoxy, the other of men who, under the pressure of opposition, will be driven into a position of reckless scepticism, from

which they would have been quite safe if left to themselves. Such an act as Temple's resignation would be the signal for an internecine war, than which nothing could be more fatal to religion and to truth.'

In a similar strain wrote Westcott :

'However widely I may differ from Professor Jowett on this and most subjects—and you know how widely I am compelled to differ from him—I feel that the very gravest evil is likely to befall our Church from the vague charges of "infidelity," or even "atheism," which are brought against him.

'But, apart from the injustice which is done to individual writers by attributing to them conclusions which, however logical in our judgment, they would, I am sure, be the first to repudiate, there is a still greater danger in answering such reasoning by traditional authority. It is acknowledged by all, that men of high intellectual culture have for some years shrunk from taking Orders. I should never wish to overestimate the value of intellect in sacred functions, and yet it would be a serious calamity if our ministers, as a class, should fall below the laity in sacred learning. Now I fear this must be, and in fact is already, the case, from the belief that all free criticism, however reverent, is banished from questions of theology. Some men, in consequence of this belief, suppress at once all the spirit of inquiry which lies within them, and bear about a miserable feeling of dishonesty ; others hastily assume that the results of free inquiry would be antagonistic to Church principles, and refuse to join the Church ; and even the labours of those who would show that there is a real harmony between "old faiths " and recent criticism are looked on with suspicion.'

From these and similar letters Stanley felt assured that he had behind him a mass of support which had hitherto found no expression, except in abstinence from the agitation against 'Essays and Reviews.' His personal sympathies, his hopes of the Church, his desire for toleration and expansion, his sense of justice, were involved in the issue of the struggle ; all the generosity

and all the combativeness of his nature were aroused. Of these feelings, hitherto, so far as public expression went, pent up within himself, his fiery article in the 'Edinburgh Review' (April 1861) was the passionate outcome. The article, powerfully written, and full both of 'swing' and 'sting,' does not attempt to defend 'Essays and Reviews': it rather insists upon the injustice with which the writers had been treated, and labours to prove that many of the men who had taken the lead in condemning the volume were themselves responsible in their published writings for the same opinions which they now denounced as infidel. The well-timed appearance of the article added to the great effect of its powerful writing. In the opinion of Mrs. Stanley, it affected the whole of his future career. 'I am very glad you have written this,' says his mother; 'not that I agree with it all, but because it puts out of the question your ever being a Bishop.' 'I was annoyed at the time,' said Stanley long afterwards, 'but now I see she was quite right.'

CHAPTER XVII

1859-62

Publication of 'The Eastern Church'—Death of the Prince Consort—Invitation to Accompany the Prince of Wales to the East

STANLEY'S 'Lectures on the Eastern Church' were published in March 1861. The volume makes no pretence to the completeness of 'Sinai and Palestine,' the most finished and elaborate of all his writings. But it is, in some respects, a more characteristic product of his literary methods. In his Introductory Lectures as Professor of Ecclesiastical History, Stanley had referred to the proverbial dryness of his subject, and compared it to the valley of dry bones in the Prophet's vision. In 'The Eastern Church' he has made the dry bones live, and has imparted to relics, institutions, and characters, a living, human interest. And he has achieved his success by methods which were essentially part of himself. So far as was possible, the history was studied on the exact spot, and the appropriate atmosphere, the local colour, the lifelike details, are reproduced with picturesque power. The relics of the past are treated as living, human spirits, or as the instruments of living, human spirits, whose influence is at work on all sides around us for our own and for all future ages. Every similarity, contrast, or

analogy, with whatever is most familiar in our own institutions or life, is noted, so that new ideas may be brought home to the most ordinary understanding. No effort is made to drag the reader over the whole field of Church history: the lesser events are only touched upon so as to preserve the thread of continuity; the leading persons, the important scenes, the critical stages, are studied in all the detail which is possible, and stand out in overwhelming prominence by the effacement of subordinate occurrences. In the Lecture on the Council of Nicæa these literary methods are strikingly exemplified: the Oriental character of the assembly, the local colouring, the journeys of the Bishops, the elaborate portraiture of the notabilities, the first meeting of the Council, are all placed before the reader with that fulness and amplification of detail which are essential to vivid realisation, and are, therefore, in the end the best economy of time.

The work of preparing these Lectures for the press, continued in the midst of other engrossing interests, left him greatly in need of rest and change of scene. In August 1861 Stanley set out on a lengthy expedition with his sister Mary, travelling through Hungary and the Carpathians to Constantinople, and thence to Mount Athos, returning by Athens and Corfu to England. He reached Oxford in the last week of October. On December 14th in the same year the Prince Consort died. When the news reached Stanley he was at Fulham, conducting an examination for Holy Orders. 'How great the calamity is,' he writes to Pearson,

'may be measured by thinking that its most appalling results transcend even anything which the passionate burst of public grief has ventured to express, or even knows or thinks of. No *public* death could have affected me so much.

'I do not suppose that I should ever have known more of him. But so long as he lived I felt sure that there was

a steady support to all that was most excellent in the English Church. That barrier is now thrown down, and through the chasm, God protect us from the spirits that will rush in !'

As one of the Chaplains to the late Prince, Stanley was present in St. George's Chapel, on Monday, December 23rd; 1861, at the funeral of Prince Albert. 'It was,' he writes, 'a profoundly mournful and impressive sight. Indeed, considering the magnitude of the event and of the persons present, all agitated by the same emotion, I do not think that I have ever seen, or shall ever see, anything so affecting.'

The interest that Stanley felt in the death of the Prince Consort is evidenced by a manuscript in which he has collected together every incident connected with the progress of the fatal illness. His account is gathered from every side—from members of the Royal Family, as well as from those who were in attendance on the Prince, or were attached to the Royal Household. It is thrown into the form of a daily journal and is accompanied by a plan of the rooms which the Prince occupied, and a description of the pictures on the walls and the books on the tables. Most of the manuscript is too private for publication. But the fact that such an account should have been written is too characteristic of Stanley to be omitted.

Scarcely less peculiar to him is the mode in which it is prepared. As, on the one side, it illustrates his insatiable curiosity, and the power with which any striking event seized hold upon his mind, so, on the other hand, it exemplifies his anxiety to realise a scene with all the vividness that the complete command of details, of local colour, and of all attendant circumstances, can lend to the imagination. And the commencement of the account throws light on yet another of Stanley's mental peculiarities. He is careful to note that the *last* entry in the

Prince's Diary—'Ought not to go, but must'—refers to the morning when he was present at the review of the Eton Volunteers; that the *last* object in which he interested himself at Windsor Castle was the lighting of the Waterloo Gallery; that on his *last* visit to the Library he expressed his pleasure at the accidental but instructive coincidence that the arrangement of the books, beginning with the Bible and ending with Theology, brought theological literature, though from a totally different point of view back into immediate contact with the Bible.

In the Prince's morning-room hung his favourite portrait of the Queen, taken soon after their marriage. On the table lay books, chiefly of a business character—directories, army lists, navy lists, clergy lists, &c.—and among them a small French book, by the Abbé Ségur, on the Difficulties of Religion. In the dressing-room hung portraits of the Queen and of the Princess Royal. Among the books on the table were Erskine May's 'Constitutional History' and Professor Max Müller's presentation copy of his 'Lectures on the Science of Language.' Beyond these rooms was the Red Room, and, separated by a narrow passage, a large, airy room, with an oriel window looking to the east. In this room, which was hung with blue and was called the King's Room, both George IV. and William IV. had died. Between these rooms the Prince was moved every day for light and air. He expressed much pleasure at the change. 'Oh, how delightful to see the sun! Only, how I wish that I could hear the little birds singing, as I used to do at Rosenau!' (his birthplace).

The death of the Prince Consort brought with it important consequences for Stanley. In January 1862 he was summoned to Osborne. Two days after his arrival he had a private interview with General Bruce.

'As I was sitting in the Equerry's Room,' he writes to his mother,

'reading the "Times," General Bruce came in, and sate down. He seemed uneasy, as if wishing to say something, and at last I laid down the paper. He then turned to me and said, "I hardly know how to approach what I am going to say; but is it totally impossible that you should go with us?" I was silent. He went on: "The Prince Consort has often said, 'What would it be if Professor Stanley could go with you?' I fear it is impossible. The Queen has said the same thing to me since you came, and this morning the Prince of Wales has said the same thing from himself. They do not urge it, they do not intend to request it, because they know what it is that they ask. But if you could go, it would be inestimable." "Such a thought had never occurred to me before I came here, and, to speak quite openly, I doubt whether I am the proper person. It is neither compliment nor blame to me to say one thing or the other. I should not be a suitable companion for him." "I assure you," he said, "you are the only person that I can think of." . . .

I said, "Have you considered what his father would have thought of my theological connections? I have endeavoured to keep impartial in the midst of our Church parties; the special object of my going might distress the many excellent persons who regard me with terror and aversion. It is of the utmost importance that the Prince should grow up, not under the influence of any special theological school. Have you thought of this?" "I can only tell you," he said, "what occurred when the Prince of Wales went to Oxford. It was mentioned to me, and I mentioned to the Prince, that it was thought objectionable that the Prince of Wales should be there without some religious instruction. The Prince replied, 'I cannot endure to see him placed under any of those extreme influences. There is only one man in Oxford to whom I could intrust him for this—that is Dr. Stanley.'" "Well," I said, "it is impossible not to be moved by what you say. But there are two great objections. One, the extreme inconvenience of leaving my occupations and employments; the other, the reluctance I have to leave my mother for so long a time and for such a distance. One mode does occur to me—that I should join you at Jerusalem, after you have finished Egypt. You will have then gone through a part of your

journey for which I have no special qualifications—you will have had chaplains on the way. Would this meet the case?" "I accept anything which you offer." I said, "You know that I do not use many words on these occasions. But you will let me express that, whatever is my final decision, I cannot but have been most deeply gratified by the manner in which the proposal has been made." I had walked with the Prince of W. and Prince Louis just before in the most entire unconsciousness. . . . I feel now as if it must be, but two or three things I shall urge further to-morrow. . . .

Stanley regarded the proposal which had been made him 'with vast reluctance and misgivings.' 'But I feel,' he says to Hugh Pearson, 'that I could not refuse such a contribution to a household plunged in such grief as this.' His friends agreed in urging him to accept the task. 'I hope,' wrote Professor Jowett to Mrs. Stanley,

'that you will let him go. There is no one equally fit, no one who would amuse and influence the Prince in the same way. I know his old dislike to going to the same places twice over, but I think they would derive a new interest from being seen in such company. . . . Arthur has simplicity, and nature, and endless stores of amusing conversation. I feel convinced that the Prince would take to him, and like him. . . . For Arthur himself, I think the break in the monotony of life would be a great advantage. He seems to me to have been somewhat overstrained during the last few years, and I believe the rest of six months and the refreshment of the memories of Palestine would give him a new spring of life.'

'The Queen,' wrote Dr. Tait, 'could not have chosen better for her son.' 'I rejoice,' said F. D. Maurice, 'for the country's sake, in your new work.' 'I doubt not,' writes Dr. Vaughan, 'that, when your life is seen as a whole, this chapter in it will not be one of its least useful and least eventful.' Reluctant to leave his

mother, whose health was delicate, Stanley hesitated. But when Mrs. Stanley herself urged upon him the duty of accepting a responsibility which afforded him the opportunity of rendering a service to the Royal family in their present trouble, he no longer wavered, but determined to accompany the Prince of Wales on his tour in the East. 'I am now perfectly satisfied,' he writes to Pearson at the end of January, 1862 ' (and so is the dear mother), that it was necessary to go. It may end in smoke, or even in gall and wormwood; but it may also be full of interest, and may be productive of some good.'

CHAPTER XVIII

FEBRUARY TO JUNE, 1862

Second Tour in the East—Sunday at Cairo with the Prince of Wales—The Nile—Death of Mrs. Stanley—Entry into Jerusalem—Bethany—The Mosque of Hebron—The Samaritan Passover—The Shores of Lake Tiberias—The Cedars of Lebanon

ON February 12th, 1862, Stanley left England for Alexandria. 'I am quite well,' he writes to his mother from Paris, 'with no backward looks, and I never went abroad with so strong a feeling of its necessity.'

Alexandria was reached on the 24th of February. There he received 'a death-blow to the only vision of real pleasure' on which he had counted. His old dragoman, Mohamed, was unable to accompany the expedition. Four days later the Prince of Wales arrived from Trieste in the *Osborne*, was joined by Stanley, and at once proceeded to Cairo.

The journey had now begun. The party consisted of the Prince of Wales, General Bruce, Major Teesdale, Captain Keppel, the Hon. R. Meade, Consul-General Colquhoun, Dr. Minter, Captain Power of the *Osborne*, and Stanley. The tour was undertaken under conditions totally different to any of his former or later expeditions. He was no longer with companions of his

own choice and of tastes and training like his own. But few young men of twenty would have better appreciated Stanley's insatiable appetite for every detail of historical or sacred associations—an appetite so absorbing as to leave little room for sympathy with their very different interests. 'The Prince,' writes General Bruce to his sister, Lady Augusta Bruce, on March 3rd, 1862, 'takes great delight in the new world on which he has entered, and we have made an immense acquisition in Mr. Stanley, who communicates to others the intelligent interest which he finds himself in all that relates to the past as well as to the present.'

Sunday, March 2nd, was spent at Cairo.

'After luncheon there was a ride through the streets on donkeys, much to the horror of the old Turkish Pasha, the Chamberlain, who thought it not at all *convenable*, and adduced to the contrary the example of the Comte de Chambord. But in vain. H.R.H. rode on a donkey called "Captain Snooks"; . . . I had "Tom Sayers"; someone else, "Bill Thomson." We rode round the streets.

'At the termination of the Turkish quarter we were met by five beautiful open carriages, in which we were (in order to save the ignominy of arriving on donkeys) to reach the English Church. But no carriages could penetrate the intricate and narrow lanes of the Coptic quarter, and so we defiled on foot through these filthy passages. . . . It was a remarkable proof of the Prince's quickness of memory and kindness of attention that in church he recognised Crichton (of whose arrival in Egypt he had not heard a word) as having once played at tennis with him at Oxford. He, immediately on coming out, said to me, "Was not that Crichton?" stopped for him, begged me to call him, and spoke to him for some minutes. That is certainly a most useful and king-like quality.'

The Pyramids were visited at early dawn on the morning of March 6th.

'General Bruce and I slept in the same tent. At break

of day Keppel opened the tent curtain, and announced that the Prince was already off for the Pyramids. We got up and rushed off as fast as we could.

'We all reached the base of the Great Pyramid from different directions, and in the dim twilight I stumbled over someone as I was setting foot on the first step. It was the Prince. We were so early that the Arabs had not collected, and instead, therefore, of the superfluous help that most travellers find, there were not enough even to furnish one apiece. I had secured one little Bedouin boy, whom I offered to the Prince, but he resolutely refused, and began the ascent himself. I became somewhat uneasy, for the stones, though manageable enough with the assistance of the Arabs, were so smooth in certain places that a single false step would have tumbled H.R.H. down to the bottom. My boy kept asking, "Where is the Governor? What! that little chap! *why he go up alone?*" At last I insisted on the boy going alongside of the Prince, and, though he still went on without help, the Arab could have given him a helping hand in case of need. And so we all came to the top. . . . The sun had just risen, and the view, but for the mist on Cairo, was glorious, although, no doubt, far inferior to the view at sunset. We sate there for about half an hour and then came down.'

When the voyage was resumed, 'there is,' writes Stanley,

'unlimited room for reading between these well-known and monotonous banks. The Prince set his mind on my reading "East Lynne," which I did at three sittings. Yesterday I stood a tolerable examination in it. A brisk cross-examination took place between H.R.H., A. P. S., Meade, and Keppel. I came off with flying colours, and put a question which no one could answer: "With whom did Lady Isabel dine on the fatal night?" It is impossible not to like him (the Prince), and to be constantly with him brings out his astonishing memory of names and persons.'

Another letter, written on the Nile on Sunday, March 9th, expresses Stanley's pleasure in the voyage:

'I cannot refrain from writing to you, though I have hardly anything to say. But I feel so increasingly satisfied that you must have this expression of my pleasure. The mere enjoyment of a perfectly good-humoured and happy party sailing, without the slightest discomfort, up the most wonderful of rivers, is in itself not to be despised, and I am more and more struck by the amiable and endearing qualities of the Prince. . . . H.R.H. had himself laid down a rule that there was to be no shooting to-day, and, though he was sorely tempted as we passed flocks of cranes and geese seated on the bank in the most inviting crowds, he rigidly conformed to it. A crocodile was allowed to be a legitimate exception, but none appeared. He sate alone on the deck with me, talking in the frankest manner for an hour in the afternoon, and made the most reasonable and proper remarks on the due observance of Sunday in England. We are now sitting in his cabin—he writing his Journal, I writing this. In short, I am very happy, and shall be so to the end, if all goes as well. We shall probably be on land again on the 25th, and, I think, see all that we need see.'

At Thebes Stanley received the news that his mother had been seriously ill. Shortly after his departure from England Mrs. Stanley, whose health had for some time been failing, grew so alarmingly worse that she was scarcely expected to recover. As soon as the news of her illness reached the Queen, Her Majesty wished that Stanley should be at once recalled. 'The poor Queen,' writes Lady Augusta Bruce to Miss Stanley on February 27th, 1862,

'exclaimed when she heard of it, "Oh! that was Mr. Stanley's only hesitation, only doubt about going—the unwillingness to leave his mother," and she would have wished to recall him at once—to do anything rather than allow such a sacrifice to be made. It was only when Mrs. Stanley's own wishes were made clear that the Queen, deeply touched and affected, desired me to express all she felt for you, for her, for Mr. Stanley, and to say that nothing should be done but what Mrs. Stanley decided.'

On March 23rd, when the party returned to Cairo, the news was broken to Stanley that his mother was dead. She had died on the morning of Ash Wednesday, March 5th. 'I must,' he writes to his sisters, 'have been unconsciously watching with you, for I was awake most of the night, and then fell asleep, to be roused at dawn—and then all was over.' The packet which had reached him at Thebes contained the last letter that he ever received from his mother, 'the last, I suppose, that she wrote—quite herself, but in a sadly shaken handwriting.'

The shock was overwhelming. In a long letter of twenty pages, written from Cairo, he pours out his whole soul to his sisters :

'At last I ventured to read your two most consoling letters. Yes, I fully admit all that you say. I could not have returned in time. I could not have had any further parting words than we have had a hundred times. Again and again, in those long evenings, have we talked over this event, and the future life, and its mysteries, and the ways of Providence, and her wishes, and her hopes, and her faith, and what she should say if she were dying. It would not be worthy of her to add to this great sorrow one grain of imaginary grievance or self-reproach at my absence. . . .

'There is one painful part in this absence—the deadening effect of distance. "Merciful!" you will say. Yes, but I feel that the event which is so absorbing in itself is broken by the pause of this immense interval. God's will be done! It is altogether a terrible crisis. How I shall struggle through all the parts of it, or what I shall be when it is over, who can say? Something altogether different seems before me. May it be what she would have wished! I try to think that our communion with her is unbroken. But that can only be through some higher communion, in which she and we may alike partake. May we have grace to share in that, whenever or whatever it be.

'March 26.—The letters do not go till noon, so that I can add a few last words. You can understand how each day seems to bring with it a new stage of this new life. But you may comfort yourselves with the thought that I

now feel much better able to look forward to what lies before me, and to see how it will be done.

'Every morning I wake with the tearful recollection of that sweet face and dear voice. But there is no bitterness in the waking. . . . It is only a confusion—that I shall see her again, and then the reflection that this cannot be. . . . And then, one after another, the kind fellow-travellers drop in, and ask how I am, and make some cheerful, half-playful remark, to which I feel that I can now quite respond. I have told them all that I do not wish to cast any shadow over them, and I do not think I need.

'For myself, I feel that the effect will be—at least it ought to be—to make me devote myself more wholly to the work before me, not dwelling on any little drawbacks or annoyances, but thinking only of the great possible good. Perhaps up to this time I have hardly done this enough. I will, with God's help, repair this for the future, and I trust that, in the light of this great visitation, I shall not indulge in any murmurs. I feel more and more convinced that not only am I acting in conformity with her wishes, but that I should have done wrong in the sight of God and man in withdrawing from my post.'

Among the many letters of condolence which Stanley received was one from Professor Jowett. His answer was written from Cairo on March 25th, 1862 :

'I have talked with her again and again of this great event—of what she herself would think and feel and say, and of what she would wish for me. I remember well, when we were told of the overwhelming darkness which had fallen upon Buckle when he lost his mother, to whom, as I to mine, he owed everything, she said, "It is a great consolation to me to think that it will not be so with you when I am gone. You will not think that your interest in life is over; you will remember that, by carrying on your work, you will be carrying on my wishes, my interests, my affection." So may it be.

'You truly say that this is a call to a higher world. I obeyed your suggestion as well as I could. I could not read those chapters for myself. But I had them read to me by the one of our party who had most keenly felt the same

sorrow, Meade (of the Foreign Office), who has been to me as a younger brother in kindness and in sympathy. How wide is the scope of those words! How distantly, as on distant mountains, do they reflect the feelings of human sorrow!

'I have determined to go on. For a moment—for an hour—I wavered. But the unanimous opinion of all my friends and relations, as I opened letter after letter, proved to me the disappointment and grief which my return would cause to them in England, and reflection showed me that, whilst this heavy blow has struck off half my powers and opportunities, it has given me others. The Prince himself was to me as he had never been before. The others were as if they were of the same family. From one came forth a voice which, but for this, I should probably never have heard at all.

'The Holy Land will become to me doubly holy when thus revisited. You ask to speak of her to me when I return. I should have entreated you to do so. It is the chief pain of my present situation that, from ignorance of her, there is no one here who can. She loved you, she knew you, she regarded your interests as hers and as mine. To her constant courageous support you owe whatever poor services I may have been able to render you. She was indeed a tower of strength to many who knew it not.

"Where is she now?"—a question that she asked again and again, as our different friends and relations passed away, always with the same perfect reliance on the "judgment of God according to truth." You will hear from my sisters how and when I received the news. It was in the most blessed interval, the only interval of repose that the journey would have allowed.

The news had reached Stanley 'at the most blessed time and place,' if the end was destined to come during his absence. It had come, not in the hurry of travelling, nor in the whirl of parties, but at the quiet close of a journey, in the interval of repose between Egypt and Palestine. It was broken to him, in the tenderest manner, by the most considerate of men. All that the kindness of his travelling-companions could do to alleviate

the agony of his grief was done. But he was weighed down by the absence of anyone who had known his mother well. No one was aware what mother and son had been to each other, how great the debt which he owed to her, how all that he did was done with a view to her approval, how implicitly he relied upon her quiet wisdom and tender sympathy. The 'guardian genius,' to use his own words, 'had passed away that nursed his very mind and heart.' The outer world might regard the death of Mrs. Stanley as the death of an aged parent, which it was natural, but useless, to lament. Yet none the less 'the heart knoweth his own bitterness.'

On Sunday, March 30th, his loss is present to him as he preaches on the text, 'Gather up the fragments that remain.' H.M.S. *Osborne* was then lying in the port of Jaffa, and the party were preparing to land in Palestine.

'We had the service on board the *Osborne* on Sunday morning. I preached on "Gather up the fragments." Just before the service began, and whilst I was sitting alone, Meade came in, and in the tenderest manner said, "Is not this too much for you?" "No," I said, "it will be the greatest comfort to me," and so it was; you can imagine what I said.'

'Every dispensation of Providence,' says Stanley in that sermon, 'is a kind of miracle wrought for our benefit.' Of such a character is any 'signal visitation of joy or of sorrow.'

'It is possible to drive such a blessing or such a calamity out of our thoughts, and cut off all its consequences. But it is possible also, and it is far better, to "gather up all the fragments" that it has left, to see what it has taught us which we knew not before—of our strength, of our weakness, of God, of our own soul. Or it may be that we have known a noble character, a good example. It has gone from us; it is absent from us; we see it no more. Shall we blot out its remembrance? Shall we think that "out of sight

is out of mind ? ” or shall we not rather “gather up all the fragments that remain ”—all the sayings, all the doings, all the memories of such a character, that they may still cheer, and sustain, and guide, and warn us in our passage through this mortal life ? ’

The Prince of Wales landed at Jaffa on March 31st, 1862. His entrance into the Holy Land and his approach to Jerusalem followed the footsteps of Richard Cœur de Lion and Edward I. The long cavalcade, escorted by a troop of Turkish cavalry, whose spears and pennons glittered in the Syrian sun, climbed the pass of Beth-horon, and caught their first view of the Holy City from the spot where Richard hid his face in his shield and said, ‘ Ah ! Lord God, if I am not thought worthy to win back the Holy Sepulchre, I am not worthy to see it.’

‘ By this time the cavalcade had increased. The Turkish Governor, the English clergy, groups of ragged Jews, Franciscan monks, Greek clergy. Here and there, under the clumps of trees, groups of children singing hymns, the stragglers at last becoming a crowd. The long retinue of spearmen before and behind, the clatter of the horses’ hoofs on the broken stones of the execrable road drowning every other sound—and this increasing as we passed under the walls. The Prince at the head of the motley procession, which, barbarous and ragged as it was, still seemed to contain the representatives, the offscourings, if you will, of all nations. That evening, and the evening before, the Prince came to my tent to get the names of the places he had seen correctly written down in his Journal, and on the first evening (the Sunday) he said, on going out, in the most engaging manner, “ You see that I am trying to do what I can to carry out what you said in your sermon ” (gather up the fragments).’

The city and its neighbourhood were carefully explored—the hills of Judæa, Bethlehem, the ruined groves of Jericho, and, above all, Bethany.

‘ Late in the afternoon we reached Bethany. I then took my place close beside the Prince. Everyone else fell back, by design or accident, and at the head of the cavalcade we moved on towards the famous view. This was the one half-hour which, throughout the journey, I had determined to have alone with the Prince, and I succeeded. I pointed out each stage of the Triumphal Entry—the “fig-trees,” the “stones,” the first sight of Jerusalem, the acclamations, the palms, the olive-branches, the second sight, where “He beheld the city, and wept over it.”

‘The whole cavalcade paused on that long ledge. It was as impressive to me, and as authentic, as ever. I thought of Ammergau; I thought of the many times I had talked over this very moment with our dearest mother. I turned round to call the attention of the rest of the party, and as I turned I saw, and bade the Prince look round too, the only detail which could have been worth noticing on such an occasion—a flock of white sheep and black goats feeding on the mountain-side, the groundwork of the great parable, delivered also from this hillside, on the Day of Judgment.

‘The cavalcade moved on again, and I fell to the rear, feeling that I had at least done my best. How often I felt as if my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth! By the Valley of Jehoshaphat we returned, and so the day closed.’

The Holy Place and the sacred spectacle which Stanley most regretted to have left unseen on his first visit to Palestine in 1853 were the Mosque of Hebron and the Samaritan Passover on Mount Gerizim. He was now enabled not only to witness the most interesting vestige of the earliest Jewish ritual, but to penetrate to the jealously-guarded sanctuary, first Jewish, then Christian, then Mussulman, which is supposed to cover the Cave of Machpelah. Had his journey borne no other fruit, he would have felt himself richly rewarded.

The visit to the Mosque of Hebron was a triumph for the diplomacy of General Bruce. Since 1187 no European, except in disguise, was known to have set foot

within the sacred precincts. Even to royal personages the Mosque had remained hermetically sealed for nearly seven hundred years. Through lines of soldiers the entrance to the Mosque was reached. In the narrow streets

‘hardly a face was visible in the houses as we passed—only the solitary figure of a guard standing on every housetop, evidently to secure that no stones should be thrown down. In short it was a complete military occupation.

‘At last we reached the corner of the great Jewish enclosure. Up the sharp flight of stairs, gazing at the huge polished stones, we mounted. At the summit we turned inside, and here immediately were met by the chief guardian of the Mosque. No one could be more courteous than he was, declaring that for no one but for the eldest son of the Queen of England would he have allowed this; sooner should the princes of any other nation have passed over his body. There was a deep groan from the attendants when the shrine of Abraham was opened, redoubled at the shrine of Jacob and of Joseph. You may imagine my feelings when I thrust my arm down as far as I could to reach into the rocky vault, and when I knelt down to ascertain how far the tomb of Abraham was part of the native mountain.

‘When we all came out, I know not what feelings preponderated. I must say that the person for whom I felt the most was General Bruce. From him I went to the Prince, to thank him, and to express how, but for him I should never have had this great opportunity. “Well,” he said, with touching and almost reproachful simplicity, “high station, you see, has, after all, some merits, some advantages.” “Yes, sir,” I replied, “and I hope that you will always make as good a use of it.”’

On April 9th the party returned to Jerusalem, and the following morning left it for Bethel, Shiloh, and Nablûs. On April 12th was held the Samaritan Pass-over. The whole male Samaritan community were camped on the terrace below the summit of Mount Gerizim.

'At three-quarters of an hour before sunset the prayers began. Presently, suddenly there appeared among the worshippers six sheep, guarded by some of the youths. They wandered to and fro in the crowd, so innocent—and the young men who tended them so simple in their appearance—that it was like a pastoral scene in a play, or like one of the tableaux at Ammergau.

'The sun, which had hitherto burnished up the Mediterranean-Sea in the distance, now sank very nearly to the farthest western ridge. The recitation of prayers became more vehement; indeed it was, I believe, the recitation from the early chapters of Exodus. The sheep were driven more closely together, still perfectly playful. The sun touched the ridge. The youths burst into a wild chant, and drew their long, bright knives, and brandished them in the air. In a moment the sheep were thrown on their backs, and the long knives were drawn across their throats. There were a few silent convulsions—"dumb as a sheep that openeth not his mouth"—and the six forms lay lifeless on the ground, with the blood streaming from them, the one only Jewish sacrifice that remains in the world.

'In the blood the young men dipped their fingers, and marked the foreheads and noses of all the children—not the doors of the tents nor the faces of the grown-up. It was, as they explained it, a kind of relic of the past, of which only this fragment remained. It sounds hardly anything in relating it; but there was a wildness about it which was extremely striking, and I have no doubt that it carries one back beyond any other institution to those ancient days.

'The next process was the skinning and roasting. For this a trough and a deep hole were prepared. In both vines and brambles (those of Jotham's parable) were thrown and set on fire. Over those in the trough were placed two cauldrons, and again, amidst the recitation of Exodus xii., the water boiled, and, when it had boiled enough, was poured by the same youths over the dead sheep, to take off their wool. Their legs were torn off and thrown aside, and the sheep themselves were spitted on long poles—hardly crosses, as it has been sometimes said—and they were hoisted aloft, and were prepared to be sunk into the second hole, filled with burning faggots, to roast them.

'By this time it was past eight, and the question arose, how long it would be before the feast took place—three, four, or five hours? One after another the different members of the party gave way, and at last all determined to return to the tents at the foot of the mountain. I, however, was resolved to remain. They were extremely good, made no difficulties, and accordingly, with Waters, I retired to one of the Samaritan tents and slept, or tried to sleep. Strange feeling!—we two the only Europeans on that wild mountain height, in the midst of this ancient sect, to witness the only direct vestige of the Jewish Passover.

'At half-past one we were roused. The moon was still bright, and high in the heavens. The whole male community was gathered round the hole, now closed up with wet earth, where the six sheep were being roasted. Mats were arranged for them, on which we were not allowed to tread. Indeed, it was curious to see how totally we were disregarded, as though we did not exist. Then the hole was opened. A cloud of steam and smoke burst forth, reminding one of Heber's line, so remarkable as showing how he had caught the peculiarities of the country—

Smokes on Gerizim's mount Samaria's sacrifice,

and out were brought on their long poles the sheep, their heads and ears still visible, black from the oven. They were thrown on the mats. The mats were laid out between two files of the Samaritans.

'Those who were in white had ropes round their waists ("girded"), staves in their hands, and shoes on their feet. A long wild chant burst out, which suddenly stopped, and down they all sank on their haunches, and set to work on the masses of flesh before them. They did not seize it with so much "haste" as I had been led to expect. But they ate in perfect silence, and so rapidly that in ten minutes it was all gone but a few bones and scraps, which were gathered up in the mats and placed in a bundle over the fire, which was once more kindled. By its light and with candles the whole ground was searched for fragments, as if they were the particles of sacramental bread. These were thrown on the burning mass, and a huge bonfire was stirred up, which lit up the mountain and then gradually died away, and left us to return home.

'It was now about 2.30 A.M., and Waters and I, alone with two guides, picked our way (the horses having been sent down before) over the rugged mountain, by the light of the moon, back to camp, and there—about 3.30—got into bed and fell fast asleep.'

Easter Sunday, April 20th, 1862, was spent by the shores of Lake Tiberias.

'It was Easter-eve. The Prince and I rode alone over the hills. He made the best proposals for the arrangement of the Communion the next day, and spoke much of you, of Catherine, of our dear mother, . . . of his father. "It will be a sad Easter for me," he said. . . . "Yes," I said, "and a sad one for me. But I am sure that, if your father and my mother could look down upon us, they would be well satisfied that we should both be at this time in this place."

' . . . Suddenly we reached the ledge of the cliffs, and the whole view of the Lake burst upon us. He quite screamed with surprise and pleasure. "So unexpected and so beautiful." It was, indeed, that view of which I am always afraid to speak, lest the glory of the recollection should tempt me to exaggerate its real character. But on that evening, the setting sun throwing its soft light over the descent, the stormy clouds flying to and fro, it was truly grand ; . . . and when we found our tents pitched at the bottom of the hill, by the old walls of Tiberias, on the very edge of the Lake, General Bruce came up to me and said, "You have indeed done well for to-morrow."

From Damascus the party turned westward, and, passing by Baalbec, Beirût, Tyre and Sidon, they reached Tripoli. In 1853 the snow had rendered the cedars of Lebanon inaccessible from the side of Baalbec, and Stanley had been compelled to leave the cedars unseen. Now, however, he was enabled to visit them by the easier approach from Tripoli and Ehden.

'*The cedars!* And so at last, contrary to all expectation, I have seen them. The first sight of them produced an impression upon me wholly unlike that which (perhaps

from their being usually described by those who approach them from above) is commonly given.

Imagine a vast semicircle of mountains, the upper range covered with snow, the lower range, which is, in fact, the deposit of glaciers, shutting up this upper range; and again, in the heart of the lower range, a rich, green, cultivated valley, penetrating till it ends in rocky barrenness. Exactly in the centre of the view, just appearing above the lower range and under the snowy range, you see a black massive cloud or clump—the only vegetation on the whole horizon till your eye descends on the green valley below. That is the cedar-grove. We lost sight of them till, on surmounting the intervening rocks, and standing on the edge of a ravine, which parted us from them, one after another, through the mist which was floating round us, the trees appeared close at hand.

The second view is, perhaps, disappointing, for what then are seen are only the youngest cedars, which form the outskirts of the grove. But in a few minutes we were in the midst of them, and although again they were different from what I had expected, the whole effect was most impressive. They stand exactly as I have already described in the first view of them, between the bare rocky range and the snowclad heights behind. They stand in a little island, as it were, planted in the centre of the barren mountains, an island consisting of seven hills, or knolls, of which six are arranged round the seventh—a square mount in the midst, on which stands the rude Maronite chapel. These knolls give a peculiarity to the place for which I was not prepared. The great old cedars are not, as I had imagined, all collected together, but are interspersed with their younger brethren. Two or three stand on the central knoll, four or five on the hill, nearer to the snow.

In one respect they are far inferior to their English descendants: they have no wide-spreading branches feathering to the ground, probably from their closeness to each other. One of them, I observed, actually supported in its gigantic arms a lesser tree whose trunk was quite decayed. But their trunks were very remarkable—so huge, so irregular, so venerable, with the grey scales of bark that covered them as with a skin. . . . It was impossible for us to carry off a section of a fallen tree. . . .

'All were pleased to have seen them. The Prince was very anxious that we should have the service under their shade (it was Sunday morning). I gladly consented, proposing it should be a short morning service, and that the evening service should be in the tents on our return. All was prepared, when the clouds gathered in and the rain came on so thick and fast that we had to mount in haste and ride back as fast as we could to Ehden, which we reached at two P.M.'

On May 13th, 1862, the party left the shores of Syria. The homeward journey carried them successively to Patmos, Ephesus, Smyrna, Constantinople, Athens, and Malta. At this last place the return to civilisation was marked by Stanley's purchase of 'a new ready-made frock-coat, with which Waters (his servant) and H.R.H. are equally delighted.' The Eastern tour ended at Marseilles. A rapid journey across France brought the travellers back to England on June 13th, 1862, Stanley still wearing the beard, in which, for the amusement of his friends, he was photographed.

CHAPTER XIX

1862-63

The Death of General Bruce—The Blank in Stanley's Life left by his Mother's Death—Colenso on the Pentateuch—Publication of the First Part of his Lectures on the 'History of the Jewish Church'—Letter to the Bishop of London on Subscription—Growing Intimacy with the Royal Family—Publication of the 'Sermons in the East'

THE one cloud that darkened the last few weeks of the Eastern tour was the serious illness of General Bruce. At Constantinople a fever declared itself, which he had contracted, as was supposed, in the unwholesome marshes in the upper valley of the Jordan. On landing in England he was still so weak that he could not travel beyond London. Stanley was therefore requested to come on at once to Windsor, in order that the Queen might learn from his lips 'how all is and has been.' There, by Her Majesty's thoughtful kindness, he met his sister Mary for the first time since his mother's death. There also, on the following Sunday, he preached the last of the sermons published in the volume of 'Sermons in the East,' choosing for his text the words that are inscribed on his own and his wife's tomb: 'I see that all things come to an end, but Thy commandment is exceeding broad' (Psalm cxix. 96).

Returning to London, he found that General Bruce was lying dangerously ill at St. James's Palace, in the rooms of his sister, Lady Augusta Bruce. During the last four months Stanley had been brought into daily and intimate contact with the General. The tender consideration which the Prince's Governor had shown towards him at the time of his mother's death bound Stanley to him by a sacred tie. He honoured the lofty sense of responsibility that stimulated his chivalrous devotion to his delicate duties. He valued at its true worth the graceful courtesy which never failed under the most trying circumstances, and which not only was combined with tact, firmness, and decision, but was the real expression of an inherently kind and noble nature. Stanley was constantly with his friend during his illness, and throughout the night which preceded his death in the early morning of Friday, June 27th, 1862. 'It was,' said he, 'the very first time that I had seen a human soul pass with full consciousness from this world to the world beyond.'

The death of General Bruce drew Stanley very close to his widow and sister. To both he offered a sympathy which was always elicited by the grief of others, but which was now deepened in its tenderness both by his own recent bereavement and by his share in their sorrow. Lady Augusta Bruce, writing two days after the death of her brother, talks to him with the most open-hearted confidence of the late General, and of her dead mother and sister Matilda. 'I feel,' she says, 'that you are no stranger to such memories and associations, and that you would wish to feel a living interest in the home of his youth. Once more, may God bless you for all you have been to him and us!'

In watching by the bedside of General Bruce, and in offering to his sorrowing relations every consolation which sympathy could suggest, Stanley found the best relief from the numbing sense of his own loss. He had

come back, as Mrs. Vaughan wrote to her aunt, Mrs. Augustus Hare, 'graver and more serious. His sorrow is of that deep, silent kind which does not admit of any relief. One sees that it never leaves him, and that it is a long, continuous suffering that has fallen upon him.' In the interval between the death and funeral of General Bruce he visited Oxford. Mrs. Jacobson, wife of Dr. Jacobson, afterwards Bishop of Chester, and one of his closest friends and neighbours, remembered, more than twenty-five years later, his return to a place which at every turn was alive with recollections of his mother.

'My husband and I knew how the bereavement of his mother's death would be freshly brought back to his loving heart by the sight of the places where she had been so much with him, and how lonely he would feel. I hardly liked to go to his door for fear of intruding on his sorrow. But early on Sunday morning, while we were at breakfast, the door opened, and he came in. His bright smile gave way to irrepressible emotion, and he flung himself on a chair behind one of our children, of whom he was fond. Bursting into tears, he hid his face behind the child's curly hair, thankful to conceal the anguish of his lonely heart.'

Yet on all sides he had much to arouse him from absorption in his private troubles. At Oxford, the tempest stirred by the endowment of the Greek Professorship was still raging. The terms of the subscription required for University degrees, or for Holy Orders, were once more forced to the front. The storm raised by 'Essays and Reviews' was still at its fiercest. Other clouds already darkened the near horizon. In October 1862 the first volume of Bishop Colenso's work on the Pentateuch was published, and in the following November Stanley writes to J. C. Shairp upon the subject. His attitude is the same that he took in the case of 'Essays and Reviews,' and consistently maintained throughout the agitation which Colenso's book occasioned.

'The case of Colenso's book appears to me to be in a nutshell—perfectly decisive against those who make the exactness of the numbers in the Old Testament, and the Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch, essential to revelation, but almost entirely ineffectual as to any wider conclusions. In fact, it only suggests this curious question: "How far does the Oriental tendency to exaggerate numbers invalidate the narrative in which they occur?" I trust that people will have the good sense to reason upon it calmly. I regret the book extremely; it is just like our old friend Laing over again, with his scepticism about the furniture, forgetting the identity of Holyrood.

'And, to me, anything which detracts even from the outward history is a loss. But I cannot join in the indiscriminate outcry against an evidently honest and single-minded religious man. (Read his preface and conclusion.) His book, they say, has sold enormously—as if, forsooth, these questions were new! Meanwhile, it will be the case to which all the vultures for ecclesiastical advancement and popular favour will be gathered together for the next month or so.

'Of course the arithmetic is entirely beyond me. But I bow, as always, so here, to the greatest living authority in *his own subject*.'

In a long correspondence with Colenso Stanley insisted upon the evils which, in his opinion, the Bishop's negative criticism on the Pentateuch must necessarily occasion. His forebodings were verified sooner than he expected, and in a direction which he had not anticipated. In 1860, Frederick Maurice had been appointed by the Crown to the incumbency of St. Peter's, Vere Street, and, in spite of the opposition of the 'Record,' had been instituted by the Bishop of London. The assaults of his theological opponents, however, produced such an effect on the sensitive nature of the new incumbent that he contemplated the resignation of St. Peter's. In almost the last letter which Stanley wrote before his departure for his second Eastern tour, he had implored Maurice to postpone the final decision till his

return. The appeal succeeded. Stanley left England with the promise that no decisive step should be taken in his absence. 'The thought,' he says, 'of your retirement was like a sword.' But in September 1862 the proposed publication of Colenso's work on the Penta-teuch had renewed and increased Maurice's uneasiness. On October 13th he placed his resignation in the hands of Bishop Tait, believing that he would be better able to resist Colenso's destructive theories if he raised himself, by the sacrifice of his emoluments, beyond the possible suspicion of worldly motives.

Bishop Tait at once appealed to Stanley to use his personal influence with Maurice to persuade him to withdraw his proffered resignation. Stanley's efforts proved unavailing. Failing to shake Maurice's resolution, he appealed to Colenso to postpone the publication of his book.

'I do not forget that the Truth, of which you are in search, is "dearer than Plato, than Socrates"—than any friend, however precious to you or to the Church. But I ask this favour of you, not only in behalf of Maurice, but in behalf of the work in which you are engaged.

'I need not repeat what I have said before, that I deprecate your mode of approaching the subject, and that from many, perhaps, of the conclusions to which your researches have led you I should dissent. But I know that yours is a work of honest research, and, agreeing or disagreeing, I cannot but desire, in common with all lovers of truth and (I may add for myself) of the history of the Old Testament, that such researches should be considered on their own merits, and their own merits alone. Your work, appearing in the midst of the storm of Maurice's resignation, would be doomed to certain misconstruction, and would be condemned before it could be heard.

'On this ground, therefore, as well as on the more general grounds of the peace of the Church, and the more special grounds of thus hoping to retain in the service of the Church a man to whom you and I, and so many more, owe so much, I venture to make this appeal to your gener-

osity and courage, which have never, I believe, been found wanting before, and which, I trust, may enable you to respond, even at this last hour, to an entreaty which, God knows, has no other motive than the desire to prevent a deplorable and wide-spreading misfortune, public and private.'

Stanley's appeal was successful. Bishop Colenso at once consented to do his utmost to delay the publication of the first part of his work on 'The Pentateuch and the Book of Joshua.' At the same time, the Bishop of London refused to accept Maurice's resignation of his living. By these and other means Maurice was induced to remain in his incumbency.

Relieved from a great dread, Stanley returned with a lighter heart to those professorial duties in which he could 'at times forget what has made all else, and even these, so flat and unprofitable.' He was immersed in literary work. At the moment when Colenso's volume was announced for publication he was preparing for the press two books which unconsciously replied, as it were, to the questions raised by the Bishop of Natal. The first was a volume of three sermons on 'The Bible: its Form and its Substance' (1862); the second contained his 'Lectures on the Jewish Church' (1862) down to the establishment of the monarchy under the superintendence of Samuel.

In 'The Bible: its Form and its Substance,' Stanley discusses the general question of Inspiration. The first two sermons had been preached in his mother's hearing; the last was delivered in October 1862. 'How changed the whole congregation seemed to be by the consciousness that that one listener was absent.' The three discourses form a commentary on the two opening verses of the Epistle to the Hebrews. In Stanley's opinion, the discovery of discrepancies, contradictions, or errors need not, and should not, shake men's faith in the Divine influence which pervades the sacred volume.

While he concedes that the Bible is not inspired in such a sense as to preclude human imperfection, he pleads earnestly for the belief that it yet *is* an inspired book, divinely framed and divinely superintended. Men are not compelled to surrender their faith that 'God spake' in the Bible 'by the prophets and by His Son' because, at the same time, they recognise that God spake 'at sundry times and in divers manners.'

In the spirit of these sermons Stanley approaches Jewish history. Renan and Ewald saw in the Bible the history of the gradual unfolding of the highest religious ideas. Stanley finds in it more than this: he finds the history of the gradual progress of the true religion. He holds that Jewish history is the ordained preparation for a religion which is divine, that the Christian revelation is the point to which the whole series of events recorded in the Old Testament was providentially arranged to lead, and that at certain crises in the course of these events it is possible to trace the manifestation of Divine action. The Bible is sacred history. It is the history of a Church. It is also the history of a people, and a real history. It is a field on which the light of common day must be allowed to fall; it is not a spot too sacred for the sun to shine upon. It is a history to be judged with the same freedom as any other record of human character and action, a history to be explained by the same critical processes, to be elucidated by more accurate interpretation, to be illustrated by widening knowledge. In his 'Lectures on the Jewish Church' Stanley accepts the critical and historical mode of dealing with the Bible; he accepts also the religious and historical method. He employs both without attempting their reconciliation.

Stanley held that the question whether the Pentateuch could or could not be proved to belong to a later date than that generally assigned ought not to affect the convictions of Christians. Seeking to avoid per-

plexed questions of controversy, anxious to dwell on features which were not the subjects of dispute, he entered into no discussion of the structure or the composition of the Mosaic books. His method is essentially constructive. Beneath the accidents he found eternal verities, which illuminated the past, interpreted the present, and predicted the future. It was his object, as he says himself, 'to draw out the inestimable treasures of the Old Testament, both historically, geographically, morally, and spiritually.' All the charm and grace of his style are devoted to the picturesque illustration of the Scriptural narrative. He clothes with new life and meaning the story of the Patriarchs, or of Israel in Egypt. He paints, with exquisite feeling and with the inward eye of a poet, the scenery of Sinai and the march through the Wilderness. He traces the effect of the wandering on the ritual and character of the Israelitish race, and demonstrates, whether Moses was or was not the chronicler, the substantial reality of the facts. He gives to portions of the Jewish history which before were dim, obscure, confused—as, for instance, the period of the Judges—a new clearness, a fresh interest, and a deeper significance.

The volume of Lectures was, moreover, prepared for the press under the influence of his recent loss. To remove from it, as far as he could, all jarring notes was a task congenial to the feelings that occupied his mind. It is dedicated to the memory of his mother, 'by whose firm faith, calm wisdom, and tender sympathy these and all other labours have for years been sustained and cheered.' 'I had a sort of shrinking,' he writes to Mrs. A. Hare,

'from mixing up her dear memory with anything that was likely to breed disputation. Still, I knew what she thought of the book, and it was the only way of expressing—oh! how inadequately—what she has been to me, and how "faltering will be the steps" (as the poor Queen says in

the preface to the Prince's speeches) without her on the way that lies before me. Also, it is my hope that in the volume itself there is enough to strengthen and cheer (I am sure that is my humble desire), without suggesting quarrels or doubts.'

His keen sense of the relations of past and present is one of the most characteristic features of the book; another, is the vividness of his historical imagination; a third, is the vigour and vitality of his historical or geographical pictures.

Everywhere the parallel between the past and the present is before his mind. In the earliest times he finds counterparts with modern features. He forces upon our notice the thought that the actors in the Bible were men of like passions with ourselves, and the actions in which their feelings found expression were substantially the same, though accidentally different. No detail is too small for his notice, because nothing is wholly unrelated or disconnected to one who possesses Stanley's power of detecting remote analogies or bringing to the light hidden resemblances.

And this sense of the continuity of history not only gives breadth to his treatment of the Biblical narrative: it also, in his skilful hands, becomes a valuable instrument in the vivid expression of his imaginative insight into the character and surroundings of ancient history. The power with which Stanley realises to himself scenes, times, or personages that have become almost mythical from too great or too little familiarity, is one of the most striking of his gifts as an historian. His wide historical knowledge and his warm sympathies, his insatiable curiosity for details, his love of studying human character, were combined with an eye which was poetical in the keenness of its penetration, and a dramatic feeling which seized intuitively upon the salient features. The same qualities were at work when he visited any historical scene. As he possessed much of the poet's insight

into character, so also he possessed the inward eye of the painter, which calls up groups, and combines, in their original colour and freshness, the details which pass before other men's vision without making any impression.

The figure or the scene which he thus realised to himself he brought before his readers with a vividness peculiar to himself. In his own life he always carried about with him a sense that he was moving through history and taking a part in its course. This feeling was not due to vanity; for he looked upon the humblest of his contemporaries in the same light, and repeated their sayings and doings with the same eagerness with which other men might quote the words or the actions of some world-renowned figure. But the habitual practice of thus representing to himself contemporary history was one great secret of the freshness with which he painted the past. He spared no pains to bring home to his readers in the most familiar form the idea that he wished to convey. When, for instance, he lectures at Edinburgh on Solomon, he is careful to inquire beforehand whether he can be told of any building in the city or in the neighbourhood which corresponds to any of the dimensions of the Temple. Similarly, in the 'Lectures on the Jewish Church,' and in all his historical writings, suggestive parallels, comparisons, and analogies between ancient and modern men, epochs, or scenes, are employed to bring out the reality of the Old World, and to impart to its inhabitants the roundness and substance of contemporary life.

Inquiries into the authorship of the books of the Bible, investigations of the geology, natural history, and astronomy of the sacred narrative, and all the numerous theories of inspiration were, Stanley believed, legitimate subjects of discussion, because upon them the Articles and the Liturgy expressed no opinion. He felt that on all these points, as he says in the brief note on Colenso's volume appended to his Lectures, 'the cause of religion

has nothing to lose, and everything to gain, by free inquiry.' But in his 'Lectures on the Jewish Church' he had, for various reasons, endeavoured to avoid the controversies which, during the last three years, so vehemently agitated the Church on questions of Biblical criticism and the relations of theology to science.

He well knew that the course which he adopted would rather alienate than attract support, and that his book, to use his words to Henry Bunsen, would be 'condemned by the advanced liberals as not going far enough, while those who are reputed "orthodox" will try to suppress it.' But though his own lectures avoided points of contemporary controversy, he could not stand aloof from the agitation for the relaxation or increased stringency of the terms of subscription, to which recent discussions were giving vital importance. In the question of legal forms of declaration was involved one of his two leading ideas in ecclesiastical politics. Without latitude of subscription his dream of a comprehensive National Church, finding room in her bosom for all Christian people, was impossible of fulfilment.

Stanley's interest in the question of subscription belonged to an older date than the publication of 'Essays and Reviews,' or the appearance of Colenso's criticisms on the Pentateuch. The attitude which he throughout maintained on the subject is a remarkable proof that his opinions were not too fluid for consistency. As an undergraduate he had thrown himself warmly into the cause of Dr. Hampden, against those who desired to suspend or censure the Professor for heresy. The scruples respecting the Athanasian Creed, which tormented him at the time of his Ordination, enabled him to appreciate the similar scruples of others. In 1840 he had joined in the petition, presented to the House of Lords by Archbishop Whately, which pleaded for a latitude of subscription in favour of opinions opposed to his own. He had voted against every stage of the

measures by which the terms of subscription were used as the instrument to remove Dr. Pusey and his friends from their academical position. He had procured, at the cost of considerable labour, the opinion of two eminent lawyers against the imposition of the test which it was proposed to impose with the same object. He had himself signed and procured signatures for the Address of Thanks to the Proctors for their firmness in defeating the attempt to procure the same result by the condemnation of 'Tract 90.' In 1850 he had warmly welcomed the latitude of opinion which was conceded to the Evangelicals by the decision of the Privy Council in the case of Mr. Gorham. At the time of the University Commission he had used strenuous efforts to procure the relaxation of terms which were then used as weapons against the followers of Dr. Pusey. He had forcibly pleaded against the legal proceedings by which it was sought to drive from the Church the authors of 'Essays and Reviews.' He had found, from recent experience in the case of the Greek Professorship at Oxford, that the latitude of interpretation for which he pleaded was not conceded to theological opponents, even by those who had most suffered by a narrow construction. He had learned that no considerations of faithful services struck the weapons furnished by the enforcement of the existing terms of subscription from the hands of contending parties in ecclesiastical politics. If other proofs were wanting of the futility of relying on mutual tolerance, they were supplied by the prosecution of Professor Jowett which was commenced, at the end of 1862, by 'Pusey, Heurtley, and Ogilvie—Heurtley and Ogilvie having both in former times pronounced judicially that Pusey's doctrines were contrary to the Articles.'

Few men in England had, therefore, a better right to be heard on the question of subscription than Stanley. In 1862 the subject was forced upon public attention by

recent controversies. The demand for the relaxation of the forms of declaration required by the law of the land was met by a corresponding demand for increased stringency. Early in 1863 Stanley published his 'Letter to the Lord Bishop of London on the State of Subscription in the Church of England and in the University of Oxford.' The pamphlet is a telling argument against the network of obligations and pledges which an anomalous and irregular machinery had, in the course of three centuries of ecclesiastical and political struggles, drawn across the threshold of Ordination and University degrees. It admits that the stringent form of subscription then required could only be subscribed as involving a general, not a particular, assent. But it points out that it was in the power of any 'malignant and narrow-minded partisan' to

'rattle up the sleeping lions, heedless of the reflection that, when aroused, they will devour with equal indiscrimination on the right hand and on the left, and so add to the general evils of controversy the great and peculiar aggravations of constant imputations of dishonesty and bad faith.'

It urges upon the Bishop that in the direction of relaxation must be sought one remedy at least for—

'the greatest of all calamities to the Church of England—the gradual falling-off in the supply of the intelligent, thoughtful, and highly-educated young men who, twenty and thirty years ago, were to be found at every Ordination.'

Widely read and eagerly discussed, the brilliant Letter added fresh impetus to the cause of reform. After months of discussion, both in and out of Parliament, an Act of Parliament, passed in 1865, subsequently ratified by canons of Convocation, substituted the existing form of declaration for the numerous and stringent oaths and pledges which were formerly binding on the clergy.

At the Queen's request, Stanley sent his pamphlet to

Her Majesty. In a letter with which he forwarded it to Lady Augusta Bruce he says:

‘Will you kindly say to Her Majesty how much honoured I feel by her request to read it? I should not have presumed to send it, because I am so unwilling ever to appear to intrude our theological and ecclesiastical troubles upon her.

‘I sometimes think that it is the privilege of exalted station that it is raised above any of the petty vexations of small circles and particular professions. Do you remember the answer of Nehemiah to the people, who wanted him to leave off building the walls of Jerusalem and meet them in some village in the plain?—“I am doing a great work, so that I cannot come down; why should the work cease whilst I come down to you?” Even in my own small sphere I feel somewhat aggrieved at having to “come down” from building up the lives of David and Solomon, and all my dear friends in the Bible history, to enter into this controversy about subscription.

‘Now I go back with renewed pleasure to “the walls of Jerusalem.” It is a great pleasure to me that I have those interests on which to fall back, and it gives me increasing confidence in any attempt that I have made for widening the Church to feel that in so doing I am working, not against the Bible or the Church of England, but most entirely in the spirit of both.’

The Queen's request for Stanley's pamphlet on subscription afforded one of many indications of the increasing favour with which he was regarded at Court. In March 1862 he had been appointed one of the Honorary Chaplains, and, a few months later, a Deputy Clerk of the Closet. The sacrifice which he had made in leaving England to accompany the Prince of Wales to Palestine, and the value of his companionship throughout the tour, had been warmly appreciated. Deeply moved by the circumstances of his mother's death, the Queen had, through Lady Augusta Bruce, expressed her sympathy with him in the loss. Throughout the tour Her Majesty

had been warmly interested in the extracts from his letters, which Miss Stanley forwarded to Windsor. And it was to Stanley that in June 1862 the Queen turned, in the absence of General Bruce, for the private details of the expedition. Thus began relations which gradually ripened into unreserved and friendly confidence.

At the Queen's request, his *Sermons Preached in the East* before the Prince of Wales were privately printed. The volume was subsequently (1863) published. Both in what they say and in what they omit to say the sermons are remarkably characteristic. Free from dogmatic exposition, brief, bold, and manly, they were directed to the practical end of influencing life and conduct. Avoiding doctrinal questions or controversial disputes, they fasten upon those essential principles which he had himself found to be the best support of the Christian character. Writing to Lady Augusta Bruce in May 1863, he says :

'It was one of the blessings of my journey in the East, on which I look back with true thankfulness, that I had to fix my attention on those parts of Christianity which were at once the most important and the most clear of any of these modern controversies. These I knew would be most useful for the Prince of Wales, as they were also most useful to me.'

The persuasive earnestness and solemn eloquence of his practical appeals, the picturesqueness of the language, the felicitous use of local colour, the skilful adaptation of the natural features which each spot in turn presented to the enforcement of moral lessons, triumphed over the difficult conditions of their delivery. In the midst of all the distractions of foreign travel they riveted the attention of those who heard them. Nor did Stanley's opinion of the sermons change with years. In 1875 he alludes to them in a letter written to the Hon. Lady Welby :

'You ask about my sermons. Since I published my "Sermons in the East" (those which I preached before the Prince of Wales, and which, I think, contain my thoughts on the most sacred and spiritual subjects more truly than anything else that I have written) I have printed none, except in "Good Words," &c. I have an impression that they do not reach the public, and I have an instinctive dread of asking the world to read what it professes not to care for.'

In the summer and autumn of 1862 Stanley was more than once summoned to Windsor or to Osborne. At the anniversary of the Prince Consort's death he spent a week at Windsor. 'Such a week of various mournful, moving scenes I never passed.' On Sunday, December 14th, 1862, two special services were held in the Queen's private rooms, both of which were conducted by Stanley.

'... The Queen had desired that I should read some part of the last chapters of St. John, some prayers, and perhaps an extract from my Sermon. . . . In the morning I went at 9.45 to Mrs. Bruce's room, and with her and Lady Augusta to the fatal room. I went in first. There was the valet who had been with him at his death. There was a table placed for me. In a few moments they came in. I began by kneeling down and reading two prayers, chiefly made up from the Burial Service. I then sate down and read John xiv. 1-6, 18-20, 27, 28; xvi. 7, 16-22, 28, 32, 33, and upon these verses read about five pages of reflections, which I had written in the morning. Then two more prayers and the Lord's Prayer, and an enlarged form of the Blessing. The Queen then rose from the bedside, where she had been kneeling, kissed the Princesses (I think the Princes kissed her hand), kissed the Bruces, and then came across to me. I knelt and kissed her hand, and she passed away with all the others. . . .

'... The room was almost exactly as it was when I saw it before, except, perhaps, that there were fresh garlands of flowers on the beds and round the bust. It was a very bright morning, and there was nothing of funeral gloom in the room. The great state bed, in which the kings had

died, had been moved out early in the illness to make room for smaller beds. . . .

He adds a postscript to tell his sister of the Queen's satisfaction with the service, and to send her a rough draft of the prayers which he had used.

'You will be pleased to hear that the Queen expressed to Mrs. Bruce the greatest comfort and satisfaction in the service of this morning, and had desired that I would print it privately for her use, and also asked me to read again this evening, at about 9.30 (the hour of the death), which I did. There were present the whole family, the Bruces, the Duchess of Athole, Lady C. Barrington, and a few servants.'

During his visit to Windsor the Prince of Wales had verbally invited Stanley to administer the Sacrament to him and the Princess Alexandra at Sandringham on Easter Sunday, 1863. The Prince was married on March 10th, 1863. On the following Sunday Stanley preached a sermon at Whitehall on 'Christ at the Marriage in Cana,' which convinced more than one of his hearers that he who could thus describe married life 'might make his own, if he had a wife, the perfection of human bliss.'

'In spite of all the fancies and perversions and exaggerations of later times, the institution of Christian marriage and the blessings of a Christian home are such as have indeed been worthy of "this beginning of miracles." A happy marriage is a new beginning of life, a new starting-point for happiness and usefulness. It is the great opportunity once for all to leave the past, with all its follies and faults and errors, far, far behind us for ever, and to press forward with new hopes, and new courage, and new strength into the future which opens before us. A happy home is the best likeness of heaven; a home where husband and wife, father and mother, brother and sister, child and parent, each in their several ways, help each other forward in

their difficult course as no other human being can ; for none else has the same opportunities ; none else so know the character of any other ; none else has such an interest at stake in the welfare, and the fame, and the grace, and the goodness of anyone else as of those who are bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh, in whose happiness and glory we ourselves become happy and glorious, in whose misery we become miserable, by whose selfishness, and weakness, and worldliness we are dragged down to earth ; by whose purity, and nobleness, and strength we are raised up, almost against our will, to duty, to heaven, and to God.'

A fortnight later the Prince of Wales by letter renewed his verbal invitation to Sandringham. 'It would be especially agreeable to me,' writes the Prince, 'as last Easter Sunday we took the Holy Sacrament together at the Lake of Tiberias.'

'On the evening of Easter-eve,' writes Stanley,

'the Princess came to me in a corner of the drawing-room with her Prayer Book, and I went through the Communion Service with her, explaining the peculiarities, and the likenesses, and differences to and from the Danish service. She was most simple and fascinating.'

In a letter to the Rev. J. N. Simpkinson, Stanley speaks of the pleasure which his visit to Sandringham afforded him :

'I turn to a better and more cheering side of the world. . . . My visit to Sandringham gave me intense pleasure. The Easter-day at Tiberias was the one day on which I look back in our whole journey with quite unmixed satisfaction, and therefore it was a great matter of thankfulness that the Prince should have wished to keep such a remembrance of it. I was there for three days. I read the whole service, preached, and then gave the first English Sacrament to this "Angel in the Palace." I saw a good deal of her, and can truly say that she is as charming and beautiful a creature as ever passed through a fairy-tale.'

The summer of 1863 found Stanley again at Osborne. Among the topics that were touched upon in an interview with the Queen, he

'asked for an account of the news of her accession. "It was this. About 6 A.M. mamma came and called me, said I must go and see Lord Conyngham directly—alone. I got up, put on my dressing-gown, and went into a room where I found Lord Conyngham and the Archbishop of Canterbury. Lord Conyngham knelt, kissed my hand, and gave me the certificate of the King's death. In an hour from that time Baron Stockmar came. He had been sent over by King Leopold on hearing of the King's dangerous illness. At 2 P.M. that same day I went to the Council, led by my two uncles, the King of Hanover, and the Duke of Cambridge.

"Lord Melbourne was very useful to me, but I can never be sufficiently thankful that I passed safely through those two years to my marriage. Then I was in a safe haven, and there I remained for twenty years. Now that is over, and I am again at sea, always wishing to consult one who is not here, groping by myself, with a constant sense of desolation."

Children were always attracted to Stanley, and he completely won the heart of Princess Beatrice, then a child of six years old. He had first met the Princess, in the corridor at Windsor, in November 1862.

'She was with Mrs. Bruce, and when I came up to them there was much whispering and entreaty. She wished Mrs. Bruce to ask a question which she was at last induced to put herself. "Is it true that he can neither taste nor smell?" Then followed an animated conversation on tasting and smelling.'

At Osborne in July, he describes a tea-party with her at the Swiss Cottage; a surprise of curds and sugar in the summer-house; a game of croquet, in which he was defeated; a visit to the Confectionery, 'a fascinating

place piled up with cakes of every description, but guarded by a witch, whom I was first obliged to exorcise.' He also records with particular delight another scene at the Swiss Cottage. The Princess offered Mrs. Bruce some cakes of her own making. Mrs. Bruce declined them. "Very well, then," said the Princess, "as Dr. Stanley is not here I shall give them to the donkey."

CHAPTER XX

AUGUST—DECEMBER, 1863

Thoughts of Marriage—Prospects of Preferment—Engagement to Lady Augusta Bruce—Acceptance of the Deanery of Westminster—Sermon on 'Great Opportunities'—Marriage—Installation as Dean

DURING the year and a half which had elapsed since his mother's death Stanley had met with many interests to withdraw his attention from dwelling too exclusively upon his bereavement. But, even in the midst of distractions that formerly would have absorbed his mind, he was oppressed by a numbing sense of loneliness. A happy marriage seemed to offer the only substitute for all that he had lost, and his sisters were rejoiced to find, not only that his thoughts were turning in that direction, but that, if his feelings were reciprocated, his choice was made.

Stanley's connection with the Court brought him frequently into contact with Lady Augusta Bruce, the fifth daughter of the seventh Earl of Elgin. The acquaintance between them was of long standing. It dated at least from 1857, when they had met in Paris at the house of Madame Mohl. A letter from Mrs. Stanley, written in January 1862, seems to show that she was aware of the impression which Lady Augusta had already made upon her son. Lady Augusta had written to

thank her for the present of a little book, compiled by Mrs. Vaughan, and called 'Rays of Sunlight for Dark Days.' 'It was,' replies Mrs. Stanley,

'your devoted friend, Arthur Stanley, and not his mother, who sent the little book. I have forwarded your most kind answer to him, and I need hardly say how gratified he, and still more Mrs. Vaughan, will feel at the opportunity given to any of those selected words of conveying a drop of comfort to any one of that sacred family, for sacred truly the whole nation considers it.

'One word more allow me, dear Lady Augusta. How often we have spoken and thought of the blessing of knowing that *you* were there, and of imagining, from what we did know, *what* you would be, at such a time, of strength and support, and, when the time for it came, of cheerfulness.'

Recent events had not only thrown Stanley into the society of Lady Augusta; they had also drawn them closely together. The bond between them was interwoven with many strands of human sorrow. Within the space of four months, the one had lost a brother, the other a mother. Their mutual friends remarked with pleasure the growing intimacy. It had been the cherished wish of General Bruce, that two persons so eminently fitted to be the complement of each other's happiness should learn to know and love one another. 'I never saw,' he told his wife in 1860, 'two people so likely to suit each other as Dr. Stanley and Augusta.' In January 1862, after dwelling on the advantage that it was both to the Prince of Wales and himself to secure the companionship of Stanley, he had added: 'This will also help my design of making him meet Augusta.' Always dependent in a peculiar degree on feminine sympathy, Stanley felt, with an ever-increasing sense of loneliness, the blank which his mother's death had left. In the late summer of 1863 rumours were rife of his engagement to Lady Augusta Bruce. The report was

premature. He still hesitated to declare his feelings. 'It is clear to me,' he says in August to Mary Stanley,

'that, if life and health are spared to me, my course will never again be smooth. I feel that in the Church a line has been marked out for me which I cannot abandon, to which I shall have often to give my undivided soul, which would require all the thought and labour and time that I could bestow. I do not doubt that I should derive immense support—indeed, that I might gain new strength and life altogether—from one who would feel with me and think for me in such a career. This, you know, our dearest mother was to me. But I shrink from imposing on anyone else the burden which she undertook from her own natural love and sympathy.'

During his absence in Italy in the autumn of 1863, he had made up his mind to accept the Deanery of Westminster, which was about to become vacant. The idea of change, always distasteful to his mind, was unwelcome. Yet there was much in the condition of the University which rendered him less averse to seek another sphere of usefulness. During the past three years Oxford had again become the battle-ground of party strife. The atmosphere had grown parched and dry with the heat of theological controversy. Society was split up by feuds, which poisoned social intercourse and dissolved private friendships. Towards Stanley himself, who was prominently identified with three of the contests that were raging in the University, the language of his theological opponents had become intensely embittered. Of one of the leaders he says, 'So entirely is he, in this respect, bereft of reason as to render charity comparatively easy.'

Of the movement in favour of relaxing the terms of subscription Stanley had made himself the mouthpiece, and all change was vehemently opposed by both the two great parties in the University. Into the struggle

for the endowment of the Greek Professorship he threw himself with all the energy of his chivalrous nature. For six years he had watched Professor Jowett assiduously and laboriously lecturing to the most intellectual of the undergraduates, and living the life of a hermit, that he might devote more time to his work. No hindrance was interposed by Heads of Houses or tutors to prevent the young men under their charge from attending his lectures. By accepting his labours the University, as Stanley argued, incurred the obligation, that she was bound in simple justice to discharge, of rewarding him with the same reasonable endowments with which she remunerated other professors. She was bound, in his opinion, either to accept Professor Jowett's teaching and reward him, or to refuse his teaching and withhold the reward. Yet, time after time, the University, while accepting his work, was induced by a combination of ecclesiastical parties to reject the proposal to increase the endowment of the Greek chair beyond the paltry sum of £40 a year. At the end of 1862 the struggle assumed a new phase. Dr. Pusey, in union with Professor Heurtley and Professor Ogilvie, commenced the prosecution of Professor Jowett for heresy in the Vice-Chancellor's Court at Oxford. The result of such a step was not for one moment doubtful. So confident was Stanley of the triumph of the accused, that he used his influence to stifle a protest, which some members of the University were anxious to promote. But in a sermon preached before the University on February 8th, 1863, he directly attacks the

*"Theological hatred—*the hatred of Christians by each other for their theological opinions, the bitter internecine hatred of those of whom in former ages it was said, "See how they love one another."*"*

The rules which in that sermon he lays down to abate

the evil of controversy were rules which he himself always endeavoured to practise :

'Never condemn a book unless we have read it. . . .

'Let us determine never to condemn in one man the same sentiment which in another we forgive or applaud. . . .

'Let us never judge of one side of the question without hearing or reading the other side. . . .

'Let us never impute to our opponents, whether Churches, sects, or individuals, intentions which they themselves disclaim, nor fasten upon them opprobrious names which they themselves repudiate. . . .

'Let us never attack any one without first making out deliberately, carefully, seriously, all the points wherein we agree ; and then, and not till then, stating the points wherein we disagree ; and stating these also to ourselves no less deliberately, carefully, and seriously, lest, after all, there be perchance no disagreement at all, or not that which we thought there was.'

The summer of 1863 added a third contest, which was provoked by the same theological bitterness. Stanley and Dr. Liddell had proposed that the University should confer the honorary degree of D.C.L. on the Rev. Charles Kingsley. The proposal was resisted by Dr. Pusey, partly on the ground of Kingsley's universalism, but more particularly on the ground that 'Hypatia' was a work not fit to be read by 'our wives and sisters.' To Stanley the attack on 'Hypatia' seemed the more unjustifiable and offensive because the book had been recommended to him by Mrs. Augustus Hare, and because he had himself urged his mother to read it.

At the end of October 1863 he returned to Oxford with his mind made up on both the important points which he had to decide. On November 6th he writes to his cousin, Louisa Stanley, to announce his engagement :

'On this day the proposal has been made and received, and the long-expected and widely-rumoured event will at last take place, and you will have a new cousin, Augusta.'

'Dear Louisa, you will imagine with what mingled thoughts I at last ventured on this great step. But if any marriage was wrought out of many threads in earth and heaven, it has been this. Not—"Who is it that comes from the Bridal-chamber?" But—"Who is it that comes from the chamber of death?" "It is Raphael, the Angel of Life."

Before his engagement was publicly known Stanley received the following letter from Lord Palmerston :

'94 Piccadilly : November 8, 1863.

'My dear Sir,—The Deanery of Westminster is about to become vacant by the promotion of Doctor Trench to the Archbishopric of Dublin, and I have been authorised by the Queen to ascertain whether it would be agreeable to you to accept that Deanery when it becomes vacant. I shall have great pleasure in receiving an affirmative answer.

'My dear Sir,

'Yours faithfully,

'PALMERSTON.

'The Reverend Doctor A. P. Stanley.'

Stanley at once accepted the offer, and the news of his approaching marriage was published on the same day (November 8th, 1863) as the announcement of his acceptance of the Deanery of Westminster.

Among all the congratulatory letters which poured in upon him from every side, there were none that did not express delight at his approaching marriage. His friends, and particularly those who knew both him and Lady Augusta Bruce, saw in their union the best possible means of filling up the blank in his life which his mother's death had left behind, of restoring his buoyancy and cheerfulness, of ministering the sympathy and encouragement on which he was always so dependent. One lady, in the midst of warm congratulations, did, indeed, suggest that 'he will forget all about it if he happens to get hold of an interesting folio on the fatal morning.'

But all rejoiced 'at the thought of his following out in his practice the doctrine which he preached in Whitehall Chapel on the Sunday after the Prince's marriage.'

On his acceptance of the Deanery of Westminster, however, opinions were more divided. Regrets were largely mingled with congratulations.

Those of his friends who were not immediately connected with the teaching-work of Oxford, for the most part, warmly welcomed the change. Others who valued his influence in the University expressed regret and foreboding. 'They are,' he says, 'wrong, I believe. I shall be able to do them better service at Westminster than had I remained.' But the pain of parting from the University was at times so great as to wring from him the exclamation, 'Would that I had declined this wretched Deanery, or prevented the offer of it!' He dreaded the plunge into the difficulties of a new position. He feared, above all, 'the "functional weakness" that grows up in high ecclesiastical situations, and destroys all that was sincere and natural in the former self.' 'I feel,' he adds to Lady Augusta,

'that it will be a constant struggle to make head against it. But in that struggle I shall now have your help. If it be possible to be proof against this temptation, perhaps it will be worth all the misgivings that the Deanery will have caused to me and my friends. My dear father was far more useful as a bishop from carrying into the office qualities so unlike what are usually found there. May I be able to follow in his footsteps!'

In the midst of this conflict of feeling he preached his last sermon as Professor of Ecclesiastical History. His whole heart is thrown into the farewell words on 'Great Opportunities,' which he spoke before the University, in Christ Church Cathedral, on November 29th, 1863. The sermon was written 'in the odd moments which I can snatch here and there.' 'I hated it,' he tells Pearson,

'when I was writing it, but when once I began to preach it, it carried me away.' All the emotions that stirred the very depths of his soul at the thought of passing from a great institution, in which he had formed a part, and with which many happy memories were associated, throb through his parting words. All the inmost history of theological controversies, of past and present academical progress, of friendships severed or cemented, may be read between the lines. The sentences thrill and tingle with warnings from the past, with encouragement for the future, with eager appeals and lofty aspirations, with all the fears and hopes that divided his own breast. It was possible to read in the future 'nothing but a dreary winter of unbelief, which is to be the beginning of the end, and to shrivel up every particle of spiritual life.' There was a real 'danger to the Church of England of losing for ever the noble ambition that faith and freedom, truth and goodness, may yet be reconciled.' But yet, through all the possibilities and dangers, there shone

'the glorious prospect to be spoken of, if never hereafter in this place, yet in other spheres, if God so please, and before other hearers so long as life and strength shall last—the glorious prospect to be found in the conviction that in the religion of Christ better and better understood, in the mind and words and work of Christ more and more fully perceived, lies the best security . . . for the things which belong, not to our peace only, but to the peace of universal Christendom.'

In the struggle of conflicting feeling through which Stanley was passing he found in his future wife his strongest stay and support. To her he turned for that sympathy which no other living person could minister, and which she was peculiarly qualified to give him. 'You feel, no doubt, as I do,' he writes to Lady Augusta Bruce,

'... a dim mysterious feeling, as of gradually drawing nearer to the confines of a new world. I have often thought, and I remember telling the Queen, in speaking of the marriage of the Prince of Wales, that marriage is the only event in modern life which corresponds to what baptism was in the ancient Church—a second birth, a new creation, old things passing away, all things becoming new. Oh, let us both look forward to a new flight upwards! Old things indeed, will not pass away, but they will be transfigured. I feel as if this double move must indeed be the crisis of my life, in which I must either be extinguished by the mere greatness of the event, or be made more useful to my Church and country than I have ever been before.

'You must be my wings. I shall often flag and be dispirited; but you, now, as my dear mother formerly, must urge me on, and bid me not despair when the world seems too heavy a burden to be struggled against. Many and many will be the talks, if you will let me have them with you, like that which we had on our first Sunday—Sunday week.

'I had my lecture to-day again. You will not wonder that, when I looked round on their faces, and felt that, after the end of this short course, I shall address neither them nor any Oxford generation again, my heart sank within me. But I felt that the thought gave new force to my words, both as I spoke and as they listened. . . .'

How readily Lady Augusta sympathised with his feelings, how singularly adapted she was to be the partner of his hopes and aspirations, and with what feminine instinct she ministered the support and encouragement that he always needed, is known to all who met her as Lady Augusta Stanley. The spirit in which both husband and wife entered upon their married life is forcibly illustrated by the following extract from one of her letters, and from Stanley's answer. Lady Augusta writes to him from St. James's Palace during the weeks of despondency and misgiving which closed his career at Oxford:

'... I did not sleep very well, and happening to wander

into my darling brother's sitting-room, which I now occupy, at an unnaturally early hour, I was startled by the picture which suddenly offered itself to my gaze. The sky was crimson, and against it, in the clear atmosphere of early morning, the towers of Westminster and the whole group of those beautiful buildings stood out in the most perfect distinctness. It seemed as though not a detail of the architecture were lost; and yet, near and vivid as it was, there was something so mysterious and impressive and solemn in the silent beauty of the scene, that it seemed more like a vision of the Holy City than anything earthly or material. I sat and watched it till the glowing light of this glorious dawn had melted into the light of day, and the vision had passed away.

'Need I tell you, my beloved, with what thoughts and aspirations and earnest prayers my heart was filled, or how blessed were the moments I thus spent within sight of our home, on which may God our Father grant that a light more beautiful still, a halo more sacred and more holy, may rest for ever and ever? I cannot describe my thankfulness for the accident that brought me where I was, or the impression that has been left on my mind. That one bright spot amidst the surrounding darkness, and the *nature* of the light, so soft and mellow and diffusive, warming and gladdening and vivifying all round. So may your home be, my beloved, and may the peace and joy and affection that reign there cheer, and lighten, and raise, and soften the hearts that are brought, in whatever degree, within its influence! "And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to lighten it; for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof." . . .'

To this letter Stanley replies from Windsor, where he had been summoned to preach before the Queen:

'What a beautiful vision you send me! It cheers me, for I needed cheering. . . . These troubles, no doubt, are only for the moment, and a year hence will be but small specks. Still, I cannot help being depressed by them at a time when the duty and wisdom of leaving Oxford are so much questioned by so many of my best friends. Let us hope that your glimpse of the Abbey may be a type of

that which is to be. My dear mother was very fond of the text, "Unto the godly there ariseth up light in the darkness." "Not," she used to say, "that we are 'the godly,' but still in all our darkness a light has arisen." To me, doubtless, in this darkness, such as it is, you, and your love, are the light that has arisen up. Under any circumstances, I should have had the same self-reproach and grief at making the great change of a well-known sphere for one full of untried difficulties; but it might have been that I should have had no one to give me the hope of a new light dawning on my new life, such as I now have.'

On December 22nd, 1863, on the evening before the marriage, Stanley wrote to Hugh Pearson :

'I fill up a few vacant moments by a few words to you, best and dearest of friends, on the eve of this great change. You know, as none knows, what it has cost me to reach this point. But all misgivings are over. So much of such various kinds has led me on to this event that, if ever any human transaction can be thought to be predestined, it is this.

'I foresee a stormy time at Westminster, more stormy even than was Oxford. But I am in much better heart about it than I was.'

On December 23rd, 1863, he was married to Lady Augusta Bruce in Westminster Abbey. A fortnight later, on Saturday, January 9th, 1864, he was installed as Dean of the same Collegiate Church. As soon as the installation service was ended a formal Chapter was held.

'They were all there, Wordsworth included (who, however, absented himself from church both Saturday and Sunday). I shook hands with him cordially, and he with me.

'I confess that I felt no elation, nothing but depression, at the prospect before me. It seemed to me as if I were going down alive into the sepulchre.

'I had a long conversation with Lord J. Thynne, Canon

and Sub-Dean of Westminster, very courteous and sensible, but opening a vista of interminable questions of the most uninteresting kind, for the discussion of which I felt totally incapable. I repeat that, as far as the actual work of the Dean is concerned, it is far more unsuited to me than that of a bishop. To lose one's time in Confirmations is bad, but to lose it in leases and warming-plans is worse.

'However, the deed is done, and my useful life I consider to be closed, except so far as I can snatch portions from the troubles of the office.'

With such feelings Stanley entered upon the new field that was opened to him at Westminster—a field which to his first sight seemed barren, but which he made in after years so fertile in opportunities and so rich in its yield of varied influences.

CHAPTER XXI

1864-74

Final Judgment on 'Essays and Reviews,' February 1864—Refusal of High Church Leaders to Preach in Westminster Abbey—Stanley's Attitude towards Theological and Ecclesiastical Controversies—'Essays on Church and State,' 1870—Speeches in Convocation on 'Essays and Reviews,' on Bishop Colenso, on Ritualism, on the Public Worship Regulation Bill, on the Revision of the Authorised Version, on the Athanasian Creed—The Pan-Anglican Synod and Westminster Abbey, 1867—Dr. Vance Smith, 1870—Select Preachership at Oxford, 1872

'HAPPY New Year indeed! I only dread the rapid flight of time.' So Stanley writes on January 1st, 1864, 'during that short period of perfect bliss which is only granted to mortals once in a lifetime.' Foreseeing the storms that were gathering round him at Westminster, perplexed by the uncertainties of his new position, he turned to his wife for that encouragement and support which, amid all the possibilities of the future, seemed alone to be secure. He writes of her to J. C. Shairp 'as the chief earthly stay for my coming pilgrimage.' 'I cannot but feel,' he adds,

'that the day may have come when the shades of failure and disappointment are to close round me, as they have

closed round so many others. But if I am to struggle onwards and upwards yet, it will be, under God, through her.'

The day after his installation (Sunday, January 10th, 1864) he delivered his first sermon in Westminster Abbey as Dean. 'I preached,' he writes to the Bishop of London, who had written to congratulate him upon the impression which he had produced,

'with the utmost discomfort to myself, from the feeling that I was probably neither heard nor understood, and could not help contrasting the occasion with that of my farewell sermon at Oxford. Therefore, I am very glad to hear that anyone was pleased, and am encouraged by your letter to print it, concerning which I had serious doubts.'

Cheered by his success, and supported by 'the good Angel whom I have always at my side,' he began, as he writes to the late Dean Bradley, at the end of January 1864, 'to see hopes breaking through the darkness.' 'And yet,' he adds in the same breath, 'I hardly dare to look forward to the future.'

In the ancient instrument to which he declared his assent at his installation occurred a memorable phrase. 'I am greatly struck,' he tells Pearson, 'by the fact that I am set here "for the enlargement of the Christian Church."' To maintain that degree of enlargement which was already secured to the Church by its union with the State, and to widen its borders so that it might more worthily fulfil its mission as the National Church, were the two objects to which he devoted all his efforts. In this double meaning, the enlargement of the Church was the political aim of his Churchmanship, and the drift of his sermons, speeches, and writings. In his increased opportunities of preserving the comprehensiveness, and of extending the limits, of the Church he found the brightest side of his new position; in the

obstacles and opposition that he encountered lay its darkest clouds.

On February 8th, 1864, the Lord Chancellor had delivered the final judgment of the Privy Council on the questions raised by the publication of 'Essays and Reviews.' The opinions expressed by Mr. Wilson and Dr. Williams were declared not to be inconsistent with the Articles and formularies of the Church of England. The decision was regarded by many earnest men as 'soul-destroying.' A letter addressed to the 'Record' by Dr. Pusey gave the signal for an offensive and defensive alliance between High Churchmen and Low Churchmen. At a meeting held in Oxford a Declaration of Faith was formulated, declaring

'our firm belief that the Church of England and Ireland, in common with the whole Catholic Church, maintains without reserve or qualification the inspiration and Divine authority of the whole canonical Scriptures, as not only containing, but being, the Word of God; and further teaches, in the words of our blessed Lord, that the "punishment" of the "cursed," equally with the "life" of the "righteous," is "everlasting."'

This document was sent round to every clergyman in England, Wales, and Ireland, accompanied by a letter entreating him to sign it 'for the love of God.'

It was at this stormy crisis that Stanley wrote to representatives both of the High Church and Evangelical parties, asking them to preach at the Special Services which he was preparing to hold in the Abbey on Sunday evenings. The leading Low Churchmen accepted his invitation; but Keble, Pusey, and Liddon all declined. Keble refused at once, Pusey only after long hesitation.

Rev. John Keble to Dean Stanley.

'Torquay: March 11th, 1864

'My dear Sir,—I am sincerely obliged by your kindness in thinking of me as one fit to be applied to on such an

occasion, and I must beg Lady Augusta, with yourself, to accept my best thanks for the invitation contained in your letter. However, under any circumstances I believe I should have felt that I must decline that proposal, because (among other reasons) I fear that I could not make myself heard in the Abbey.

'But I should not be dealing quite frankly with you if I did not add (though it grieves me sorely to do so) that, were I to accept it, it would be in discomfort and fear, lest by seeming to bear with doctrines which you avowedly uphold, and which I believe in my heart to contradict the foundation of the faith, I should cause harm which would far outweigh any good one might hope to do by preaching.

'I am sure you will forgive my plain speaking, and will believe me to remain

'Your obliged and faithful servant,

'J. KEBLE.'

Dr. Pusey to Dean Stanley.

'March 5, 1864

'My dear Dr. Stanley,—I trust that I have not caused you inconvenience by the difficulty which I have had in making up my mind. It would have been a glad office to me to preach to those 3,000, if so be that God would have spoken through me to one soul effectively. But I dare not.

'I think that one of the great dangers of the present day is to conceive of matters of faith as if they were matters of opinion, to think all have an equal chance of being right, which involves this—that there is no faith at all. The essence of your scheme seems to me to be to exhibit as one those whose differences I believe to be vital; and so, although it is with a pang that I relinquish the offer which (differing so much from me) you kindly made me of speaking God's truth earnestly to all those souls, I cannot with a safe conscience accept it.

'I thank you for your personal kindness, and remain

'Yours sincerely,

'E. B. PUSEY.'

The correspondence with Dr. Liddon resulted in a similar refusal, on the same grounds, as the following extracts show:

'I trust that you will not deem me wanting, either in respect and gratitude to yourself, or in duty to the Church, if I beg you to allow me to decline your invitation.

'If, of course, my own conscience was perfectly clear as to the duty of public acts of fellowship with men like Mr. Maurice, &c., &c., it would be right to disregard consequences. But, on the contrary, I cannot but recognise the fact, that on the most sacred questions we are hopelessly divided—on questions which touch nothing less than the revealed character and attributes of Almighty God. A legal (rather than a moral) bond retains us within the same communion—or rather, God's providence does so, I hope and pray with a view to future unity of conviction, however improbable that may seem at present.

'But, meanwhile, I shrink from being a party to presenting these sharp contrasts (as some men would say) between different opinions (as I am bound to say), between truth and error, before the people of London at a time when so much is at stake.'

'It is only by his books and by his letters in the newspapers that I know anything of Mr. F. D. Maurice. What you say about his holiness and devotedness is only what others have told me. That he is so good a man I rejoice to believe with all my heart. It is an earnest of his return to the faith of the Church. That so good a man should be mistaken is a very perplexing mystery of the moral world. But he is not its only illustration. No doubt he is a rebuke to most of us who hold truths which he denies. Tyre and Sidon have always a lesson for Chorazin and Bethsaida. But *mere* moral goodness is not a sufficient basis for engaging in a public profession to teach the people a common faith. You must draw the line somewhere; and the question is one of degree. No one doubts Channing's goodness. Yet Channing taught Socinianism in terms.

'You speak, my dear Mr. Dean, of a period of transition. Transition to what? One current of thought flows towards Mr. J. Stuart Mill, and Positivism beyond, and another towards Baur and the school of Tübingen, and the desolate waste beyond that. The Girondins of revolution have their day: but they make way for its Jacobins. . . . All might have been saved if Newman had remained with us; or if (pardon my boldness) someone like yourself had

taken up his work, and had endeavoured to recover the hearts of English Churchmen to the principle of authority—a recovery to issue in God's time, and with due respect to the gains achieved by the Reformation, in a reconciliation of the Churches of Christendom. As it is, the prospect is dreary; one can only trust in Him who reigns above the storm.

'You say, my dear Mr. Dean, that we refuse to preach in the same church with yourself. You will, I trust, forgive me for saying that Churchmen have hoped—hoped and prayed, hoped against hope—that one from whom so much might be expected as yourself would one day be with them. A very able undergraduate told me that he "had even shed tears at the thought of what Dr. Stanley might have done for the cause of positive truth at Oxford with his wonderful powers." Even now we do not acquiesce in the miserable conviction that you have cast in your lot with men like Colenso and others, who are labouring to destroy and blot out the faith of Jesus Christ from the hearts of the English people. We still believe that your generosity rather than your judgment links you even with Mr. Maurice and Mr. Jowett. We are quite sure that your love of truth, your sense of moral beauty, and, in an eminent degree, your historical tastes and wide sympathies, link you to us, who cherish the memories of the Movement of 1843-50, as to no other men in the English Church.

'You will, I trust, forgive the extreme freedom with which I have answered a letter to which silence might have been the most respectful answer, if it had not been open to misunderstanding.'

The refusal of the High Church leaders to preach in Westminster Abbey was partly dictated by the conditions of the existing crisis. But their deeper reasons were independent of any temporary cause. They were based on Stanley's attitude towards ecclesiastical and religious questions of the day. His first attempt to use his position as Dean of Westminster for 'the enlargement of the Church' thus ended in failure. But the failure neither shook his conviction that he was right nor deterred him from renewing the effort. In March 1866,

when the publication of Pusey's Eirenicon seemed to afford a more propitious opportunity, he again invited Pusey and Liddon to preach, and they again declined. 'The motto of your letter,' says Liddon, 'might well be, "Charity suffereth long, and is kind."' Neither a personal nor a temporary issue was involved in the refusal. A principle seemed to be at stake. 'Forgive me,' says Liddon in his first letter, in March 1866,—

'is not the practical question this—Whether the Church of Christ is to be viewed as a mere Literary Society, or as a home and mother of dying souls? If the former, then the greater the divergence of "views" the better, because such divergence is a proof of intellectual movement, to say the least. If the latter, *then* fixed doctrines are necessary, and it is a mere question of fact and degree when divergence of opinion is tolerable. *You* would not tolerate the Yorkshire clergyman who has just been saying that our Divine Lord is the son of Joseph and Mary. You accept, then, within limits, a principle which enables you to understand those who, like myself, have no doubt that the truths recently impugned by writers whom you uphold are integral portions of the revelation of Jesus Christ, and who would not permit such truths to be impugned, if they could prevent it.'

The correspondence already quoted proves how deeply, as well as widely, the High Church party diverged from Stanley's views. Nor was the chasm less broad or less profound which separated him from Low Churchmen. What he thought to be for the life of Christianity both ecclesiastical parties held to be for its death. Much that they regarded as vital seemed to him to be trivial, if not deadly. Time only widened the breach. Throughout the whole of his career as Dean of Westminster he avowed aims and laboured for ends which were unpalatable to the religious world at large, and, above all, to the great majority of his clerical brethren. Clear and definite in his views, outspoken, uncompromising,

and even fiery in their expression, he lived in an atmosphere of contention which thickened rather than dispersed in the course of years.

To understand his position it is necessary to grasp the meaning of the words, 'the enlargement of the Christian Church, and the triumph of all truth,' with which he dedicated the third volume of the 'Jewish Church' to the memory of his wife, as expressing the joint aim of their lives. While he attracted thousands of the members of other communions by the comprehensiveness of his charity, he repelled large numbers of persons by the sacrifices which he was prepared to make for the attainment of his ideal. No ecclesiastic in the world probably stood higher in the respect of a larger and more varied circle of the members of many Churches. But it is equally probable that, within his own Church, and among his clerical brethren, no living clergyman was more fiercely assailed, or, in his ecclesiastical character, regarded with greater aversion.

So stormy was the atmosphere in which Stanley lived as Dean of Westminster, that it might be supposed to be the air which he breathed most freely. Yet such a supposition is very far from the truth. By tastes and interests he belonged to that class of persons in the religious community which Izaak Walton distinguished from 'the active Romanists' and 'the restless Nonconformists' as 'passive, peaceable Protestants.' 'These last,' says the gentle angler, 'pleaded and defended their cause by established laws, both ecclesiastical and civil: and, if they were active, it was to prevent the other two from destroying what was by those known laws established to them and their posterity.'

Stanley knew that any system which aims at union involves individual sacrifice for the common good, and that the spirit of division is also the spirit of subdivision. Thrown upon an age of unusual ferment in both thought and speculation, he had to choose between the refusal

to conform to any system in which he found something from which to dissent, and continuance in the most elastic and comprehensive form of religious organisation that existed, in the hope of preserving and widening its basis. He chose the latter alternative with all its consequences. 'The path,' as he himself says,

'of a theologian who in any existing system loves truth and seeks charity is indeed difficult at best.'

And so he found it to be by his own experience. But the desire

'to serve a great institution, and by serving it to endeavour to promote within it a vitality which shall secure it as a shelter for such as will have to continue the struggle after we are gone,'

was the ambition by which he was animated, and the cause for which he endured much that, to a man of his sensitive nature, would otherwise have been intolerable.

A Church that embodies so much reverence for the past as the Church of England necessarily appealed in the strongest manner to his historic feeling. But, apart from this, the union of Church and State appeared to him to be 'a combination which, with all its shortcomings, exhibits one of the noblest works which God's Providence through a long course of ages has raised up in Europe.' He did not deny, that each by itself, and in relation to the other, needed changes in order that they might more worthily represent the religious condition of the country. But in the joint action of the secular and ecclesiastical elements within the body politic he found the widest sphere of religious liberty, the most extensive field for future usefulness, the broadest prospect of religious progress. A Church which, in outline, is stamped with a peculiar reverence for the historic

past, and yet, in its peculiarities of detail, is the product of a Reformation, was, as he thought, necessarily latitudinarian—by the very conditions of its existence ‘neither High, nor Low, but Broad.’ And Stanley valued the Established Church as the strongest guarantee of religious toleration, and as the best guardian of that broad traditional platform of belief on which Christendom might some day meet in amity. He valued it also for its elasticity and capacity of growth, for the opportunity which it afforded to the development of religious freedom, for the refuge that it offered, not only to the commanding and aspiring, but to the simple and childlike minds of the community. He valued it, finally, as

‘another form of that great Christian principle, that cardinal doctrine of the Reformation, which is at the same time truly catholic and truly Apostolical—that Christian life and Christian theology thrive most vigorously, not by separation, and isolation, and secrecy, but by intercommunion with the domestic and social relations of man—in the world, though not of it.’

Valuing, as he did, the constitutional framework of the Church of England, and dreading what seemed to him the inevitable consequences of its severance from the State, he defended the existing union with all the vigour of which he was capable. Those Ritualists who denounced the Establishment as Erastian, and those Nonconformists who agitated for disestablishment, stood outside the pale of his toleration; both were placed beyond the limits to which the catholicity of his charity extended. But had Stanley confined himself to the defence of the existing framework of the National Church, he would have been easily pardoned by his clerical brethren. There was, however, another side to his activity. He was not merely anxious to preserve the enlargement which the Church already possessed, and which the State guaranteed; he desired also to

stretch the borders of the Church to its widest possible limits, and so to widen its basis that it might more worthily sustain its national character. In the prospects of increased usefulness that awaited the Church, when thus enlarged, lay his chief hope for the future.

So long as Stanley restricted his pursuit of his ideal to social efforts to remove the estrangement which impedes the approaches of rival religious bodies, and which breeds misunderstanding and fosters exasperation, he gave little or no offence to his clerical brethren. If he did not command their full sympathy, he did not excite their dread and aversion. But when he endeavoured to simplify and universalise Christian theology and the ideas of the Christian Church, and directed his energies towards the removal of the doctrinal or legal barriers to comprehension, their feelings underwent a marked change. Nor is it difficult to understand why much that was really positive and conservative in his teaching should have been regarded as purely negative and destructive.

Stanley loved his great profession, and estimated highly its powers of usefulness. But it never seemed to him to be a thing apart from ordinary life. He was himself a man of varied human tastes, devoted to literature, interested in politics. And this variety of tastes and interests has stamped its impress on his teaching. In all his sermons, speeches, and writings, he endeavours to secularise, humanise, and moralise Christian theology—to draw it down, as it were, from heaven to earth. One aspect of his mission was the attempt to vindicate the sanctity of the secular world; to maintain that the sacred seal which is set on one side of life is the pledge of the sacredness of the whole; to find the same law in things earthly and things heavenly; to claim for every natural opportunity of doing good or turning from evil a channel of Divine grace; to break down the limits within which ecclesiastical parties confine the

exclusive operations of spiritual influences ; to show that all history, and not one branch of history only, contains the record of God's dealings with mankind. Another aspect of the same mission was the effort to lay bare the deep basis of morality on which theology rested ; to bring sacred thought out of the shadowy region of abstraction ; to humanise conventional forms and to make them living instruments of moral education ; to propagate Christianity as a life, rather than to hand it down as a system, a thesis, or a philosophy. A third aspect of the same mission, and one which was more congenial to the tastes of a man who was more an ecclesiastic than a theologian, and less an abstract thinker than an historian, was his effort to trace the genesis of beliefs, and still more of ceremonies and institutions ; to indicate their early forms, and the processes by which they have been changed ; to insist on the close community of origin which unites sacred and secular usages ; to find the birth of Christian institutions in the social customs of early ages, and thus to combat, by the evidence of historical fact, the belief in what he calls ' the magical offices of a sacerdotal caste.'

Nor was it only Stanley's wish to draw down theology from heaven to earth which thus shocked the theological instincts of his clerical brethren. The means by which he pursued his end gave almost equal offence. He applied to theology the methods of historical science and the law of historical development, and thus came into collision with all the conservative instincts which rightly guard the great interests of the Christian faith. He believed that no fear of consequences nor inducement of advantages could relieve men from the obligation of free inquiry. No man loved to look facts more directly in the face, or to know the exact and certain truth. His passion for light is the feature upon which Matthew Arnold has seized in his threnody on his friend :

What ! for a term so scant
Our shining visitant
Cheer'd us, and now is pass'd into the night ?
Could'st thou no better keep, O Abbey old !
The boon to thy foundation-hour foretold,
The presence of that gracious inmate, Light ?

And it was with penetrating insight and the fullest freedom that Stanley searched the foundations of Christian institutions and Christian creeds, indicating what was uncertain, what unproved, what unverifiable, what parasitic, exaggerated, or abnormal. Though here, too, the positive and negative results of his work were largely blended, yet the destructive character appeared to many minds to predominate. In reaching the divine simplicities on which he desired to build he brushed aside many uncertain, yet cherished, accumulations of the past. When he drew men back from what he considered the outworks of the letter into the citadels of the spirit, he seemed to sacrifice to the spoilers many a pious inheritance. When he sought to discriminate between the essence and the accidents of Christianity, men ridiculed his capacity to decide between substance and form. When he endeavoured to break the 'spell of ecclesiasticism,' and set principles upright on their feet, he appeared to surrender the world of the unseen to the jurisdiction of mere opinion, and to exalt human reasoning above the tradition and authority of the Church.

That some of the suspicion with which Stanley's aims and opinions were regarded was plausible, if not natural, can scarcely be denied ; that it was essentially unfounded was most fully known to those who knew him best, or who studied his writings in their entirety. Passages might be, it is true, collected from his utterances which seem to imply a colourless dilution of Christian realities. But such passages, at their strongest, only afford evidence of the occasional excess into which he was led by the strength of his longings after peace and his aspirations for union. They are contradicted by the

general tenor of his writings, and by pages after pages suffused with the atmosphere of quiet filial trust in which he habitually lived. His toleration never obliterated distinctions between good and evil, and rarely confused indefiniteness of enclosure with that variety of access for which he contended. The guiding principle of his catholicity was, that as the Father's house has many mansions, so also it has many entrances.

Finding, as he did, the truest proofs of religion in the ordinary events of everyday life, treating all ground as holy, looking upon all days as the days of Christ, and regarding as a constant miracle man's moral growth, he was disposed to lay little—perhaps too little—stress on the more extraordinary phenomena of Divine power. They awed him with their mystery; they commanded his reverence; but they were not the supports on which his own faith was built.

From the very first Stanley's aims and opinions brought him into conflict with powerful tendencies of party feeling along the whole line of theological and ecclesiastical thought. And the circumstances in which he stood almost necessarily gave to his attitude an appearance of onesidedness. He was fighting against the whole force of religious public opinion, as represented in Convocation and in the religious press. The danger that he dreaded was, not the intolerance of science, but the intolerance of the dominant orthodoxy, which was seeking to crush the advocates of free critical inquiry. Always attracted towards the weaker side, he championed the cause of those who were attacked as latitudinarians with a fervour which sometimes approached to partisanship and a boldness that often bordered on rashness. He thus created among his clerical brethren the impression that his charity ended where the so-called orthodoxy began, and that he was more ready to sympathise with those who were perplexed by the doctrinal difficulties of Christianity than with

those who were assured of what to them were its doctrinal verities. Tolerant of the freest speculations of honest doubters, he seemed to be impatient of the position to which honest believers were led by their positive convictions.

In his 'Essays on Church and State' (1870) will be found some of his most deliberate thoughts on the ecclesiastical controversies of the day. The volume contains a history of thirty years of religious war. It contains also a defence of the union of Church and State, a plea for liberty on behalf of Evangelicals, Rationalists, and Ritualists, an appeal for the admission of 'nonconforming members of the Church' to the widest privileges of membership that the law would allow. Here are collected his essay on the Gorham Judgment, which prevented the exclusion of the Evangelical party from the Church; his article on the judgment in the case of 'Essays and Reviews,' which upheld the liberty of critical inquiry; his article on Ritualism, in which he demands the toleration of opinions and practices most distasteful to himself. Here appears his speech in Convocation on the Colenso controversy, in which the principles established by the judgment in the case of 'Essays and Reviews' seemed to be again endangered. Here is the letter to the Bishop of London in which he fought the battle of subscription, that he had made peculiarly his own. Here are addresses in which he urges the advantages of the connection of Church and State, or maintains the principle of concurrent endowment as the true solution of the Irish Church question. Here, finally, is a paper on the theology of the nineteenth century, in which he traces its relation to the Bible, to general history and philosophy, and to the Christian Church.

To the articles contained in this volume it will be sufficient to refer for the history of Stanley's attitude towards the controversies in which, during the first

eight years of his life as Dean of Westminster, he was so repeatedly engaged. But it must not be forgotten that he not only fought for his opinions with his pen in the pages of the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly Reviews*, or of *Fraser's Magazine*. He fought the battle also, often single-handed, in Convocation. For six or seven years he constantly took part in its discussions, though he was subsequently inclined to doubt whether in so doing he had pursued the wisest course. In that time he developed a power of debate for which those who knew him best were wholly unprepared, and the existence of which he himself had never suspected. In these unpremeditated speeches in Convocation his opinions were uttered with the most entire freedom, and were sometimes urged with the exaggeration which the 'one-sided unanimity' of his opponents was apt to engender.

Among the many forgotten controversies in which Stanley took part was that which raged round Dr. Colenso, the Bishop of Natal. It led indirectly to one of his most unpopular acts as Dean of Westminster. In July 1863 Colenso had been cited to appear at Capetown before Bishop Gray, who claimed jurisdiction as Metropolitan of South Africa. On the ground that Colenso's book on the Pentateuch contained errors of a grave and dangerous character he was deposed. The Bishop of Natal appealed to the Privy Council, which decided (March 20, 1865) that the sentence was null and void. Dr. Colenso had at once resumed his work in his diocese. Writing to him on the eve of his departure from England, Stanley said :

'I have every hope of your success on your return if you are able to fulfil the three promises held out in the Preface to the fifth part of your book on the Pentateuch, and in your address, namely—(1) entire abstinence from the controversial and denunciatory acts and words of your opponents; (2) entire toleration of the different opinions and practices of the clergy under your control who take

other views than your own of their duty ; and (3) chief of all, confidence that you have a true mission and large sphere before you as a bishop, if not as a missionary, but better far if both together, amongst the laity and the natives, if not amongst the clergy of Natal.

'No ecclesiastic can, in our day, or, perhaps, in any day, as it seems to me, maintain his position without having such a sphere, independent of the success of his own particular views. With such a sphere, and with a spirit at once of courage and toleration, we may, with God's help, defy the world.'

The return of Dr. Colenso made Bishop Gray the more desirous of procuring the election and consecration of a new Bishop of Natal in the room of the man whom, in spite of the decision of the Privy Council, he treated as deposed and excommunicated. The English prelates, on the other hand, recommended caution and delay. Even those who sympathised with Bishop Gray were not clearly convinced that any new election would be canonical, or would be so recognised, either in South Africa or in England. The affairs of the Colonial Church, and its relations to the mother-Church were, in fact, so entangled that it was difficult to define the exact validity and force of the credentials of the Colonial Episcopate. There were colonies with distinct varieties of civil constitution and jurisprudence ; bishops with, and bishops without, Royal Patents ; some dioceses with recognised, some with unrecognised, Church Synods, and others with none at all ; and decisions of English Courts only increased the confusion by conflicting one with another. Under these circumstances the Canadian Synod urged a gathering of Anglican bishops for consultation and advice, and some of the American bishops expressed a wish that the daughter-Church across the Atlantic should be admitted to the proposed Conference. The suggestion was accepted by the Canterbury House of Convocation. In February 1867 Archbishop Longley

invited the whole Anglican Episcopate to meet at Lambeth in the following September.

Stanley, from the first, feared that the influence of the Conference would be used in favour of the Bishop of Capetown, and of some modification of the constitution and government of the Church. He also strongly deprecated any secret deliberations. When the proposal for a Conference came before Convocation in February 1866, he expressed his hope that, if the bishops were to assemble at Lambeth for any other purpose than the interchange of friendly sympathy, 'their proceedings would be open and public.' Nor did he stand alone in his fears. The Archbishop of York and the bishops of the Northern Province, as well as the Bishop of Peterborough, declined to attend the Conference, and the Bishop of St. David's was only present on the express condition that the question of Bishop Colenso's position should not be debated.

No sooner had the Conference assembled than it became evident that the pledge of excluding the Natal difficulty from the discussion could not be kept. At the preliminary meeting the attempt was made to bring the question forward, and on more than one occasion the topic was reintroduced. On the fourth day the Bishop of Capetown made a determined effort to procure from the assembled bishops their sanction to the consecration of a new Bishop of Natal. He even threatened to resign his see if his proposal were rejected. After a heated debate, a hypothetical resolution was adopted declaring that, if a new bishop were consecrated, there would be no necessary severance of communion between the Home and the Colonial Church. This resolution was interpreted by Bishop Gray to mean that the Conference had given its approval to the appointment of a new bishop. Such a misunderstanding, which could hardly have arisen unless the proceedings had been secret, may be thought to have justified Stanley's demand for

complete publicity. 'The misstatements of the Bishop of Capetown's letter,' he writes to Bishop Ewing, 'combined with the enthusiasm which, in spite of them, he excites, remind me more of the influence of Habakkuk Mucklewrath over the Covenanters than anything that I have ever seen in my time.'

The Conference concluded with a special service. Before the opening of the proceedings the Archbishop expressed a wish to hold this service in Westminster Abbey. In the uncertainty that Stanley felt as to the purposes for which the Conference was summoned, he feared that it might be used for party objects, such as giving support to the Bishop of Capetown, repudiating the Judgment of the Privy Council, or confirming the alleged deposition of the Bishop of Natal. He therefore declined to promise the use of the building for the proposed special service, though he offered it for other objects.

In his letter to Bishop Hopkins, of Vermont, Stanley explained why he had refused the use of the Abbey to the Conference as a body, and offered it to the individual members for purposes in which the whole nation could sympathise. His letter and the Bishop's reply are printed below :

*Deanery, Westminster: Oct. 1867.

'My Lord Bishop,—Understanding that some misapprehension exists on the part of the American bishops as to their invitation to a service in Westminster Abbey, I beg that you will do me the favour of communicating the following statement, in as public a way as you think fit, to your episcopal brethren.

'It was impossible for me, as guardian of a building like the Abbey, which belongs to the whole Church and people of England, to take the responsibility of giving its sanction to a meeting that included only a portion of the English bishops, and of which the objects were undefined, the issues unknown, and the discussions secret. But I was so anxious to show every courtesy to the bishops from the United

States, that chiefly on their account, as I particularly specified in my letter to the Archbishop, I deviated so far from the usual rules which guide the services in the Abbey as to propose the use of the Abbey for a service which should gather them there, either for some specific object of charity or usefulness, or for the general promotion of good-will and mutual edification of all members of the Anglican communion. I was encouraged the more to make this offer by the pledge which I had received, that no question exciting party differences should be introduced into the meeting, and I was therefore in hopes that his Grace would have felt himself able to accept a proposal which I had reason to believe would have been gratifying to our American brethren.

The proposal was, however, declined; and I must, therefore, through you, beg to express my regret that such an opportunity was lost of cultivating that feeling of amity between the two countries which is at all times so welcome. The circumstance of the severe domestic affliction which has recently befallen us, whilst it prevented me from showing that hospitality which I should otherwise have offered to you, makes me doubly anxious that in a country from which we have received expressions of such sincere sympathy there should be no misunderstanding as to the cordial desire which I entertain to welcome Americans on all occasions to our great national sanctuary.

‘I remain, &c.,

‘ARTHUR P. STANLEY.’

‘Burlington, Vt.: Nov. 9th, 1867.

‘Very Rev. and dear Sir,—Your letter of October, addressed, through me, to all the American bishops, reached me last night, and I have sent it for publication to the editor of “The Church Journal,” New York.

‘The high reputation which you enjoy as an author of acknowledged ability concurs with your elevated position as the Dean of Westminster to give importance to your course in withholding the use of the venerable Abbey from the Pan-Anglican Council. How far your explanation will be satisfactory to my respected colleagues it is not for me to say; but with regard to myself, I frankly confess that I do not understand it.

‘You state, as the reason for your decision, that you are

the guardian of the Abbey, which belongs to the whole Church and people of England, and that you could not give its sanction to a meeting which included a portion only of the English bishops, and of which the objects were undefined, the issues unknown, and the discussions secret.

'Here are several points to which I cannot assent in accordance with true Church principle.

'In a certain sense it may be said that the Abbey, and every cathedral—nay, even every parish church, belongs to the whole Church of England. But in the strict and proper sense of jurisdiction, the Abbey belongs to the Diocese of London, and the Province of Canterbury. You are, indeed, the Dean, and, so far, the guardian of the edifice ; but I do not comprehend how this can discharge the vows of ordination, which bound you to "obey your Bishop" and Archbishop, and "follow, with a glad mind and will, their godly admonitions." Nor do I perceive on what ground of ecclesiastical law you thought fit to take a course directly contrary to what you knew to be their design, in holding this important Conference of bishops from every quarter of the world. The call was given by your own Archbishop, to whom you owe respect and deference. The Council was attended by your own Bishop, to whom you owe canonical obedience. It was fully sanctioned by the great majority of the other English bishops. It had the express approval of the Convocation of Canterbury, to which you belong. It had the cordial concurrence of the archbishops and bishops of Ireland, the metropolitans and bishops of the Colonies, the bishops of Scotland, and those of the United States ; and its proceedings were marked by the unanimous consent of the whole. Are you, on any ground of true Church principle, or even of common-sense, to be regarded as the representative of "the whole Church and people of England," in withholding the use of the venerable Abbey from an assembly like this ? What previous meeting of bishops has ever been held within its walls which would bear a comparison in numbers and in dignity ? And are you by virtue of your office as the Dean an absolute autocrat, to deny, in opposition to your own Archbishop and Bishop, and all the other prelates of the English communion, the use of the Abbey by the Council of Lambeth, on the sole pretext that some three or four of the bishops, who have

no authority whatever over the Diocese of London, thought fit to dissent from the judgment of all their brethren ?

'You disapproved the Council because "its objects were undefined and its issues unknown." I pray you to remember, if you can, any Council of the Church whose action could be known beforehand. Was it not enough to be assured that an assembly called by your own Archbishop, and consisting of the bishops of the Church, could not possibly be supposed to have any object, or arrive at any issue, inconsistent with truth and duty ? Could not the Dean of Westminster trust seventy-six prelates of the Church with the care of her sacred interests ? Or was he really justified in regarding them as a band of conspirators against her honour and dignity, so that he was conscientiously compelled, in despite of all real canonical principle, to shut his Abbey doors against them ?

'This, my dear sir, is the position in which your strange course has placed you, in my humble judgment. You will pardon me, I trust, for speaking plainly. I cannot do otherwise on a question in which the honour of the Church is concerned. I have no hesitation in saying that I think you made a great mistake, and that, as a justification of it seems altogether impossible, it would be more frank and candid on your part to call it by its proper name, and let it be forgotten as soon as possible, since the remembrance of it can only be attended with mortification.

'Your allusion to your offer to receive our bishops, provided they came in their official capacity and without any connection with the Council, renders it proper for me to say that the invitation thus limited was unanimously declined, as being, indeed, an assault upon the Council, and upon ourselves for coming to attend it. I am very willing to suppose that you did not so intend it ; but it could hardly admit of any other fair construction.

'And your reference to your own domestic affliction, of which I had heard nothing at the time, while it certainly calls on me for sympathy, and furnishes a sufficient apology for the absence of any social hospitality, would have been better made when we were on the spot, since then we could not have been led to suppose that your antipathy to the Council was the cause of your seeming discourtesy.

'But this, being merely a private and personal matter, is

easily explained, and could not be the ground of any unpleasant feeling. I am persuaded that the kind and cordial attention which our bishops received from other quarters was quite as great as we could have expected or desired. And we had certainly no reason to complain of any failure in English hospitality.

'The only question of any real importance is the very serious one, whether the Dean of Westminster has a right, on true Church principles, to withhold the Abbey from the meeting of a Council called by his Archbishop and sanctioned by his own Bishop of London. The question extends itself to St. Paul's Cathedral, as it was openly stated in Council that the Bishop had no power to tender either of those buildings for the closing service of the great assembly, though no one doubted that one of these sacred edifices would have been the proper place for that solemn occasion.

'If the Dean possesses such a right—if the Bishop of London has no power over the use of the Cathedral of St. Paul or Westminster Abbey—I must distinctly aver that I regard the fact as a serious blot upon the ecclesiastical system of our venerable Mother-Church of England, entirely inconsistent with primitive practice, and existing nowhere else in Christendom. The Bishop is the rector-in-chief of all the churches in the diocese, and hence the promise of obedience to his godly judgment is an essential part of the vows made in ordination. But especially is he the rector-in-chief of his own cathedral, which is the place containing his official seat, and called cathedral for that very reason, because the Bishop's chair is there.

'It was understood in the Council that the Dean of St. Paul's, like the Dean of Westminster, was hostile to our assembly, and that they had the legal authority to close, against their own bishop and archbishop, so far as the Conference at Lambeth was concerned, the doors of both the Cathedral and the Abbey; and this is what I stated in the beginning that I could not understand. Believing that our Mother-Church is truly Catholic in all her essential principles, I certainly do not understand how she could have fallen into so flagrant an inconsistency and so gross a departure from ecclesiastical law and order as they existed universally in the purest ages of the Christian dispensation.

'I trust that your own part in the late case may have

the good result of turning the attention of the Church of England to this anomaly, and restoring to the bishops those ancient rights in their own cathedrals and quasi-cathedrals which have been so long withheld. It is this hope which has led me to write so much at large upon the subject, because it is one which deserves the serious attention of all concerned. For it must be remembered that the affront was not offered so much to the American bishops as to your own. With all personal respect and regard, your faithful brother in Christ,

JOHN H. HOPKINS,
Bishop of Vermont.

'To the Very Rev. the Dean of Westminster.'

So far as Stanley was concerned, these two letters closed the incident. 'I shall,' he says,

'take no further notice of the Bishop of Vermont. I wrote to him what was meant to be a courteous and friendly letter, and as he has not taken it as such, it is useless to continue the correspondence. His ignorance of facts will be palpable to anyone in this country, and to many in his own.'

While Stanley contended for the preservation of that enlargement which the National Church already possessed, he also strove with equal vigour to widen its borders, and 'to unite in one fellowship of good works' those who stood without the pale of its communion. Here also he came into open and even violent collision with the majority of churchmen. One instance must suffice.

On February 10th, 1870, a Committee of Convocation on the Revision of the Authorised Version was appointed by Convocation. Of this Committee Stanley was a member. It met on March 24th to draw up resolutions, which were to guide the selection and the proceedings of the Revisionists.

Under these resolutions a Committee, or 'Company,' was appointed by Convocation to revise the Authorised Version of the New Testament, and it was decided to

invite the co-operation of persons eminent in scholarship, without regard to nation or religion. The Revisers met for the first time on Wednesday, June 22, 1870. The inaugural meeting was preceded by a celebration of the Holy Communion in Henry the Seventh's Chapel in Westminster Abbey, and almost all the Revisers, including several Scotch Presbyterians and English Nonconformists, were present. Among them was Dr. Vance-Smith, the Unitarian minister of St. Saviour Gate Chapel, in York. The whole Company of Revisers had been invited to partake together of the Holy Communion by Stanley in the following circular :

'Deanery, Westminster : June 18th, 1870.

'It having been suggested that the Company of Revisers of the Authorised Version of the New Testament might be desirous of partaking together of the Holy Communion before entering on their work, the Dean of Westminster has consented to administer the Holy Communion to such of the Company as shall be disposed to attend in the Chapel of Henry VII., in Westminster Abbey, at 11.30 A.M. on Wednesday, June 22.'

The Communion of June 22nd was vehemently denounced, by the religious press and by the Church Union, as 'a deliberate embodiment of insult and defiance to the whole of Catholic Christendom,' as 'an act of desecration,' and as the blasphemous act of 'a dignitary of the Church,' who 'has cast pearls before swine and given that which is most holy to the dogs,' as 'a gross profanation of the Sacrament,' 'a horrible sacrilege,' 'a dishonour to our Lord and Saviour of the gravest and most emphatic character.' The excitement grew to a white-heat. But the contending parties never stood on common ground. The line of reasoning by which the administration of the Sacrament to an alleged Unitarian was condemned as sacrilegious, was one that had no weight with Stanley, and that Dr. Vance Smith

could not be expected to appreciate. Hence it was that Stanley made no answer to his critics, and Dr. Vance Smith was surprised at the outcry. To Stanley, the inauguration of so solemn an undertaking as the Revision of the Authorised Version of the Bible with a Celebration of the Holy Communion, and the invitation of all who were chosen for such a responsible office, seemed to be at once his sacred duty and his high privilege. 'It is quite true,' he wrote privately to a friend who asked for confirmation of the alleged facts,

'that, in conformity with a resolution of Convocation, eminent Nonconformist scholars were invited to join in the work of revising the Authorised Version, and that one of these was a person holding the opinions (whether of Lælius Socinus and Faustus Socinus I do not know, for I have not read their writings, but) of Milton and of Sir Isaac Newton.

'It is also quite true that a notice was sent to all the persons engaged in the work of revision that the Holy Communion would be administered to such as were disposed to attend, and amongst those who did so attend there was one, at least, who was supposed to hold the opinions to which I have referred. Possibly there may have been others. It was with very great thankfulness that I was able to be the means of gathering together in remembrance of our common Lord these various persons, being convinced that in so doing I was obeying His command to His disciples, that they should love one another, and following His example by joining in the same good work, and in the same Holy Communion, with persons of the most various opinions.'

So also, on the other hand, the spirit in which the Holy Communion was received by Dr. Vance Smith was earnest and devout. 'I went to the service,' he wrote in 1887,

'in a perfectly earnest and devout spirit, desiring to join, so far as I could, in that particular mode of celebrating a

Christian rite which I highly value, and glad of the opportunity of confessing myself a Christian disciple, in communion, at least for that occasion, with so many to whom I looked with sentiments of the greatest respect and esteem. I had at first, I confess, some hesitation in going. My difficulty, however, was all on my own side. I did not dream that others would object to my presence, which, of course, they had no kind of *right* to do. I overcame my own hesitation mainly in consequence of the intervention of Dean Stanley. I had letters and a telegram from him on the subject, and the result was that I determined to put away my scruples, and for that occasion to "conform" so far as I could.

'To me the service was, and is, a simple commemoration of the self-sacrifice and the death of our common Lord and Master, and I did not apprehend that anyone would object to my presence, whatever my own personal difficulty might be. I was amazed at the outburst—of what shall I term it?—which immediately followed, very much as if I had been a heathen, or an unbelieving Jew, or had gone to scoff!'

The last, and in some respects the most embittered, of the many controversies that occupied Stanley in Convocation during the years 1864-72 arose upon the Athanasian Creed. Respect for rubrical commands, which was a feature of the Oxford Movement, revived the use of a Creed which a previous generation had seldom read. The more frequent repetition of the 'damnatory clauses' stimulated a growing sense of uneasiness and an increasing desire for relief. Educated and earnest men were startled at its unfamiliar words, and intending candidates for Holy Orders found in its language an insurmountable obstacle. The Ritual Commission, of which Stanley was a member, dealt with the subject in their Fourth Report, which was published in September 1870. Among the suggestions that were before them to re-translate, shorten, omit, or explain the Creed, the majority of the Commissioners decided to recommend the last. They proposed that the Creed

should retain its present place and form in the Public Service, but that a rubric should be added explanatory of the sense in which the condemnations of the Confession of Faith were to be understood.

The publication of the report increased the discussion of the subject. No unanimity prevailed. Even those who agreed in desiring an explanatory rubric differed materially as to the terms of the explanation. Some desired to see the Creed relegated to the same place in the Prayer Book which is held by the Thirty-nine Articles. Others desired that its use should be optional, not compulsory. Others pleaded for delay, for re-translation, and further investigation of its history. Others protested, with more or less vehemence, against any attempt 'to tamper with' the Creed, 'to mutilate' it by omitting any of its clauses, or to 'degrade' it by rendering its use permissive, or by the reduction of the number of days on which it is appointed to be used, or, still more, by its removal from the Public Service of the Church. Stanley had himself throughout advocated the 'thoroughgoing policy' of omitting the Creed from the services of the Church. Nothing, he believed, short of such a banishment could relieve the uneasiness of congregations, though the explanation might remove the scruples of candidates for Holy Orders. This opinion he had maintained on the Ritual Commission, and in this opinion he had the support of Archbishop Tait. But the growing excitement during the year 1871 convinced the Archbishop that the more extreme course would be unpalatable to a great majority of Churchmen. He therefore fell back upon the proposal supported by the majority of the Ritual Commissioners, and in December 1871 gave formal notice that the expediency of adopting an explanatory rubric would be brought before Convocation in the following February.

On both sides the utmost excitement prevailed. While Stanley vehemently protested in a private letter against

the abandonment of what he regarded as the only straightforward and satisfactory course, Canon Liddon and Dr. Pusey threatened to retire from the ministry if the Creed were either 'mutilated' or 'degraded.' Convocation thus met in February 1872 under circumstances which threatened a stormy debate. Stanley threw himself into the fray with all his energy. He repudiated the suggestion of an explanatory rubric, as 'a miserable attempt to explain away simple and emphatic words.' Words mean what grammar makes them mean; and Stanley could not endure that any meaning should be put upon the clauses which was either less or more than their grammatical construction implied and declared. 'I even admire these clauses,' he said,

'for their magnificent perspicuity of language. Whoever was the author, he knew what he meant. He meant, as the Emperor Charlemagne meant, that anyone who could not accept those words was everlastingly lost, and should be destroyed by sword and fire from the face of Christendom. I admire the Emperor Charlemagne, but I cannot admire those who come with these modern explanations to draw out the teeth of this old lion, who sits there in his majesty, and defies any explanation to take out his fierce and savage fangs.'

Stanley's speech in Convocation (April 24, 1872) was received with clamorous interruptions. Archdeacon Denison, after vainly appealing to the Prolocutor to silence the audacious speaker, left the Jerusalem Chamber in disgust. Hostile pamphlets and pulpit denunciations were showered upon him. His conduct was branded by one of his opponents as 'scarcely reconcilable with the most fundamental principles of morality.' He was warned that, if he had conducted himself in 'the service of an earthly sovereign with like profligacy,' he 'would inevitably have been tried by court-martial and shot.' He, and those who supported him, were called upon 'to go out instantly from the Church, of which such

men proclaim themselves disaffected and disloyal ministers.' He was publicly taunted with the committal of a graver offence than 'the tutor who corrupts his pupil's mind, or the trustee who robs the widow and orphan of their property.'

Nor was he assailed with words only. An attempt was made to erase his name from the list of University Preachers at Oxford, to which, after nine years' exclusion, he had been restored. Speaking for himself, the Rev. J. W. Burgon, afterwards Dean of Chichester, thus stated the grounds of his opposition to the nomination of Stanley :

'I cannot think the advocate of the Westminster Abbey sacrilegious Communion; the patron of Mr. Vance Smith, the Unitarian teacher; the partisan of Mr. Voysey, the infidel; the avowed champion of a negative and cloudy Christianity, which is really preparing the way for the rejection of all revealed truth, a fit person to be selected to address the youth of this place from the University pulpit.'

On the 11th of December, 1872, the nomination was submitted to Convocation, and carried by 349 votes to 287. 'The victory,' writes Professor Jowett,

'is not of great importance to the University or to the Liberal Party; but I am glad that we have won, and, in one point of view, especially glad. I do not think that we could have won with anyone but you. I was surprised to find the number of persons who came up unbidden out of respect and regard for you. And though in these wretched contests there is not much to rejoice in, I think that you and Lady Augusta may really rejoice in the proof that a great many persons hardly known to you have given of their attachment.'

As a protest against 'the unfaithfulness to the truth of God which the University manifested by its vote in favour of Dean Stanley,' the Dean of Norwich (E. M. Goulburn) resigned the post of Select Preacher. 'If,' he said in his letter to the Vice-Chancellor,

'the pulpit of the University is to be turned into a vehicle for conveying to our youth a nerveless religion, without the sinew and bone of doctrine, a religion which can hardly be called faith so much as a mere Christianised morality, I for one must decline to stand there.'

Dr. Goulburn, in a private letter to Dean Stanley, informed him of his resignation, and expressed the hope that the course which he had felt compelled to pursue would not interrupt their friendship. 'Many thanks,' replies Stanley,

'for your kind letter—kind and cordial as always. You may be assured that the differences of opinion which we have discussed ever since the days when we travelled together from Geneva to Athens have never diminished my regard for you, and I trust never will.

'As to the particular matter of which you speak, it has been so long my fate to encounter misunderstanding and opposition that I cease to consider it as a subject either of surprise or annoyance.

'Indeed, when I remember the same kind of opposition, with the same epithets of "Rationalist," "Latitudinarian," "Socinian," "Heretic," "Erastian," were lavished on men of whom the world was not worthy, and with whom I am not worthy to place myself, except in the humble endeavour to walk in their footsteps—Tillotson, Chillingworth, Jeremy Taylor, Cudworth, Locke, Arnold,—I know not whether I should not rather rejoice to share their obloquy.

'I only regret that excellent persons like yourself should feel it your duty to thwart the efforts of those who, no doubt with many imperfections, are striving to bring out the treasures of the Bible, to enter into the spirit of the Gospels, and to show that religion and science need not be opposed to each other, and that reason is the means which God has given us for arriving at the knowledge of His will.

'This regret is increased by the reflection that meanwhile little discouragement—I might say much encouragement—is given to the return of the grossest superstitions, and to expressions of unchristian uncharitableness.

'This, however, only makes it more evidently incumbent on those who value the maintenance of pure Christianity

in England to pursue their own course, as best they can, in the hope of better days, and in the faith that truth will at last prevail.

'I cannot refrain from adding the pleasure which it gives me to think that what you write and preach has a soothing and edifying effect on those to whom I have no access, just as, probably, there are those to whom I have access on whom you produce no result.'

The long struggle ended in May 1873 in the acceptance of the Synodical Declaration.* Few men felt more acutely the burden of the 'damnatory clauses' than Stanley. To him, no explanation of the meaning the words were intended to have could be satisfactory. In his opinion, the Declaration which was adopted not only gave no real relief, but was calculated to impair the reverence with which the two other Creeds were regarded. 'There the Creed stands now,' he said a few years later,

'and there, thanks to this waste of an opportunity, it will go on standing until it carries off the other two Creeds upon its back. When that day comes it will be seen who was right in the present controversy.'

* The Declaration ran as follows :

'For the removal of doubts, and to prevent disquietude in the use of the Creed commonly called the Creed of St. Athanasius, this Synod doth solemnly declare :

'1. That the confession of our Christian faith commonly called the Creed of St. Athanasius doth not make any addition to the faith as contained in Holy Scripture, but warneth against errors which from time to time have arisen in the Church of Christ.

'2. That as Holy Scripture, in divers places, doth promise life to them that believe, and declare the condemnation of them that believe not, so doth the Church in this confession declare the necessity for all who would be in a state of salvation of holding fast the Catholic faith, and the great peril of rejecting the same. Wherefore the warnings in this confession of faith are to be understood no otherwise than the like warnings in Holy Scripture, for we must receive God's threatenings, even as His promises, in such wise as they are generally set forth in Holy Writ. Moreover, the Church doth not herein pronounce judgment on any particular person or persons, God alone being the Judge of all.'

CHAPTER XXII

1864-74

Stanley's Literary Work—Its Amount, Variety, and Freshness—Its Unity of Aim—The Second Part of the 'Lectures on the History of the Jewish Church,' 1865—Review of 'Ecce Homo,' 1866—'Memorials of Westminster Abbey,' 1867—'Connection of Church and State,' 1868—'The Three Irish Churches,' 1869—'Essays on Church and State,' 1870—'Lectures on the History of the Church of Scotland,' 1872

THE discharge of duties necessarily associated with the custodianship of Westminster Abbey occupied a great measure of Stanley's care and attention. The prominent part which he took in the debates in Convocation required his regular attendance at its meetings, and involved him in a mass of correspondence. As a preacher, his popularity became so great that he was applied to from all quarters and on every variety of occasion; and he so rarely refused his aid that more than one of his friends remonstrated with him on the frequency of his preaching. His position in society and his numerous social engagements made demands upon his time which became increasingly heavy. His holidays were spent in foreign tours, which, with their long journeys and his insatiable craving for information, would have rather fatigued than refreshed other men. Yet, in spite of in-

cessant calls upon his time and strength, he completed an amount of literary work which, even in a man who was otherwise unemployed, would have been considerable and which in one so preoccupied was remarkable.

Scarcely less striking than the amount of varied work which he did was the ease and effectiveness with which it was done. One main source of the freshness which pervaded his sermons, his conversation, his travels, and his literary work, was the economy of his strength which he invariably exercised. He had most clearly recognised the extent and the limitations of his powers. In travelling, he required all arrangements to be made for him, steadily refused to see any sight which did not interest him, and consequently was never tired. In society, he never attempted to make conversation, but, talking only on those subjects which aroused his enthusiasm, spoke with a fire that glowed and warmed, yet never burned or left a scar. In preaching, he enforced, and illustrated by concrete application from past or contemporary events, only those moral and spiritual aspects of Christianity which to him were most vital, and hence his sermons were never dry, laboured, or dead, but were always picturesque, interesting, and directly bearing on human life and human conduct. As a man of letters, he only worked as his powers designed him to work, and only wrote as he loved to write, and therefore his writing is never forced, but always natural and always fresh. And at this stage of his career there ran through all he wrote a continuous current of hopeful enthusiasm. He had not learned, as he learned in later times, to despair of his generation, or to think that he had lost its ear.

To say this of Stanley's work is only another way of saying that he had the rare fortune of seeking the objects which, by character, temperament, and intellect, by tastes and interests, by social and official position, he was specially adapted to pursue. Many men are im-

peded in the pursuit of their ideals by external circumstances, or disqualified by their own personal and mental deficiencies, or hindered by the accidents of their birth and position. No such impediments, disqualifications, or hindrances stood in the way of Stanley. Whatever obstacles existed to the attainment of his ideals lay outside himself; they did not proceed from within. In society, in his literary work, in the pulpit, on the platform, his heart and head worked together towards one goal, and consequently he was always able to throw his best self into the struggle for the enlargement of the Church. His aristocratic birth, his pecuniary independence, his official position, combined to arm him with weapons which needy men, of humbler origin, and occupying more subordinate posts, could not hope to wield.

Fresh, vigorous, enthusiastic as Stanley's work always was, it would have wholly missed its mark if he had aimed at objects beyond his powers, or if he had attached undue importance to the part which he was himself to take in the attainment of his ideals. He gauged his own capacities with singular accuracy. Looking back upon past history, he saw that religious systems inevitably undergo, from time to time, a sifting process, when men ask what meaning and value phrases, laws, and practices possess, and what response they make to the moral nature of a man. Judaism, Paganism, Roman Catholicism, had each in their turn undergone the ordeal. The Reformation was a demand for reality in the place of formalism. Now once more, in the nineteenth century, men turned to the Bible, to religious history, and theology, and asked what they meant, what was the exact truth about them, what was their bearing upon life and conduct. At such a moment there was great risk that the essence and the accidents of religion should be confounded, and that speculations about religion should be identified with the religious life itself. Stanley saw with the utmost clearness the danger of the crisis, and pro-

posed what seemed to him the true safeguard. He held that the religious life consisted in the ardour, the love, the aspiration with which men attach themselves to the fixed and permanent objects of the Christian faith. He held also, that the speculative ideas of every age must necessarily vary with the incessant movement of the human intellect, and that these changing ideas require continual readjustment with the fixed objects of the religious life. Their reconciliation is the task of the true religious reformer, and the work that he achieves is a true religious revolution.

But Stanley never attempts to assume the office of a religious reformer. The harmony of the future he does not himself attempt. He felt that the time was not yet ripe for any successful effort to show that theology and science, religion and morality, are, so far as they meet, one and indivisible. He believed that he was living in an age of transition, and therefore concentrated his efforts as a religious teacher on holding the centre of religious life in its right place, on distinguishing the accidental from the essential elements of Christianity, on maintaining the due subordination of intellectual ideas about religion, and on demonstrating that the Divine virtues of the Bible were neither exhausted by theology nor impaired by scientific discovery. To him 'the greatest of all miracles is the character of Christ,' and the wider Christianity, to which he looked forward with hope, consisted in the personal effort to realise in human conduct the Divine image of truth and goodness which was revealed in Christ. Believing firmly in the indestructible force and assimilating powers of the spirit of Christianity, he said with the first pastor of the Pilgrim Fathers, 'I am verily persuaded that the Lord has more truth yet to come for us—yet to break forth out of His Holy Word.' Clinging to his trust in the progressive historical development of Christianity, he, like Archbishop Whately, refused to think 'that the Re-

formers locked the door and threw away the key for ever.' It was to the union of a broad and simple Christianity with a free, enlightened historical science, that he looked for the birth of a great theology, 'not dead, nor dying, but instinct with immortal life.' In this 'catholic, comprehensive, all-embracing Christianity' lay his hopes of Christian progress, of Christian union, of the final victory of faith over unbelief, and to it he believed that 'the morrow, the coming century,' belonged.

Upon this central idea all his powers, tastes, sympathies, and interests converge with a directness which was one great secret of his influence. To champion free inquiry was to keep the ground open for the reception of new ideas, which might contain the elements of a larger system. To protest against 'the spirit of combination for party purposes,' as being itself the equivalent of 'what the New Testament calls *heresy*,' was to cut off at its source the fount of division. To place 'all that was ceremonial, all that was dogmatic, all that was miraculous, on a lower level among the essential elements of Christianity than what was moral or spiritual,' was to 'feel truly the littleness of what is little, as well as the greatness of what is great.' To relax stringent terms of subscription, or to banish from use the Athanasian Creed, was to remove obstacles which sever Church from Church and alienate Christian from Christian. To uphold the Established Church in England was to maintain the guarantee of toleration, and to support the principle of comprehension, against the intolerance and exclusiveness of sectarian prejudice. To solve the Irish Church Question by offering to all the three Irish Churches the benefits of an establishment, was to create a neutral ground on which all might meet in peace, and to promote a closer intercourse between the Catholic, Protestant, and Presbyterian communions. To meet English Non-conformists in social and friendly intercourse, or to advocate an interchange of pulpits between them and

the Established clergy, was to disarm bitterness, and to prepare for 'that Christian unity which does not permit either ecclesiastical or dogmatical differences to hinder the recognitions and feelings of a common relationship to Christ.' *

It is with thoughts and purposes like these in his mind that Stanley approaches parties within and without the Established Church, or notes the points of agreement which each holds in common with other communions. It is his object to show ecclesiastical parties that the Church of England is historically broader and more comprehensive than their respective conceptions of it will allow. In his address on the Three Irish Churches he points out that they all equally rest for the essentials of their faith on the same one and indivisible Foundation. Similarly, he holds up his historical mirror to the Established Church of Scotland, the dissenting Presbyterian, and the Episcopalian, and tells each in turn that the true Church is something greater and better than any or all of the rival communions. Himself the staunchest champion of the existing union of Church and State, he practised his own precept of making 'the most of what there is of good in institutions, in opinions, in communities, in individuals.' And this sympathy was neither a strategic union, nor an armed truce, nor the tolerance of indifference. It was the real fellow-feeling which springs from the power, and the habit, of descending into those deeper regions of thought and emotion where conflicting opinions find a point of union. To the Baptists he was grateful for the preservation of 'one singular and interesting relic of primitive and apostolic times'; to the Quakers, for 'dwelling, even with exaggerated force, on the insignificance of all authority, as compared with the inward light of conscience'; to the 'Dissenting Churches' generally, for keeping alive 'that peculiar force of devotion and

* Letter from the late Dr. Allon to Dean Stanley, February 15th, 1868.

warmth which is apt to die out in the light of reason and in the breath of free inquiry.' Religion, he told his American hearers, could ill afford to lose even 'the Churches which we most dislike, and which in other respects have wrought most evil.'

And as with Churches, so with individuals. In the highest utterances of each man's faith, or in the best moments of his life, he rejoiced to find the common ground of religious feeling or spiritual aspiration. He delighted to collect instances of such expressions from the most varied quarters. It was a Spanish Roman Catholic who said, 'Many are the roads by which God carries His own to heaven' (Cervantes in 'Don Quixote,' Part II., ch. 8). It was the venerable patriarch of German Catholic theology, Dr. Döllinger, who said that theology must

'transform her mission from a mission of polemics into a mission of eirenics; which, if it be worthy of the name, must become a science, not, as heretofore, for making war, but for making peace, and thus bring about that reconciliation of Churches for which the whole civilised world is longing.'

In their loftiest moods of inspiration, the Catholic Thomas à Kempis, the Puritan Milton, the Anglican Keble, rose above their peculiar tenets, and 'above the limits that divide denominations, into the higher regions of a common Christianity.' It was the Baptist Bunyan who taught the world that there was 'a common ground of communion, which no difference of external rites could efface.' It was the Moravian Gambold who wrote:

The man
That could surround the sum of things, and spy
The heart of God and secrets of His empire,
Would speak but love. With love the bright result
*Would change the hue of intermediate things,
And make one thing of all theology.*

It was 'the Bloody Advocate, Mackenzie,' who, whatever his illiberality of action, rose to true liberality of thought when he said, 'I am none of those who acknowledge no temples but in their own heads. To chalk out the bordering lines of the Church militant is beyond the geography of my religion.' It was Dr. Chalmers who, in the very heat of the great Disruption of the Scottish Church in 1843, asked the question, 'Who cares about any Church, but as an instrument of Christian good?' It was the Scotch Episcopalian, Archbishop Leighton, who declared that 'the mode of Church government is unconstrained; but peace and concord, kindness and good-will, are indispensable.' It was the founder of Irish Presbyterianism (Edward Bryce) who insisted 'most on the life of Christ in the heart, and the light of His Word and Spirit on the mind.' It was Zwinglius who loved to dwell on 'the meeting in the presence of God of every blessed spirit, every holy character, every faithful soul that has existed from the beginning of the world even to the consummation thereof.' It was the 'main, fundamental, overpowering principle' of Wesley's life, not to promote particular doctrines, but to 'elevate the whole Christian world in the great principles of Christian holiness and morality.' It was the solemn proclamation of a message of 'unity and comprehension'—'in necessary things unity, in doubtful things liberty, in all things charity'—which Richard Baxter carried to 'a stormy and divided age,' that gave the great Non-conformist leader his pre-eminence.

Animated by this spirit and actuated by these aims Stanley threw himself into his literary work. During the years 1864-72 the chief results of his labours were the second part of his 'Lectures on the Jewish Church' (1865), and his 'Memorials of Westminster Abbey' (1867). The first he regarded as the main purpose of his life, and his chief contribution to the religious revolution that he believed to be impending. The second he

looked upon as an interlude, which carried him 'too far away from the vital questions of the day.' While these works marked the main direction of his literary activity, there gathered round them, like the spray flung up by some impetuous torrent, a cloud of addresses, speeches, articles, lectures, essays, pamphlets, letters to the 'Times,' and sermons, which indicated the force and volume of the stream.

In the autumn of 1865 was published the second part of the 'Lectures on the Jewish Church.' The volume deals with that second period of history which lies between the accession of Saul and the fall of Jerusalem. So much has been already said on the Lectures that little need be added. The main difference between the two parts lies in the form into which the material is thrown. In the first period, poetry, metaphor, prophecy, and history seemed to Stanley to be so intermingled that continuous narrative was in great part abandoned. In the second period this difficulty had to a great extent disappeared. Though chronological uncertainties still remained, the substantially historical character of the whole is almost universally admitted, and the sacred history speaks for itself as a continuous narrative.

In both volumes there is the same tendency to make the moral and spiritual truths of the Bible the fortress of his theology. It is in the elevation of the teaching of Psalmists and Prophets, and not in their minute predictions of future events, that Stanley finds the surest proof of their prophetic spirit. It is in the loftiness of character, which rises above times and circumstances, and not in extraordinary displays of power—it is not in physical signs and wonders, but in 'the clinging trust to the one Supreme Source of spiritual goodness and truth, which brings men into communion with the Divine and Eternal'—that he discovers the moral prodigies which afford an evidence of the supernatural that no criticism can shake. Closely arising from this

thought is his handling of the relations which the history of the Jewish commonwealth bears to the events of the Christian Dispensation. No resemblance of accidental, outward circumstances can illustrate the character of Christ or justify the craving for personal relations with that life. The heroes and saints of Judæa—or, as Stanley says, 'of any other country'—are only 'types of Christ' so far as there exists any real harmony of moral and mental qualities or situations, any inward community of spirit between His manifestation and their likeness to Him. If this be so, then the prophets and kings of the Old Testament are not 'machines or pictures'; they are living men, speaking of their own sorrows or joys, their own trials and difficulties, and colouring the utterance of their experiences with their own human Jewish or Oriental peculiarities. It is only when their characters are understood that their real resemblance to Christ is revealed, and that it clearly appears in what respects they are truly types, 'in what consists the character and Person of Him whom we are called upon to love and adore, and in what consists the possibility of our approach to Him.'

Both volumes are alike in being the work of a moralist who is writing historically. Always on the watch to detect and enforce the moral and spiritual conclusions which sacred history suggests, Stanley blends the teacher with the historian, and unites the historical lecturer with the moral essayist. This didactic attitude exercises an inspiring influence on history, and gives to his historical writing a peculiar elevation. But it is difficult to combine the historian's reverence for the importance of facts with the preacher's desire to draw from them moral lessons. And the effort to unite the two functions helps to make Stanley's treatment of history, in the critical sense of the word, unhistorical. In Stanley's work it is often hard to discover what he believes to have really taken place. He deals with aspects of life, and

is almost more occupied with the conceptions which later ages formed of historical events, and with the influence that they have thus exercised, than with the events themselves. He offers a vivid, impressive description of transactions; he creates a belief in their reality; he leaves a sense of their first-rate importance. But the part of the past which he brings into most prominence is one that is often ignored—it is the effect on national and individual development that the conceptions which men have formed of history have produced, and may still produce.

No sooner had he completed his Lectures than he turned to the preparation of his 'Memorials of Westminster.' But here, again, he did not allow the principal work on which he was engaged to absorb him so completely that he had neither interest nor leisure for other topics. Now he is writing an article on the Form of Subscription for 'Fraser's Magazine.' Now he is preparing, and delivering, two addresses on the Unity of Christendom and Pusey's Eirenicon. Now he is writing to the 'Times' (May 1866) to plead the cause of the Monastery of Monte Casino, now contributing to the same newspaper (November 3rd, 1866) an obituary notice of Bishop Cotton, who was drowned in India while crossing a plank from the shore to the steamer. Now he reviews 'Ecce Homo' in 'Macmillan's Magazine.' To Stanley, the publication of the book appeared as one of the signs of the times, and as a pledge that the fruits of the new theology were to be, beyond all previous measure, abundant. When the highest subject of theology could be so treated that the then unknown author was conjectured to be either a Roman Catholic, a Protestant, a Nonconformist, or an American Unitarian, then, he argues, it was evident that the essence of Christianity lay in the doctrines which these rival communions held in common, and not in the differences by which they were divided.

In December 1867 appeared the 'Memorials of Westminster Abbey.' To Stanley, the Abbey was the representative of the religious life of England; from it he drew illustrations of his best hopes of humanity and of the Church; in it he saw the image of the sacredness of history and of God's dealings with the English nation. To make its treasures known to the people of England was one of the main objects of his life, and from the moment of his appointment to the Deanery he had determined to write its history. As the historian of the Abbey, he was actuated by the same ideal which governed his administration of its affairs. In writing its Memorials; in choosing the preachers to occupy its pulpit; in inaugurating musical services and services for children; in affording to laymen, or to clergymen of other communions, the opportunity of speaking within its walls; in opening its consecrated soil as a place of interment for men of genius or distinction; in his love and care for its buildings, in his delight to guide parties of working-men through the Abbey and its precincts—he was filled with the one wish to make Westminster, in the highest and fullest sense, the centre and representative of religious and national life.

In the midst of his multifarious literary, social, and ecclesiastical activity, the subject of the 'Memorials of Westminster' had been steadily pursued. It appears in 1864, in a letter from Provins on the doings of Edmund Crouchback, whose tomb and recumbent effigy are among the most interesting of the Abbey monuments. It rises to the surface during his foreign tour in 1865, when he visits Rheims 'in order to compare it with Westminster,' and combines the scenes of the coronation of French sovereigns at Rheims and their funerals at St. Denis into 'a French Westminster'; or when he visits the Chapel of St. Lucius at Coire, 'where Lucius, the legendary founder of Westminster Abbey, King of Britain, and afterwards Bishop of Coire, preached so loud that his

voice could be heard four leagues off.' At Pisa, in 1866, he is 'glad to see that the modern monuments in the Campo Santo have played as bad pranks with the old architecture as they have in Westminster Abbey'; at Florence he obtains an introduction to the keeper of the archives, that he might have 'a thorough explanation of the history of Santa Croce, the Florentine Westminster Abbey'; at Vallombrosa, the spectacle of the evicted prior and monks suggests to him that 'so departed, 300 years ago, the monks of Westminster: but Westminster has still remained with something worthy of its great name, while Vallombrosa will in a few years be nothing but a name.' At Le Puy, in 1867, he notices that the strange, fantastic basaltic pillar which is dedicated to 'Our Lady of France' was taken possession of by the Virgin with a 'miraculous dedication prepared by herself, like St. Peter at Westminster.' At other times special portions of the same history are studied. Thus, in November 1865 he speaks of himself as 'immersed in the history of Edward the Confessor, in preparation for the celebration of the 800th anniversary of the dedication of the abbey.' The anniversary service was held on December 28th, 1865, and 'although on a week-day, the Church was crowded.' Still greater crowds attended the memorial service on December 25th, 1866, when the 800th anniversary of the Coronation of William the Conqueror in Westminster Abbey was celebrated. The proof which the attendance at these services afforded 'of the interest that is felt by all classes in the history of this great institution' encouraged and invigorated him in the prosecution of his laborious task. In April 1866 it is evident, from the paper on Westminster Abbey which he read before the Royal Institution of Great Britain, that the plan of the Memorials was already formed in his mind, and that it only remained to group round the skeleton outline the necessary facts and details.

Even allowing for the assistance which was eagerly rendered by his friends, the compilation of so large, and, in its way, so complete, a work as the 'Historical Memorials of Westminster Abbey' is a remarkable feat of energy and literary facility. In this thick octavo volume he tells the history of the foundation of the Abbey of St. Peter, unravels the continuous thread of diverse elements which entwine its fortunes with the history of the nation, and revives the memories of the illustrious men and women who lie buried within its walls. Crowded with information, and teeming with anecdote and illustration, the Memorials form a biographical dictionary without its dulness. To the personal interest of the building it is a copious guide, and its composition is marked by all Stanley's nice discrimination of analogies or contrasts, his mastery of facts and details, his sympathy with all classes and professions among his fellow-countrymen, his appreciation of truth, nobility, and goodness, wherever they exist. Nothing in its way can be more characteristic of Stanley than his suggestive treatment of the royal tombs. In no other country, he points out, is the same building connected with the deaths as well as the lives of sovereigns, with their coronations as well as their funerals. In no other country have the ashes of the great citizens of the nation mingled with the dust of its kings. The Monarchy of France might not have fallen in its imperial isolation had her poets, warriors, and statesmen surrounded her rulers, as with a guard of honour, after their deaths.

No opportunity of this kind is missed by Stanley ; and as a proof of his industry, his power of amassing facts, and his literary facility, the Memorials is a remarkable work. But the volume is not the most successful or artistic of his books. It has defects which arise, partly from the limitations of his powers, partly from the form of its composition. On its architectural side it is deficient, for architecture was a subject on which, like

music, he professed profound ignorance. Another defect arises from its, perhaps inevitable, diffuseness of aim. In the 'Memorials of Canterbury' he seizes certain representative figures, and round them groups all the facts and minute details which give them life and reality. In the 'Memorials of Westminster' he was unable, or unwilling, to pursue the same process, and the wide range of the historical facts that are accumulated increases the disconnectedness. Unlike its predecessor, it is rather a book of reference than a book to read. He himself felt the same impression which the Memorials produced on others. He considered its compilation as one of the inevitable drawbacks of his removal to Westminster. 'It is not,' he writes to Professor Max Müller, 'a good book, nor one that in itself touches the vital questions of the age. But my position here made it necessary, and therefore it has been written.' The encyclopædic character of the volume wearied him, and the mere chronological or topographical grouping of details which were only associated by their connection with one building, and which nowhere converged on a common centre, afforded him but little scope for the display of his most characteristic gifts. Where space and subject permit, as in the description of the founder of the Abbey, he uses his vivid historical imagination with brilliant effect. The character and the figure of Edward the Confessor, with his flushed rose-red face, contrasted with the milky whiteness of his waving hair and beard, his thin pale hands, and startling peals of unearthly laughter, are painted with all his picture-making power.

In February 1868, when Stanley delivered his address on Church and State, the Irish Established Church had so little entered into his consideration that it was not mentioned. Within the next few months this corner of the subject had become the ground on which the whole question was discussed.

On March 23rd, 1868, Mr. Gladstone laid on the table of the House of Commons his resolutions in favour of the disestablishment of the Irish Church. In the subsequent discussions on the question he obtained majorities against the Government, and on May 4th Mr. Disraeli announced that a dissolution would take place in the following autumn. Public meetings on either side were organised in London and elsewhere, and one was held to protest against the Bill at St. James's Hall on May 6th, 1868. Stanley was present, and vainly endeavoured to obtain a hearing from an excited audience. His object was to show that, from a Liberal point of view, the proposed mode of dealing with the Irish Church was indefensible. But on this, as on three other occasions of his appearance on a public platform, he was shouted down. His first words, 'I approach you as a Liberal of the Liberals,' gave the signal for loud cries of 'Turn him out!' 'He is a traitor!' 'He is a Liberal!' When, by the efforts of the chairman, a moment's silence was obtained, he went on to say that all the Liberal statesmen, down to the present time, had been in favour of concurrent endowment. This statement aroused a fresh outbreak of clamour, and the Archbishop of York, who was sitting by him, said, 'You have now delivered yourself of the only two important things which you have to say. Sit down.' 'It was perfectly true,' added Stanley in telling the story, 'and I did so.'

The dissolution had now taken place, and the disestablishment of the Irish Church was the burning question before the electorate. John Stuart Mill offered himself for re-election at Westminster as a supporter of Mr. Gladstone's proposals, and his opponent was the late W. H. Smith. The issue before the electorate was one in which Stanley was deeply interested. Though nothing could be further from his wishes than to see the Irish Church disestablished, he had formed the conclusion that some change was inevitable. In a letter written from

abroad in November 1868, Stanley declared his intention of supporting the candidature of Mill 'on an occasion when men of his powers of mind, elevation of character, and philosophic culture, were especially needed in the House of Commons.' He returned to England to find, as he wrote to Dr. Liddell,

'Westminster all in a blaze about my letter on Mill. It is always hazardous to write anything intended for popular use on occasions of this kind.'

In his address on 'The Three Irish Churches,' delivered at Sion College on January 28th, 1869, Stanley pleads for that principle of 'levelling-up,' or of concurrent endowment, which he considered to be the true solution of the burning question, and which consisted in endowing, and placing under the same State control, the Protestant Episcopalian, Roman Catholic, and Presbyterian Churches. His treatment of the subject is in many ways characteristic. He recognises three co-existing elements in Irish ecclesiastical life, each of which, he argues, ought to be developed in the natural channels indicated by its own separate characteristics. Each must be regarded, he says, as what it is historically, and nothing more. Each is a National Church in the sense of representing a powerful nation. To the pacifying, civilising, controlling, elevating, impartial influence of the State, which in these high matters had shown itself more Christian than the Church, he looked for the maintenance of a mutual truce, through which the three Churches might ultimately exchange the narrow, proselytising, exclusive spirit of rival sects for the free, magnanimous, imperial spirit of an united Church.

The address was published (1869) as a pamphlet, and passed through three editions in four months. 'I could not believe,' wrote Lord Dufferin,

'that anyone could have put together so many brilliant

and interesting pages on such a subject. It is very humiliating to us mere Irishry to find that, in addition to all other usurpations, Saxons like you invade our paths, and appropriate to yourselves our native fields of literature in such a way as to leave no share of them to any of us, to whom of right they belong.'

During the years 1870 and 1872 Stanley was necessarily much occupied with his official duties as Dean of Westminster. He was also conducting a voluminous correspondence, preaching frequently in the Abbey and elsewhere, taking a prominent part in the struggles in Convocation, serving regularly on the Ritual Commission and on the Committee for the Revision of the Authorised Version of the Bible, and spending his vacations in visits to friends in England, Scotland, or the Continent, or in attendance at the Old Catholic Congress at Cologne, or in explorations of the battlefields of the recent war between France and Germany. Yet, in spite of all these occupations and interests, his pen continued active. The following list of his most important publications conveys some idea of his inexhaustible energy. He wrote articles in the 'Edinburgh' and 'Contemporary' Reviews on a variety of subjects. His letters to the 'Times' dealt with St. Bartholomew's Day, the Old Catholics, and the Athanasian Creed. He lectured on 'The Early Christianity of Northumbria'; he prepared an elaborate paper on the Roman Sarcophagus recently discovered at Westminster. In 1870 he published his 'Essays on Church and State.' In telling Professor Jowett of his intention to collect and republish these articles, addresses, and speeches, he says, 'All that I am really anxious for, as far as I am personally concerned, is that I should not be misunderstood.' 'It is not,' he writes to his cousin, 'a volume to which I am much attached. But I trust that by degrees it will form a soil for the peaceful olive, the sustaining corn, the cheering vine.' In 1871 he wrote an introduction to

the volume of Captain (now Sir Charles) Wilson on the 'Recovery of Jerusalem,' and a preface to the 'Facsimile of the Prayer Book of 1639.' In 1872 he contributed to 'Good Words' a paper on Richard Hooker, wrote a preface to the 'Letters and Journals of the Earl of Elgin,' and delivered before the Philosophical Institution of Edinburgh his 'Lectures on the History of the Church of Scotland,' and in the City Hall of Glasgow his two addresses on the Early Christians.

The 'Lectures on the History of the Church of Scotland' deserve and demand more detailed notice. They were preluded by the first sermon that he ever delivered in a Presbyterian Church. On the Sunday before the first lecture (January 7th, 1872) he preached in the Old Greyfriars' Church, at Edinburgh. In the autumn of the previous year the Archbishop of York and the Bishop of Winchester (S. Wilberforce) had preached in the Presbyterian church at Glengarry. The act provoked a storm of indignation which caused both prelates to draw back, and excuse themselves on the plea that they had only preached as a mission. 'You will see,' said Archbishop Tait to one of his friends, 'that the consequence of this will be that Stanley will preach at Greyfriars.' 'I had always intended,' writes Stanley to his sister Mary, 'if ever I did preach in a Presbyterian church, to preach there. I had also long ago fixed on my text (John xiii. 34), in order to bring in that story of Archbishop Ussher.'

The story to which he refers is thus told. In the seventeenth century the minister of Anwoth, on the shores of Galloway, was the famous Samuel Rutherford, the great religious oracle of the Covenanters.

'It is one of the traditions cherished on the spot, that on a Saturday evening, at one of those family gatherings whence, in the language of a great Scottish poet,

Old Scotia's grandeur springs,

when Rutherford was catechising his children and servants, a stranger knocked at the door of the Manse, and (like the young English traveller in the celebrated romance which has given fresh life to those same hills in our own age), begged shelter for the night. The minister kindly received him, and asked him to take his place amongst the family and assist at their religious exercises. It so happened that the question in the Catechism which came to the stranger's turn was that which asks, "How many Commandments are there?" He answered, "Eleven." "Eleven!" exclaimed Rutherford; "I am surprised that a person of your age and appearance should not know better. What do you mean?" And he answered, "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another. By this shall all men know that ye are My disciples, if ye have love one to another."

The stranger proved to be 'the great divine and scholar, Archbishop Ussher, the Primate of the Church of Ireland.' In telling this anecdote, and in commenting on this eleventh Commandment, Stanley points out that it is a new command so far as it gives a paramount place to the force of the human affections. 'We are,' he says, 'to love one another by making the best of one another; by seeing, as far as we can, their better side.'

He that will live in peace and rest
Must see, and hear, and say the best.

He goes on to apply the command to the divisions of Churches. This love, he says, 'consists in a better understanding, a better appreciation of the peculiar spirit of every Church; in recognising the inward resemblance which exists under outward divergence'; it consists, further, in a 'larger and deeper theology'; it consists, finally, in 'the union of Christian Churches for great objects,' 'in working together for public good,' in 'a loyal and universal enthusiasm on behalf of the

great principles of truth, justice, and beneficence, which are the true objects of the devotion of Christendom.'

In the spirit of this sermon the lectures were delivered on the 8th, 9th, 11th, and 12th of January, 1872. He approaches his subject from a special point of view, and with a particular purpose. His object is to vindicate the value of a National Church, and of the attitude of those moderate men within the Established Church of Scotland who endeavoured, in the past or the present, to broaden its basis, to moderate the Calvinistic and Covenanting fervour of Presbyterianism into a tempered religious enthusiasm, to graft on its characteristic virtues that catholicity, elasticity, variety, and sympathetic adaptation which found little room in its fiery, though contracted, heart. So prominently does he keep his object in view that he unduly emphasises some features, ignores others, and mars the historical accuracy of his picture as a whole. No one could hope to give a complete history of the Church of Scotland in the compass of four lectures. But it was the obvious purpose of his addresses which aroused the hostile criticism of those who differed from him, and gave him reason to appreciate the truth of the motto belonging to the ecclesiastical thistle, *Nemo me impune lacessit*.

Yet Stanley was in the main justified in his view of the Church history of Scotland. He rightly recognised that Buckle's picture of Scottish religious and ecclesiastical character was overcharged, and that it was painted in an untruthful monotony of fanatical and superstitious gloom. He traced back the growth of the moderate movement to the original constitution and character of the Church of Scotland. He held that the Established Church, even in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, was never without its witnesses to the virtues of a rational and liberal attitude, both of thought and policy. He maintained that its history was not entirely black with the shadow of the Covenant, or only lighted

with the fierce and lurid glare of fanaticism. Throughout its whole existence—from John Knox to the present day—he found that the softer and more harmonious tones of saintly charity, and reasonable faith, and hopeful aspiration, were blended with the excesses of a harsher and more violent colouring. He found these gentler lights in the polished culture of Buchanan, in the tolerant forbearance of the Regent Murray, in the enlarged views and philosophic Christianity of men of the type of Henry Morton in 'Old Mortality,' in the 'statesmanlike and Christianlike policy' of a Patrick Forbes, in the character of that 'most Apostolical of Presbyterians,' Archbishop Leighton, who, in his indifference to mere forms of Church government, and his intense desire for union, struck the two essential notes of moderation. At the Revolution, the same liberality of thought, mingling with the old leaven of the Calvinistic Covenanting system, showed itself in the kindly feeling and fine good-humour of William Carstairs, the trusted adviser of William III., and the second founder of the Presbyterian Church. Throughout the eighteenth century he traced the same enlarged, enlightened temperament in men like Robertson or Blair, in Principal Wishart or Professor Leechman, in the 'latitudinarian, moderate, Christian-minded Gillespie' of Carnock, the founder of the schism called *The Relief*.

In the Scotland of the present day, in spite of its discordant elements, he found that growth of a larger religion and those germs of union which he saw at work elsewhere. He traced their promise in the singular identity of outward doctrine and ritual which pervaded the three estranged sections of Scottish religious life. He discovered their signs in the elements of religious life which are above institutions and beyond parties, in the antiquarian and mediæval revival, in the larger liberality and greater moderation of rival communions, in the intellectual unity of educated men, in the decline of

party spirit in religion, in the wide influence of religious teachers who, like Walter Scott or Robert Burns, represent the romantic, moderate, independent characteristics of the Scottish Church.

Finally, he asks the question, What institution most nearly corresponds to these aspirations after unity, and to the idea of that invisible spiritual Church, which is without a name, but 'of which the members recognise each other wherever they meet?' He answers his own question by claiming the distinction for the Established Church. 'It alone,' he urges, 'carries, like the prophet Amphiaraus, a "blank shield with no device of sect or party."' It bears no device of party, but treats parties as 'in themselves mere accidents.' It alone has been the means of sheltering 'the intelligence without which devotion dwindles into fanaticism, and the charity and moderation without which the most ardent zeal profits nothing.' It appeals to Scotland by its historical associations, its Presbyterian character, its relations to the seceding Churches, and, above all, by its vitality. 'It is the glory,' he says,

'of the Free Church that it maintained itself on the strength of a single abstract principle, by the sheer force of self-denying energy, and of a bold appeal to the religious scruples of a narrow conscience. It is the still greater glory of the Established Church that it maintained itself, in spite of the loss of many of its most zealous ministers, by the strength of its ancient traditions, by its firm conviction of right, and by its promise of a glorious future; that it has received new life into its ranks; that it has had the courage to repent of its former errors; that it has become the centre of hopes and aspirations unknown to its own former existence or to the communions which have divided from it.'

CHAPTER XXIII

1864-81

Stanley's Administration of Westminster Abbey—His Incapacity for Business—His Love and Care for the Building—His Choice of Select Preachers—His Offer of the Abbey Pulpit to Dr. Colenso, 1874—Mission Lectures in the Nave, 1872-79—Bach's Passion Music, 1871-72—Services for Children, 1871-81—Saturday-Afternoon Services, 1881—Distinguished Visitors to the Abbey—The Choir opened to the Public gratuitously—Parties of Working-men conducted over Westminster—Stanley's Gifts as a Preacher—Interments in the Abbey, 1864-81—Proposed Monument to the Prince Imperial, 1879-80

IN his official guardianship of Westminster Abbey Stanley was inspired by the same ideals and animated by the same enthusiasms which gave such force and freshness to his varied literary work.

The Abbey was, to his eyes, the material embodiment of his ideal of a comprehensive National Church, the outward symbol of the harmonious unity in diversity which pervades the English Commonwealth, a monument reared in stone to that intimate union of Church and State out of which the English Constitution has been evolved. To him it was a dumb, yet eloquent, preacher of the sanctity of every form of healthy national life,

a powerful, though silent, witness to the identity of secular and ecclesiastical realities. To him, again, the strange, irregular assemblage of tombs which had gradually gathered within this 'temple of silence and reconciliation' taught, not only the wise toleration of Death, but the all-embracing sympathies of the religion of the true Church of England. Thus, within the consecrated walls and precincts of the Abbey he found the visible expression of the aim which he steadfastly pursued as Dean—the effort to make the Abbey 'more and more the centre of religious and national life in a truly liberal spirit.'

He rejoiced to think that at the moment of its foundation the Abbey became at once the centre of a new religious and political world, and that from that time forward it had kept its hold on the reverence of the English people with a tenacity unequalled by any other building. It had been at once the seat of royalty and the cradle of liberty. In the coronation of every sovereign from the Conquest downwards it witnessed each successive stage in the history of the English Monarchy. By the home which its Chapter House for three centuries had given to the House of Commons it witnessed also the parallel growth of English constitutional freedom. In its structure were represented the three great architectural epochs of our national buildings. Its pavements or its walls enshrined the fortunes, in life or death, of royal dynasties, embraced the memories of illustrious persons of diversified genius, perpetuated the records of varying forms of worship, of changing phases of theological thought, of conflicting acts of reverential devotion. It was a chronicle written in stone of the history, the constitution, the glories, the growth of the English nation. It was an unique representative of the varieties of the creeds of the nation, its worship, its sects and parties, its interests and pursuits, embracing the greatest possible range within religious limits, and

gathering beneath one consecrated roof every form of human activity, lay and ecclesiastical, religious and secular. Here, side by side, lay not only those who in life were separated by political, literary, or military jealousies, but English, French, and German worthies, sceptics and believers, Protestants and Roman Catholics, Churchmen and Nonconformists.

To all these august associations Stanley responded with the instinct of genius. He rose to the exigencies of a position which appealed forcibly to his own ideals, character, and sympathies. He felt in every fibre the inspiring force of the place which he had been chosen to occupy. Though at first depressed by the burden of business details, he threw himself with such eagerness into the congenial portions of his work that his mind and heart became absorbed in the interests and opportunities supplied by the Abbey. Goldsmith's Chinese philosopher wondered that the custody of the national temple was confided to 'a college of priests.' But, whatever were Stanley's weaknesses, they were not those infirmities of the ecclesiastical profession to which the Oriental sage referred.

To open the Abbey pulpit to Churchmen of every shade of religious opinion, to give to laymen or to clergymen of other communions the opportunity of speaking within its walls, to make known its treasures to the world, to interest in its monuments and services every class of his countrymen, became some of the chief objects of his life. He became, as it were, the soul of the Abbey. To follow him through its chapels and transepts was to follow a Christian Plutarch. His presence, as he drew out the tale imprisoned in the silent stones, and made each sepulchre surrender its dead, gave to its walls and monuments life and speech and motion. From the buried stones of the original Abbey of Edward the Confessor, to the last addition made by himself, all told the tale of continuous national history. In dealing with

the Bible he had endeavoured to make it a living book, that so it might the more readily become a Book of Life. In the same spirit, both with voice and pen, he laboured to reanimate the inheritance of the past, to make the Abbey an eloquent memorial of all that was greatest and most famous in national history, to keep alive its power as the incentive to heroic action, to appeal, through its splendid associations with the past, not only to the care but to the emulation of the present. Nor was it merely with the past history of England that he linked the present life of the nation. In and through the Abbey both were raised to a higher level, connected with the history of the Bible, and leavened with the Divine principles that permeate, not only the sacred narrative, but the questions and interests which absorbed the nineteenth century.

The general ideal which guided Stanley in his administration of Westminster Abbey was not more congenial to his own tastes, temperament, and tone of thought than it was, as he believed, congenial to the spirit of the Abbey itself, to its history, its associations, and the best traditions of his predecessors. In writing its memorials, in choosing the preachers to occupy its pulpit, in introducing mission-lectures and orchestral performances, in inaugurating services for children, in the subjects and substance of his own sermons, in his care and love for the structure, in opening the Abbey as a place of interment to men of distinction, in guiding parties of sightseers over its buildings, he was ever actuated by the desire to make Westminster, in the widest sense of the word, the centre and the representative of the highest aspects of religious and national life.

There were, indeed, practical points arising out of the administration of its affairs with which he was scarcely competent to deal. A Dean possessed of greater financial capacity would undoubtedly have arranged far better terms for the Abbey when its property was transferred

to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners. A Dean more qualified to deal with practical details of business would not have allowed Westminster School to become possessed of a portion of the Abbey property, the loss of which clouded and embittered the last few months of his life. In such questions Stanley found it impossible to take an interest, and his real ignorance of money matters made him timorous. He never mastered arithmetic, and though, when at Rugby, he considered himself 'not so very bad an accountant,' he never quite appreciated the difference between eighteen-pence and one-and-eightpence. In this same connection Mr. Locker-Lampson relates of him a characteristic story :

'I was telling him that musician Hallé's cook had lately won a good round sum of money in a lottery with the number 23. Hallé was interested, and asked her how she came to fix on so lucky a number. "Oh! sir," said she, "I had a dream. I dreamt of number seven, I dreamt of it three times, and as three times seven makes twenty-three, I chose that number, sir." When I had concluded my story I observed a wistful expression on Arthur's countenance, as if he were ready, nay anxious, to be amused, but could not for the life of him quite manage it. Then suddenly his face brightened, and he said, but not without a tinge of dejection, "Ah, yes, I see; yes, I suppose three times seven is *not* twenty-three."

Stanley's ignorance of finance and incapacity for business undoubtedly marred the completeness of his efficiency as Dean of Westminster. His want of architectural knowledge also contributed, as, half in jest, half in earnest, he was fond of saying, to make him unfit for his position. But this defect, at least, was more than compensated by his enthusiasm and love for the building and its contents.

No part of the Abbey or its precincts escaped his keen historical curiosity, and there was hardly any corner on which his investigations did not throw new light. It

would be impossible to enumerate in detail all the traces which he left behind him of his love for the building of which he was the official guardian: the various rearrangements of the monuments, each stage in which involved him in a mass of voluminous correspondence; the removal of the black incrustations that defaced the glories of tombs like those of Margaret Beaufort, and Henry VII. and his Queen, Elizabeth of York; the careful restoration of the picture of Richard II. in the Jerusalem Chamber; the examination and cataloguing of the documents in the muniment room; the erection of new painted windows such as those to Chaucer, to Cowper, and to George Herbert; the addition of monuments to the memory of worthies such as Outram, the Bayard of India, John Keble, and John and Charles Wesley.

To Stanley also was due the verification of many disputed points respecting the spots where persons buried within the Abbey precincts lay interred. His own interest in the national burial-ground so largely depended on knowing the exact resting-place of each illustrious person, that he was anxious, wherever doubt existed, to fix the precise locality. It was thus that he seized the opportunity of examining the tomb of Richard II. and Queen Anne of Bohemia, in the hope of determining whether the murdered king was really buried there, and was disappointed to find no trace of violence in the human remains discovered within the monument. Thus, too, he fixed the spot where lies the Parliamentary Earl of Essex; discovered the bones of James I.; and found among the royal monuments in Henry VII.'s Chapel the grave of Elizabeth Claypole, the daughter of the Protector Cromwell.

In Westminster Abbey as a whole, and in its minutest details, his life became more and more centred. His love for the national sanctuary which had been entrusted to his care showed itself in a variety of ways—in his

refusal to permit unnecessary restorations, in his respect for the monuments of every age as parts of the history of the country and of the Abbey, in his eagerness to make new discoveries in or about the building, in his boyish delight at finding the monogram of Izaak Walton scratched with the angler's own hand on the tomb of Isaac Casaubon, in the labour which he spent on tracing out the story of 'Jane Lister—dear childe,' in the pleasure with which he brought from Ticonderoga the point of a rusty bayonet which had been dug up on the battlefield, and reverently placed it on the tomb of Colonel Townsend. But the two most important structural changes which commemorate his tenure of the Deanery were the restoration of the Chapter House and the completion of the altar in the Abbey itself.

While Stanley was Dean of Westminster the Chapter House was completely restored. He took the keenest interest in a work which his predecessor had begun. The building had long been used as part of the Record Office; the capitals of the pillars had been hacked away, the tracery of the windows filled with brickwork, and an upper floor inserted, to make the building more commodious for the reception of documents. Stanley summoned meetings of antiquarians and archæologists, forced the subject of the restoration upon the attention of the public, and urged the duty of carrying on the work with such tenacity that he obtained a grant from the Government for its completion. It was mainly through his vigour that the ancient cradle of English parliamentary life was restored to its former glory, and became one of the archæological and architectural triumphs of the nineteenth century. It was also while Stanley was Dean that the reredos, the altar, the *sedilia*, and the tessellated pavement within the altar-rails were completed, between the years 1867 and 1873. During the erection of this screen and its accompanying pavement two of the piers of the original building of Edward

the Confessor were discovered beneath the floor. If Stanley had enjoyed no other title to distinction than his love and care for the building, he would have left his mark on the ancient Abbey as one of the most memorable in the long line of abbots and deans who have held the keys of the Abbey of St. Peter.

Delighting to treat the Abbey as 'the consecrated temple of reconciled ecclesiastical enmities,' he endeavoured to induce men of all shades of religious opinion to occupy its pulpit. To what has been already said of the difficulty which he encountered from some of the High Church leaders, it only remains to add that, after three or four applications, Dr. Liddon consented to preach. On the 18th of June, 1876, he delivered what Stanley describes as 'a fine discourse, with nothing of protest or polemics involved.'

Even in spite of the refusal of the High Church leaders, the list of special preachers was fairly representative. No one party was excluded. But success was only attained by the exercise of much caution, tact, and tenacity. He was aware that the Chapter of the Abbey dreaded lest he should nominate as special preachers those of his Oxford friends whose names were then obnoxious to the theological world. Professor Jowett was, perhaps, the man on whom public attention was at that time chiefly fixed. Stanley therefore determined, as a matter of prudence, not to nominate him. It was not till July 1st, 1866, that Professor Jowett preached in the Abbey. His sermon, which was delivered to a vast congregation, chiefly of men, was—so Stanley wrote to Pearson—'truly characteristic and truly Christian.' Though the Professor, from that time onward, annually preached in the Abbey, no formal remonstrance was ever uttered. The only preachers whom Stanley had determined to nominate in his first year of office, and whom the Chapter might be expected to oppose, were Professor Maurice and Dr. Temple.

Maurice's nomination excited no opposition, and he preached on the 5th of June, 1864. Dr. Temple, then Head Master of Rugby, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, was nominated in June to preach on the 3rd of July, 1864. The Chapter, at their ordinary meeting in the last week of June, entered a formal protest. 'You,' said Stanley,

'are acting entirely according to your sense of duty in doing as you do. I am acting from the same sense of duty in insisting on his name. You may sign the protest; but there is one thing you cannot do, and that is, make me quarrel with you for so doing.'

The protest was signed, and buried in the archives of the Chapter. It was never again heard of, though Dr. Temple frequently preached at the special services, and no opposition was ever afterwards offered to any of the Dean's nominations.

Another plan which Stanley adopted for enlarging the sphere of influence that the Abbey might exercise was the delivery of lectures in the nave of Westminster. The occasion was the appointment by Archbishop Tait of St. Andrew's Day as a Day of Intercession for Missions. Stanley determined to invite others than those of his own ministry and communion 'to take their part in showing that they, too, joined, on various grounds, in this common work of ours, and that, at least in this place, the heathen world should not be scandalised by the echoes of a disunited Christendom.' By inviting laymen to lecture on Christian missions he bore his testimony to the facts—that the laity really are the English Church, and that by lay as well as clerical learning and intelligence religion may be propagated and its questions answered. His own strong wish also was to open the pulpit of the Abbey to the Nonconformist clergy. But this was impossible, though the missionary lectures on St. Andrew's Day afforded him a modified opportunity

of enlisting their services in a common cause. The Liberal papers very slightly sympathised with the experiment; the Nonconformist organs were studiously cold; and Stanley himself felt that his experience of the results of these exceptional services scarcely justified their continuance.

If the Mission Lectures were a hazardous and not wholly successful experiment, the performance of Sebastian Bach's Passion Music on Maundy Thursday in 1871, though an equally bold innovation, was abundantly justified by results. For the first time in this country the great composer's illustration of the Passion of our Saviour, as related in the Gospel of St. Matthew, was heard, according to his own intention, as an integral part of an act of worship. That such an innovation should have been ventured upon in such a place is not a little remarkable. Far more surprising is it that one so destitute of musical feeling as Stanley should have been the first person to introduce it, with its full orchestral accompaniment, into the religious services of the Church. Before 1871 musical festivals had been held in cathedrals. But at these festivals the religious element was almost entirely wanting. It was Stanley who first invested the performance of great musical works in this country with the solemn religious character which was their most appropriate setting.

Stanley's experiment has been justified by results. The performance was repeated, with equal success, in the following year, and similar performances since that time have been so frequently and generally given in cathedrals and churches that the Passion Music may almost be regarded as a special service of the English Church.

Another special service arranged and carried out by Stanley was the service for children which was held on the afternoons of successive Holy Innocents' Days. He had always enjoyed the companionship of children, and the interest which he displayed in them in public was a

most marked characteristic of his private life. His letters as a boy at Rugby or at Oxford are filled with affectionate references to his cousins, 'the dear children at Sheen.' As a young man, he delighted to collect a number of them into a room with him by himself, to play with them and tell them stories; at Norwich, when staying in his father's house, he was accustomed to hold a Bible-class for them on Sunday afternoons; as Dean of Westminster, he enjoyed taking them over the Abbey, especially if they were not too old to be on their good behaviour, and would ask questions and listen to the answers. The little Barbara James had been his favourite companion on the Rhine steamer in 1840; the children of his servant Waters were his playmates in his house at Christ Church; the Deanery at Westminster was seldom without the presence of a small nephew. And at all times his playful tenderness, and his thorough sympathy with innocent mirth and fun, not only attracted him to children, but in turn drew children towards him.

These services began on December 28th, 1871, and he continued them till the year of his death. The Psalms and Lessons were specially selected for the occasion. The short, simple sermons which he preached on these occasions are admirably adapted to their purpose. Addressed to parents as well as to children, they riveted the attention of both alike. In these addresses he showed a real genius for seizing upon happy subjects suggested by the Abbey itself or by the special services of the day. In 1873, when Holy Innocents' Day fell on Sunday, the children's service was held on December 27th (St. John's Day), and Stanley points his moral from the traditions and stories of the Apostle. In 1875 he sets before the children the example of what may be expected from them and draws his illustrations from the story of David and Goliath, and from the conduct of the boys during the fire which had the day before

destroyed the *Goliath* training-ship in the Thames. In 1877 he collects the remembrances which the Abbey contains of 'little boys and girls whose death shot a pang through the hearts of those who loved them, and who wished that they never should be forgotten' In 1878 he takes the story of the great heathen giant, St. Christopher, as it is sculptured in Henry VII.'s Chapel, and uses it to enforce the lessons that

He prayeth well who loveth well,
Both man and bird and beast,

and that parents bear upon their shoulders the burden of forming the characters of their children.

Many of the children, after the service was over, were entertained at tea in the Deanery by Stanley and Lady Augusta, whose love for them equalled his own. After tea they were encouraged to act charades, or to play games in a house which might seem to be designed for 'hide-and-seek.' The smallest child felt at home with him at once. Among the letters which he preserved most carefully were some from his little friends, and, with other objects that stood on his mantelpiece till the day of his death, was a Christmas-card sent him by a little boy to whom he was warmly attached. His interest in them never flagged. In the midst of his many occupations he did not forget to write for them, as he had done in his own childhood and boyhood, verses on the deaths of their pets, or to add new lines or suggest new scenes for their childish plays. After his wife's death he still kept up, as far as possible, these gatherings of children, and, endeavouring in this, as in other instances, to blend the thought of her with their innocent gaiety, he would invite the same children whom she had asked, only with the addition of their younger brothers and sisters.

To the end of his career as Dean he was always

meditating on new plans which might make the services of the Abbey more widely useful, and attract persons to whom the ordinary services were inconvenient or distasteful. Such services were those that he held on successive Saturday afternoons in the months of June and July 1881. It was to the audiences which gathered on these occasions that he began a course of brief sermons on the Beatitudes. The course was never finished : the fourth sermon, which was delivered on July 9, 1881, was the last that he ever preached.

In these Saturday sermons on the Beatitudes Stanley gives a more special and pointed application to the thoughts which were ever in his mind when guiding visitors through the Abbey. It was his delight to take literary and listening friends, eminent strangers, and parties of working-men, or of children, from tomb to tomb, to answer their questions and pour out his knowledge.

The first of his illustrious visitors was Queen Emma of the Sandwich Islands. Of all the distinguished persons who visited Westminster while he was Dean, she was 'the one who expressed the greatest interest in the Abbey.' Her knowledge of the various monuments was surprising. She expressed distress at not finding a monument to Coleridge, 'the author of the "Ancient Mariner,"' and she knew that General Wolfe was buried, not in the Abbey, but at Greenwich, a fact which, in those early days of his experience, Stanley had not himself known. Another foreign potentate was the Shah of Persia. The moment that he entered the west door of the Abbey he exclaimed in French, 'Where is Pitt ? Where is Fox ?' As he proceeded up the nave, he said in Persian to Sir Henry Rawlinson, 'St. Paul's is the efflorescence of architecture, Westminster Abbey is its kernel.' All his questions, which were many and appropriate, were delivered, writes Stanley, 'with a fierceness of tone and demeanour unlike anything I have ever

witnessed.' A third royal visitor was the Emperor of Brazil, who arrived at the Deanery one Sunday afternoon between the services. 'I do not wish,' he told Stanley, 'to see the Abbey at length, because I have seen it before, but I wish to see one or two things that I omitted to see on the former occasion.' The two things which he wished to see were the grave of Livingstone and the monument of Dr. Blow, the organist. On leaving he said, 'I shall come again on my return from Palestine. I know that you have written a book on it, which I shall read.' The following year he returned, and asked to see the Abbey. He went through it carefully. As he passed the grave of Lady Augusta Stanley, he called the attention of his attendants to it, and crossed himself three times. In Poets' Corner he saw the grave of the Duke of Argyll. 'That,' said Stanley, 'I regard as the monument of Walter Scott, for he is the hero of what you call in French the prison of Edinburgh.' 'Ah!' the Emperor replied, 'it is what you call Midlothian's Heart. It is most beautiful! I have seen Effie Deans to-day.' He had come to the Abbey on his way from the National Gallery, where he had seen the picture by Millais of Effie Deans and George Robertson, and was thus able at a moment's notice to reproduce the allusion. 'Of all eminent persons,' says Stanley, 'who visited the Abbey, he certainly showed the most minute and extensive knowledge.'

Even of greater interest to Stanley than individuals, however eminent, were the crowds of working-men who, on Mondays and public holidays, were attracted to Westminster Abbey. Under Dean Trench the nave and transepts of the Abbey were thrown open to the public without payment. In Stanley's time two further steps were taken in the same direction. The interior chapels were opened to all-comers, free of charge, every Monday in the year, and on Easter Monday and Easter Tuesday, Whit Monday and Whit Tuesday, the August Bank

Holiday, and Boxing-Day. It was his hope that he might even be able to open the Abbey gratuitously to the public every day of the year. But in this hope he was disappointed. The proceeds of the small fee for admission defrayed the expenses of the vergers and other officials charged with the protection of the Abbey, and it was therefore found to be impossible to admit the public free of charge. Since Stanley's death, and by his generous bequest of £3000 for the purpose, one other day (Tuesday) has been added to those on which the Abbey is thrown open gratuitously.

It was his habit to walk about the Abbey on these occasions, when the building was thronged with sight-seers, and to fall into conversation with them on the tombs and monuments. One working-man, thus encountered, delighted him by asking 'whether in these great cathedrals all denominations did not worship.' A little boy whom he met wandering through the Abbey was full of information on every subject connected with the monuments.

'He asked to see the grave of Pym, of Strode (of whom he spoke as one of the Five Members), looked at the bust of Thackeray, and said that, as he understood, there was a description given of him in "Endymion," which he had not yet read; and spoke of having read the "Paradise Lost" and the "Paradise Regained" of Milton, and hoping soon to read the "Penseroso" and the "Comus."'

So struck was Stanley with the boy's intelligence that he provided for his education.

On Easter Monday in 1880, after the afternoon service, a lighterman of the name of Giles, and his wife, were standing before the monument to John and Charles Wesley, when Stanley, passing in front of them, turned round, and asked, 'Do you not think those words—"I look upon all the world as my parish" most beautiful and appropriate?' After some conversation, the light-

erman asked him where he could see the fragment of the carved frieze of Torrigiani's altar. Stanley took him to see what he wanted, and then 'to the grave of my dear wife,' and afterwards to various objects of interest in the Abbey. 'May I copy these verses?' asked the man; and the answer came, to quote his words, 'with such a smile, "Any that you like."'

When the lighterman returned home, he wrote to thank Stanley for the pleasure which he had given him. By return of post came the reply: 'I am truly thankful to have explained anything in the Abbey to you. May I ask you to let me know at what time of the day you will come again?' 'Thus began,' to use the words of Mr. John Giles, the lighterman, 'a working-man's acquaintance with the traveller, the preacher, the teacher who drew all hearts to him by love, the dear, humble Dean Stanley.'

Shortly afterwards Mr. Giles called at the Deanery, and was shown into the library, where he found Stanley. He had himself lately read 'Sinai and Palestine,' and, referring to it, said:

"How beautiful to have been able to walk where the Saviour had walked!" I never shall forget the answer, or the look with which it was accompanied: "Beautiful indeed, and not beyond the power of any man, to endeavour to walk in the footsteps of the Saviour."

'Then he asked me what books I was in the habit of reading. I told him several that I had read, at the same time asking who Plato was, as I had heard that Plato, although a heathen, had said that he was glad he was a man, and not a beast. He answered, that that was a great thing for a heathen to have said, and told me who he was. He seemed pleased when I said that I had read some of the poets, naming Southey, Hood, Shakespeare, Eliza Cook. He said that Southey was in many ways often hard to understand. Then he turned, and pointed to a marble bust, saying, "That is my dear wife, and that," pointing to a portrait, "is her brother." . . . After some further con-

versation of a similar kind one of the best interviews I ever had with this dear friend of the people ended. As he shook me by the hand with the grip of a friend, he said, "Never come this way without calling upon me. I shall always be glad to see you." He walked to the top of the stairs with me, and said as I descended, "Good-bye. God bless you!"

It was also Stanley's delight to take parties of working-men over the Abbey on Saturday evenings, and afterwards to provide them with tea in the Jerusalem Chamber. 'These parties appear to me,' he says,

'one of the most useful purposes to which the Abbey can be turned. They enable me to encounter members of that class in the most natural and easy way, and afford lasting opportunities of doing and receiving good on both sides.'

One illustration may be given of the use which Stanley made of these opportunities of talking with working-men. In 1882, at Bletchley Station, a gentleman travelling from Norwich to Liverpool entered a third-class smoking-compartment, which had as its other occupants two soldiers and two civilians. 'We were,' he said, in telling the story,

'a very quiet party: one of the soldiers was reading a tract, the other was smoking a clay pipe, the two civilians were dozing. I was trying to decipher the title of the tract, or, if possible, to get into conversation with the reader of it, who sat opposite to me. At Rugby the two civilians left us, and as the train passed out of the station the reader of the tract said to the other soldier, "Mate, hand us the pipe, and take a spell at Wycliffe."

'I then found they had but one pipe between them, and when no match could be found my opportunity came, and I proffered a light, at the same time asking how it was that one pipe had to do duty for both of them, and what was the tract that seemed to interest them so much. I learnt that their other pipe had been broken just before reaching

Bletchley, and that the tract was "Wycliffe and the Bible." They had each read it twice, and begged me to accept it, as it was "so good everybody should read it."

"Where is your home?" I asked.

"Chester, sir."

"I said, "I, too, am from a cathedral city—the city of Norwich."

"Norwich!" both of them exclaimed, "why, that's where Dean Stanley lived!"

"Yes," I said, "but what do you know about Dean Stanley?"

"I shall never forget the expression of the face turned towards me, as the speaker said, "Me and my mate here have cause to bless the Lord that we ever saw good Dean Stanley, sir, I can tell you."

"Then they recounted to me how some years before, when they had been at Shoeburyness for gunnery practice, they were released from duty a day earlier than they expected, and instead of starting for home they decided to spend the day in London. In carrying out this decision they found themselves at the Abbey just as the doors were locked, and they turned to retrace their steps with deep disappointment, which found expression in the words: "Here we have been fooling about all day sight-seeing, and have missed the best sight of all—we shall go home without seeing the inside of the Abbey, the place we most wanted to see."

"Our words and disappointed looks," continued my friend, "attracted the notice of a gentleman, who approached us and said, 'You very much wish to see the inside of the Abbey, do you? Well, can't you come to-morrow?'"

"No, sir, we must be at Chester to-morrow, and if we don't see inside the Abbey to-day, it's not likely we ever shall."

"With this the gentleman invited us to go with him, and, taking the keys from the beadle, he entered with us into the Abbey, walking by our side, and pointing out to us the things most worth seeing. Presently he came to a marble monument erected to one of our soldiers, and, as we stood looking at it in admiration, the gentleman said, 'You wear the uniform of Her Majesty, and I daresay would like to do some heroic deed worthy of a monument like this.'

“We both said, yes, we should—when, laying his hand on each of us, he said: ‘My friends, you may both have a more enduring monument than this, for this will moulder into dust, and be forgotten, but *you*, if your names are written in the “Lamb’s Book of Life,” *you* will abide for ever.”

“We neither of us understood what he meant—but we looked into his grave, earnest, loving face with queer feelings in our hearts, and moved on. Just as we were leaving the Abbey, our guide told us he was *the Dean*, and invited us to the Deanery to breakfast next morning. We did not forget to go, I can assure you, and after breakfast the Dean came to say good-bye. He gave us money enough to pay our fares to Chester, and once again, in earnest, loving tones, he told us to be sure and get our names *written in the Lamb’s Book of Life*, and then, if we never met again on earth, we should meet in Heaven.

“And so we parted with the Dean; and as we travelled home we talked about our visit to the Abbey, and puzzled much as to the meaning of the *Lamb’s Book of Life*.”

It will be enough to say that those words proved the turning-point in the lives of those two men and their wives, and that, as one of them said, ‘We trust that our names are written in the Book of Life, and that we may some day, in God’s good time, meet Dean Stanley in heaven.’

Still wider opportunities of influencing others were enjoyed by Stanley as a preacher. It is especially in his sermons written on the deaths of illustrious persons, or on events of historical importance, that his powers are most strikingly exemplified. Here the same gifts which, in their simpler form, were used to attract and sustain the interest of children, or to give life to the Beatitudes by teaching them through history, or to win the hearts of working-men whom he accidentally encountered in the Abbey, are expanded in a more carefully elaborated shape.

Stanley’s official duties as Dean only required him to preach three or four times in every year; but the special

circumstances of the Chapter gave him frequent opportunities of occupying the Abbey pulpit, and Sunday after Sunday he attracted congregations which few preachers of the day could have gathered together. He had not the oratorical power of Samuel Wilberforce, nor was he eloquent in the ordinary sense of the word; but he was almost invariably interesting and suggestive. He seldom preached a sermon which did not impress upon his hearers some pure and practically useful thought, with every accompaniment of the literary skill, the picturesque language, the felicitous illustration, the appropriate metaphor, and the pointed anecdote that could fix it in the memory. Always eminently himself in preaching, his sermons exhibited the closest resemblance to the natural man. They had the charm of illustrating his invincible habit of making the best of others, and of seeking the good in everything; the large charity which loved to rise above discord into the freer atmosphere of union; the quiet, filial trust in the Divine purpose, in which he himself lived; the enthusiasm for everything true, and pure, and lovely, and of good report, which was the potent charm of his social presence.

A man who preached so much could not always be at his best. He was necessarily unequal. Accustomed to deliver the same sermons again and again, he lost the freshness of his interest in what he was saying, and communicated the loss even to hearers to whom the matter was new. New passages, interpolated at different times, were written in every corner and between the lines of the original text, in a hand always difficult to decipher; mysterious signs in red ink obscurely indicated the place at which they were to be introduced; and the result was that at times the preacher either lost his way, or was so absorbed in finding it as to lose his energy of delivery. But in the sermons written for special occasions these peculiar difficulties vanished.

The manuscript was comparatively clear, the preacher deeply interested ; his voice, his manner, his tones were full of energy and animation. The topics were new : they appealed to his historical and biographical interests ; they stimulated to its highest activity his instinct for detecting in the services of the day the happiest guide for the subjects of his discourse ; they afforded scope to his habit of detecting parallels or distinctions ; they gave play to his genius for seizing on crucial points in situations or characters ; they served as the stepping-stones by which he traversed the river of time, and made one territory of sacred and profane history, of things secular and spiritual, of the events recorded in the Bible and the events that excited the interests of the England of the day. On occasions such as those of the Siege of Paris, or the deaths of Charles Dickens, Frederick Maurice, or Charles Kingsley, he rose to the highest levels of eloquence.

These sermons on special occasions, in which his powers as a preacher were most strikingly exemplified, are closely connected with that part of Stanley's administration of the Abbey which provoked most criticism. If, in opening Westminster as the place of interment for illustrious persons, he sometimes erred on the side of too great a latitude of inclusion, it was at least a characteristic fault, due partly to his ungrudging admiration of the great qualities of his contemporaries, partly to his historical attitude towards events of his time, partly to his anxiety that no link should be dropped in the chain which bound the history of England to Westminster Abbey.

During Stanley's tenure of the Deanery (1864-81), there were ten interments in the Abbey for which he was responsible, and in no one instance did he himself take the initiative in proposing the burial in Westminster Abbey to the relatives of the deceased. In each case, as it arose, he only acted upon a requisition signed by

distinguished specialists of the day. The case of Lord Lytton was the only one which seemed doubtful. But his great European reputation, his combination of public office with literary distinction, and the great variety of his attainments, appeared to Stanley to justify an honour which no one point, taken singly, could have procured. Lord Lytton was buried, it may be added, not in Poets' Corner, but in a side-chapel, in which, in allusion to his being a Hertfordshire man and the author of 'The Last of the Barons,' he was laid by the side of Humphrey Bourchier, who fell at the battle of Barnet, in the Wars of the Roses.

The storm of abuse excited by the proposal to erect a monument in Westminster Abbey to the Prince Imperial was wholly unexpected by the Dean. The tragic incidents of the Prince's death in the Zulu War on June 1st, 1879, evoked a sympathy which was exceptional in character and almost universal in extent. That the heir of the Napoleons should fall as an English soldier by the hands of savages was a coincidence as strange, as suggestive, and as full of pathos as any of which a poet, a historian, or a novelist, could have conceived the occurrence. When, therefore, on the day before the funeral, Stanley received an application from an influential committee to erect a monument to the Prince's memory, he at once consented, subject to the approval of Her Majesty, in whose royal chapel of King Henry VII. the proposed recumbent figure was intended to be placed.

At first the plan for the monument proceeded without any obstacle. The Queen's permission was obtained, though it was given with some reluctance; the few voices which were raised against the proposal soon relapsed into silence; a slight discussion that was raised in the House of Commons died away. It was not till the spring of 1880 that the opposition began to assume a serious form. An agitation commenced which was, to a considerable extent, based on misconceptions of the

facts. It was, for instance, persistently stated, in spite of frequent contradictions, that the site on which was to be erected 'the effigy of an unfledged princeling' was 'the rifled grave of Oliver Cromwell.' The statement was entirely contrary to the facts. Stanley, who had himself distinguished the 'rifled grave' of the Protector with a memorial slab, and who, at that very moment, was endeavouring to raise funds for a fitting monument to occupy the spot where he had been interred, was the last person thus to break the circle of historical combinations. It was again asserted, with every variety of perverse misrepresentation, that he had received the Queen's commands to erect the monument, and that 'Windsor bade him prostitute his position by pandering to Imperialist sympathies.' Here again the assertion, so glibly and confidently made, was entirely false to the actual facts. The Queen had, it is true, given her consent to the proposed monument; but she had done so reluctantly, in spite of her deep sympathy with the widowed, childless, and exiled Empress Eugénie, from respect to the committee by which the proposal was supported, and in response to what was believed to be the genuine and general expression of national concern in an event of exceptionally tragic interest. It was, again, alleged that the erection of the monument would be an insult to the two great republics of France and the United States. But, when the Prince Imperial died in a strange land, France showed by the unanimous voice of her public organs that pity and sympathy overpowered all other sentiments entertained by her in the face of a pathetic calamity. She made no remonstrance against the proposed statue; the French Ambassador expressed in the strongest terms that it was a matter for England, and not for France; and Stanley's own acquaintance with Frenchmen of all classes convinced him that the tribute it was proposed to pay was regarded as natural and proper. Nor was it possible

that the United States, which had honoured the names of Lafayette and Pulaski, the Polish exile, and which would certainly have paid similar honours to the two Orleans princes, if either of them had chanced to fall in the service of the Union during the battles of 1861 and 1862, could be insulted by the erection of a monument to the Prince Imperial, who had lost his life in the service of the English Government.

On these and similar grounds Stanley believed that the agitation was either mistaken or fictitious. He had himself no political or personal sympathy with the Imperialist cause. If the Republican Government of France failed to establish itself, he looked to the restoration of a constitutional monarchy under the Orleans dynasty. But, firmly convinced of the propriety of the proposed monument, he found nothing to shake his conviction in a scantily-signed petition, or in the arguments addressed to him by a deputation of working-men, or in the scurrilous and threatening letters by which he was continually assailed. He adhered to his resolution in the face of a growing agitation, to which the elections of 1880 gave additional strength. But he had always stated his readiness to yield to any adverse opinion, expressed either by the Queen or by Parliament. On July 16th, 1880, the House of Commons voted, by 162 to 147, that 'In the opinion of this House, the erection in Westminster Abbey of a statue to the memory of the late Prince Louis Napoleon Bonaparte would be inconsistent with the national character of that edifice.' In the face of this hostile vote he was at once prepared to withdraw his consent to the erection of the proposed monument.

At this stage, however, the matter was taken out of his hands by the Napoleon Memorial Committee, which had hitherto, somewhat to his surprise, allowed him to bear the whole brunt of the agitation against their proposal. The following letter from Lord Sydney closed the incident :

'Cleveland Square, S.W. : July 21st, 1880.

'Dear Mr. Dean,—At a meeting of the Napoleon Memorial Committee held this day I was requested to inform you that the Committee have unanimously resolved to withdraw the proposal to place the monument of the late Prince Imperial in Henry VII.'s Chapel.

'I beg to remain, dear Mr. Dean

'Yours very faithfully,

Sydney.'

To this announcement Stanley replied in a long letter which contained the following passages :

'There are few acts of my official life at Westminster on which I look back with more satisfaction than the acceptance of the offer of the monument to the Prince Imperial.

'It was the response to a feeling of universal sympathy which at the time I believed to be permanent, and which I still believe to have been genuine.

'It was in entire conformity with the best traditions of the Abbey, in the commemoration of an event most tragical, and, considering all the circumstances of the case, most historical. It expressed the sense of national reparation due for a signal misfortune.

'I have since repeatedly refused to withdraw my consent to a proposal to which I considered myself in honour pledged.

'The Sovereign, who is the Visitor of the whole institution, and to whom it appertains to command or forbid the interment or the commemoration of anyone in King Henry VII.'s Chapel, has since the acceptance of the offer never swerved from the determination to keep the engagement then entered upon. The Ministers have supported this determination equally in the late and the present Parliament. But a majority of the House of Commons has defeated the decision of the Ministers by a resolution which has the effect of throwing upon the House the responsibility of a refusal. The resolution, to have its full effect, should have assumed the usual form which alone could give it legal validity—that of an Address to the Crown as Visitor

of the Abbey. But your Committee have rightly judged (*i.e.* if I may presume to give an opinion) that a proposed honour met in a temper so unlike to that in which it was offered would lose its gracious intention.'

That so picturesque and tragical an event as the death of the last of the Bonapartes should not be commemorated in Westminster Abbey was undoubtedly a disappointment to Stanley. But in the agitation and its result he found a characteristic consolation. 'At least,' he said, 'they show how deeply the English people love their Abbey.'

CHAPTER XXIV

1864-70

Domestic and Social Life—Regrets for Oxford—Letters to his Wife—Foreign Tour in 1864—‘The Waters Tragedy’—Interview with Newman—Love for Westminster Abbey—Domestic Happiness—His Daily Life at Westminster—Foreign Tour in 1865—Interview with Pope Pius IX.—Thiers—Foreign Tour in 1868—The Prussian Royal Family—Consecration of Dr. Temple, December 21st, 1869

NOT less interesting, and scarcely less important, than Stanley's official guardianship of Westminster Abbey, his literary labours, or his championship of lost causes and vilified names, is his domestic and social life.

During the first few months which followed his removal to Westminster regrets for Oxford frequently rose to the surface in his letters. Weeks passed before he could shake off the feeling expressed in the following extract from a letter written to Professor Max Müller on January 8th, 1864, the evening before his installation as Dean of Westminster :

‘This morning I left Oxford—left the dear home of seven years, never to revisit it as my own ; for to-morrow I cease to be Canon, Professor, Councillor. I try to repeat to myself that with like regrets I left Canterbury, and with like misgivings I came to Oxford. But this I know : there

are some opportunities, and some vast sources of happiness, which can no more return ; and there are difficulties in store for me such as I have never encountered before. Remember me, dear friend, for my dear mother's sake, and take courage, from my present sense of the value of what I am leaving, not to despair of Oxford.'

Gradually, however, he became reconciled to ' the new life,' which he describes himself, in June 1864, as ' learning amid countless small calls and pre-occupation of business.' The objections offered to his appointment, which threatened to bring him into unpleasant relations with at least one of his colleagues, wholly died away ; he was on good terms with every member of the Chapter, and Dr. Wordsworth became his warm personal friend. This peaceful entrance upon his office Stanley owed partly to his own resolve of keeping silent under all attacks, partly to the conciliatory tact of his wife, who spared no pains to smooth his path. ' Is it possible,' asked one of the canons, who was struck by the cordial warmth of her manner, ' that all this can be sincere ? ' ' Yes,' was the reply of the Duchess of Buccleuch ; ' it is the echo of her heart.' Every day Stanley learned to lean more and more upon his wife, who was to be, as he writes in the dedication of vol. iii. of the ' Lectures on the History of the Jewish Church,' his ' inseparable partner in every joy and struggle,' and whose ' sustaining love,' ' inspiring courage,' and ' never-failing faith in the enlargement of the Church and the triumph of all truth,' supported him for the next twelve eventful years of his life. For the moment, indeed, and at intervals throughout this and the following year, Lady Augusta had resumed her place at Court. In writing to her, Stanley comments on the fact that few persons after marriage are ever transported so exactly back into a former position. He feels, he says, that ' you now know all the drawbacks of the new life you have chosen, all the shortcomings of the fretful, anxious, moody being that you

have taken to yourself for better or worse'; but he adds the confident hope that 'your thoughts turn back to this dear library, and that you are here in heart and spirit.'

In his letters to his wife he collects every detail of his social life—his two meetings with Garibaldi, the parties to which he is going, his speech at the Fishmongers' Dinner, and all the miscellaneous sights that he has seen, or the news that he has heard. He speaks of his pleasure in meeting at dinner all the Nonconformist leaders. 'It struck me,' he adds, 'that they were very nearly as much removed from knowledge of us as we from knowledge of them.' He had called on Bishop Colenso, thinking 'that, unless I took some means of showing him sympathy and kindness, we shall all have cause to repent it afterwards.' He writes to her of current events in the ecclesiastical world. He consults her about his sermons, 'into which I cannot throw myself unless I know that they have your approval beforehand.' He describes the physical difficulties which he encountered in taking the part in the Special Services that he reserved for himself. 'I read,' he says in one of his letters,

the Lessons in the Abbey, which I much enjoyed. That fine chapter of Deuteronomy was almost as good as a sermon. I only wish that the eagle would have stooped his neck a little, so as not exactly to have thrust up his head between me and the congregation.'

Those who remember Stanley's reading of the Lessons will welcome the image, which the paragraph recalls, of the small figure hidden behind the lectern. No one who heard him could doubt his love for the book from which he read—a love that was no less deep and reverential because it was full of dramatic intelligence. Thrilled himself, he thrilled his hearers. His voice lost, as it were, its consciousness of time and place, and gathered depth and resonance as he entered with passionate sym-

pathy into the wailing anguish of David's lament for his 'son Absalom,' or chaunted with ringing exaltation the triumphant song of Deborah.

For his wife's amusement, also, he gathers every ridiculous incident which his keen sense of humour detected. No detail, for instance, is spared which can heighten the ludicrous effect of the famous Fray of the Frying-Pan, which in March 1864 convulsed Westminster School and its authorities. By ancient custom it was the duty of the College cook on Shrove Tuesday to throw a pancake over a bar in the great schoolroom at Westminster.

'As the pancake falls to the other side, the boys scramble for it, and he who gets it comes to the Dean for a guinea. On this occasion the cook failed in throwing the cake. Thereupon an ancient war-cry, not heard for twenty years, arose—'Book him!'—and a shower of books was discharged by the boys at his head. He, goaded to frenzy, flung the frying-pan among the boys—a formidable weapon, which might have killed the luckless wight it struck. This wight was George Dasent. It happily avoided any vital part, but cut open his head—an unfortunate head, for it had already been cut open by a stone flung in the streets. Now upon the scene appeared the boy himself, with his bleeding head, and the frying-pan in his hand, which he begged for a trophy, and which I granted.

'Before dinner I saw the cook, who said in the most doleful manner that he felt sure beforehand that he should fail in throwing the pancake. "I met Sanders in the cloister, and said, 'I know it will be no go.'" He particularly lamented that it should have struck young Dasent, who was the most innocent of the whole set. "But then, sir, there are occasions when the innocent must suffer for the guilty." I told him that I had given Dasent the frying-pan. "Oh! but it was a new one!"

Accepting the change from Oxford to London, increasingly happy in his home-surroundings and his official position, looking forward with growing hopefulness towards the ecclesiastical future, he recovered all

the energies which his mother's death had temporarily and partially paralysed. His life resumed its former course, though it flowed between wider banks and in a fuller stream. The old interests were pursued with all his former vigour, the old relaxations enjoyed with unabated zest.

In August 1864 he started with his wife for a foreign tour. The expedition differed in two respects from any which he had previously undertaken. It consisted mainly of visits made to French country-houses, and he enjoyed in Lady Augusta the companionship of a finished linguist. 'You may think,' he writes to his sister, 'of the extraordinary comfort—in addition to all other pleasures—of having someone who is as absolutely at home in French as in English.' But in the midst of his tour his plans were interrupted and his pleasure completely destroyed by the news that two of the children of his servant, Waters, were lying dangerously ill from scarlet-fever. 'We can think and talk of nothing else,' he writes. While staying at Val Richer with M. Guizot, he heard that the youngest of the children, 'dear little Nellie,' as he calls her, was dead, and that neither her sister nor her father was expected to recover. He hurried home at once, but only arrived to find that the death of Ellen Waters on September 15th had been followed by that of her sister Emmeline on September 17th, and that of Waters himself on the 21st of the same month.

The blow was a very heavy one to a man of Stanley's affectionate nature. 'I am one of those,' writes the Queen, in expressing her sympathy with him and with the widow, 'who think the loss of a faithful servant the loss of a friend, and one who can never be replaced.' Such, also, was Stanley's feeling. Always the kindest and most considerate of masters, he was warmly attached to his servant and his children. His grief at the 'Waters Tragedy' was scarcely less than that which the death

of his nurse, Sarah Burgess, had caused him. Benjamin Waters was far more to him than a servant. He had been his companion on his second tour in the East; he had proved himself, as his master said, a 'faithful and familiar friend'; and his little girls were the pets of the bachelor home of the Canon of Christ Church. The father and his two daughters were buried in Holywell Cemetery, at Oxford, where Stanley read the Burial Service over his friend, and chose the inscription that was placed upon the tomb—'Behold, I and the children whom God hath given me.' Mrs. Waters and her two surviving children found a home at the Deanery until 1881.

He writes of his loss to his friend Henry de Bunsen on September 27th:

'I have to thank you for your sympathy. You have seen and felt exactly what this blow has been to me—a blow so far more severe than is the loss even of a faithful servant, severe as such a blow always is. It is the shattering asunder of a whole cluster of living recollections, and associations, and graces, such as I can never replace. What is the purpose of such a destruction? Shall we ever know? Shall we ever, in this life, even guess at it? I laid my dear Waters in his grave yesterday in the Holywell Cemetery, at Oxford, with his beloved children. *Vale, dulcissime!* I may indeed say, *Vivat—vivant—in Deo!*'

Stanley had neither the heart nor the time to resume his foreign tour. He therefore spent the rest of his holiday in England. At the end of October 1864 he was preaching in one of the churches at Birmingham. The next day he called on Dr. Newman at the Oratory. The following account of the interview is written to J. C. Shairp on October 30th, 1864:

'The Oratory is a collegiate building by the roadside, more barred and grated than Balliol or St. Salvador, but otherwise nothing peculiarly monastic. I sent up my card, and waited in a small parlour. There were two or

three religious engravings — some of Overbeck's little prints — over the fire, and in one corner a commonplace bird's-eye view of Oxford (of this I had heard before from someone), with the text in Latin from Ezekiel over the upper frame—" *Son of man, can these dry bones live?* "—and on the lower frame—" *O Lord God, Thou knowest.* "

'Presently the "*Filius hominis*" appeared. The features are quite unaltered, and the voice, and, as far as I remember, the manner. The same appearance of simplicity and tenderness, and yet, withal, something of weakness, as if he could offer no resistance to you. "It is very kind of you to come out so far" were his first words. At first we talked of Oxford—of the times when I had seen him; then of Pusey—his industry. "It is more than energy—it is a power." "He always despised those who read newspapers." He had not seen him since 1846, when, as I remember being told, he had been to see him; "he begged me to come to him" when E. B. P. was supposed to be mortally ill.

'He then spoke of the Roman Catholics having bought a piece of ground in Oxford for a new "church," "to which I may possibly be obliged to go from time to time"—evidently with a profound inner repugnance. He very much deprecated the notion of any proselytism; as far as he was concerned, he would never encourage anything of the kind—"No—o, never." It was to be for the sake of the Roman Catholic students—something more acceptable than the small chapel at St. Clement's. I spoke of my travels in France, and mentioned Albert de Broglie. "I have heard of his book ('*L'Eglise et L'Empire Romain du IVme Siècle*'), but never read it." (I think that of all the things that he said, this the most surprised me.) I spoke of its interest. "Oh, yes; of all subjects, it is that which has most attraction for me—not the Roman Republic, but the Roman Empire."

'I then gradually led to Ewald; and he regretted his ignorance of German. "But their style is so uncongenial—they despise style; my brother" (*i.e.* F. N.), "who was here the other day, tells me that even he can only make out their meaning by spanning the parentheses with his fingers or with a pair of compasses." I spoke of the great merits of Ewald; and he urged once, twice, and thrice the

great service which he or anyone would render who would draw a distinction between the dissolving criticism of the Old Testament and the Gospels. His constant recurrence to this, and the very great difficulty of bringing him to acknowledge that the Gospels must stand or fall by their own merits, appeared to me the weakest part—the least truth-like part—of his conversation. I endeavoured to point out the difference between the shadowy character of Genesis and the historical character of David's life. He played, playfully and apologetically, "the Devil's advocate" against the books of Samuel—said that they appeared to him more like a poem than any other part of the Bible; and enlarged, with the only directly poetic fervour which he showed, on the dramatic character of Saul's fall, the rise of David, the gradual growth of Samuel. I urged the evidently composite character of Genesis. This he at once acknowledged. "It struck me the moment I first read those chapters in Hebrew. There must be two documents. And I mentioned it to Pusey, who seemed to acknowledge it. Would he acknowledge it now?" A. P. S.: "I think not." "But then, I seem to myself" (and here the fear seemed to revive) "to see this same compilatory character in the Gospels: not a regular history, but biographical anecdotes strung together."

I put to him the question how far any speculations on these characteristics of the sacred books, or on inspiration, were barred by the Council of Trent. "Not in the least"; and he entered on an elaborate argument, with which I need not trouble you, but it appeared to me quite convincing—to confirm *ex abundanti* my view that the Decrees of Trent are on these points as open as the English formularies interpreted by the Privy Council. "But then, there is a continuous tradition, which no doubt has been growing fainter and fainter, as to the peculiar sacredness of those books, and this tradition is incorporated in what they call the School." (Here again I will not go into the arguments and facts adduced.) He recurred once more to the question of the lines of entrenchment round the Gospels, and asked whether a Protestant theologian, who were to establish such a distinction between the Old Testament and the New Testament, would not be hailed as a benefactor in the English Church. A. P. S.: "No! he would be cursed

far more, as having disparaged the O. T., than blessed for having saved the N. T." He urged that these questions were so much more vital to us than to them, because we had nothing to repose on besides the Bible. They had their Church authority, &c. I granted this, but said, "There is the very reason why (if I may so speak) you and your Church are far more bound to meet those questions face to face and fearlessly than we are. You, if any, are called to the task, and you do not help us." "I grant it," he said. "We can do nothing; our 'School' is scattered. We have no theologians left; the French Revolution spoiled us of our revenues; we are powerless." "At any rate," I said, "give us breathing-space; do not help to shut down the trap-door upon us, as is the wish of so many of our excellent friends in the Church of England, and prevent the discussion of all those questions which have rushed in upon us."

"This was nearly the last thing that passed. He offered to show me his library. I went up; it was the complete collection of all his Oxford and Littlemore books—books given him by his pupils, &c.—evidently a great pride and pleasure to him. We passed out through the corridors, passed through the dimly-lighted church out into another cloister, and rejoined Tom Arnold in the reading-room of the College.

"What was the upshot of the whole? It left the impression, not of unhappiness or dissatisfaction, but of a totally wasted life, unable to read, glancing at questions which he could not handle, rejoicing in the caution of the Court of Rome, which had (like the Privy Council) kept open question after question that he enumerated as having been brought before it; also, although without the old bitterness, still the ancient piteous cry, "O my mother! why dost thou leave us all day idle in the market-place?" Studiously courteous, studiously calm."

His autumn holiday ended, Stanley found himself fully immersed in the various duties, occupations, and interests which gathered round his literary work, his official position, the pursuit of his religious and ecclesiastical ideals.

Stanley's day began with family prayers, consisting of

one of the Psalms of the day and a simple prayer, put together by himself from different parts of the Liturgy, containing special petitions adapted to the particular needs of any member of his household, and always, after his wife's death, concluding with the benedictory words of the Prayer for the Church Militant. Breakfast, at nine o'clock, was a meal over which he liked to linger when he had interesting guests staying in the house. But he ate scarcely anything himself. A hard-boiled egg, from which his wife had peeled the shell, two slices of toast, buttered and cut into small pieces, and tea, satisfied his appetite. Even this morsel he would forget to eat if he became absorbed in the conversation or immersed in the 'Times.'

At 10.30 he entered the library with the letters of the day, or more often left a trail of papers behind him, which had to be gathered up by his wife or his secretary. Begging-letters, congratulations, requests for tickets of admission to the Abbey, anathemas, and remonstrances poured in upon him. Once at work, he dictated letter after letter without hesitation, or gave clearly and shortly the necessary hint for the answer. After his correspondence was finished he settled down to the lecture, the article, or the sermon which he happened to be writing. Nothing disturbed him while thus occupied. Questions were asked and answered without apparently interrupting him in his task. He always insisted upon a reply being sent to every letter that he received. However offensive the language of the writer might be, he never passed by the communication, but always returned some gentle answer, which now and then, to his great delight, produced a letter of regret.

Luncheon, unless there were visitors, was a frugal meal, often eaten in the library without interruption of his work. At three o'clock he attended the afternoon service in the Abbey, or went out, either for a walk, or, more rarely, for a drive. If he drove, he liked to be set down

to walk home. It was always necessary to provide an object for the afternoon's expedition—some friend to be visited, some bit of old London to be explored, some picture or statue to be seen in a gallery. His favourite walks were down the Embankment, to see Mrs. Vaughan at the Temple, or round and about St. James's Park. Sunday was observed with old-fashioned strictness. Except when compelled to do so by some distant preaching engagement, he never used his carriage. Tea, at five o'clock, was his favourite meal—the one meal with which he could not dispense, the only one that he remembered for himself. Between six and eight he read or worked, and no literary work, unless he had a sermon to write or proof-sheets to correct, was ever done after dinner.

Barely a year had elapsed since he left Oxford, yet 'Westminster,' as he says, 'daily grows increasingly dear.' His life was fuller and more crowded than it had ever been before; but his marriage made the increased burden light, for it brought out the strength and dignity of his character, while it restored the lightness and vivacity of earlier times. He drew fresh vigour from the companionship of a wife who made herself one with him to an extraordinary degree, who threw herself heart and soul into all his work and aspirations, whose power of understanding others was as strong as it was quick, and whose sympathy was at once ready and real, wide yet always individual, tender but at the same time intensely practical. Strong in her self-control, no passionate or unguarded word ever escaped her lips. Admitted, as she was, to the most intimate confidence of the Queen, she showed a devotion to her royal mistress and friend which was not less remarkable for its silence than for its fidelity. Uniting the warm heart of a woman to the instinct of a statesman, she laboured to do good to all around her, without a tinge of party spirit, and without a thought of petty interests. Gay, cheerful, keenly enjoying life, she inspired brightness and hope by

her presence. Helpful to all with whom she came in contact, full of kindly thought for everyone but herself, she was one of those women on whom her friends knew that they could count, with a certainty that she would not fail. The simple, easy, genuine courtesy with which she received all who came to her house was never omitted from hurry or from preoccupation. The small acts of thoughtful kindness, which are especially grateful to the humble or obscure, were never neglected, and her gracious welcome, extended alike to all ranks—to the uninteresting as well as to the interesting—filled the Deanery with an atmosphere of sunshine.

The charm of her character was felt over such a circle as few of her sex have ever influenced. Living, as she habitually did, under the influence of high thoughts and motives, it was impossible, in spite of her habitual reserve on such sacred subjects, not to feel sensible of the depth and purpose which lay at the heart of her religion, and of the secret strength of conscience and faith, which revealed itself in the quickness of her inexhaustible sympathy. 'There was a light of the other world'—to quote the words of the late Dean Church—'shining within, and from time to time disclosing itself in a tone or a look.' Her love of children and devotion to the poor and suffering in Westminster were only natural links in the chain of a life of unconscious, yet absolute, self-surrender, and of service for others, both great and small. She was not only a good, but a great, woman. From two defects which are sometimes conspicuous in religious women of devoted lives—feebleness of mind and strength of prejudice—she was entirely free. Her judgment was as wise, her counsel as sound, as her heart was warm and loving. 'Defects,' as Mr. Lockers-Lampson wrote of his sister-in-law, 'she had, which is only to say that she was human; but these were so kept under, so hidden away, that one could only surmise them.' There remains in Stanley's handwriting a

translation of Luther's description of an angel, and there is no doubt to whom he applied the description :

'An angel's is a fine, tender, kind heart, as if we could find a man or woman who had a heart sweet all through, and a gentle will, without subtlety, yet of sound reason. He who has seen such has colours wherewith to picture to himself what an angel is.'

Dependent as Stanley always was on female companionship, sympathy, and attention, his wife wove herself into the very fabric of his life. There was between them a division of labour like that which was made in all his foreign tours. Everything was to be done for him, and all arrangements made to suit him ; but he was to supply the interests, intellectual, moral, historical, geographical, that gave vitality to the expedition. So, generally, he was entirely dependent on his wife in all the minor matters of existence ; but he made the richness of her life by pouring out for her freely all the treasures of his mind and heart. With tender care and solicitude she watched over the health and comfort of one who, even in the most essential points of food and dress, was incapable of taking care of himself. Morning after morning they worked together in the library at the Deanery, the wife seated, with her books, papers, and letters a few feet from the spot where he stood at his desk accomplishing his daily task of Jewish history, sermon, lecture, article, or correspondence. Always effacing herself in order to bring him forward, Lady Augusta was only eager that his work, his name, his brilliant gifts, should be known and appreciated. Both were full of energy. Well-mated—perhaps, as Mr. Locker-Lampson says, 'too well-mated'—each abetted and stimulated the other to fresh exertions, until in her case first, and then in his, exhausted nature yielded to the strain.

In the companionship of such a wife all Stanley's social gifts were developed to the utmost. Few persons came into contact with him without being affected by his winning charm. Dreaded and disliked as he was, in consequence of his opinions, in many homes in England, he had few, if any, personal enemies. But the fascination of his presence is more easily remembered than described. It was blended of physical, mental, and moral characteristics. It lay partly in the slight, shadowy figure, the rare beauty of his smile, the refined alertness of his delicate, expressive face, the well-bred courtesy of his manner; the rapidity of his quick, eager movements, which suggested that he *must* find and communicate to others what he sought; the quaint, endearing dependence which gave an almost pathetic touch to his appearance. It consisted still more in the wide range of his ready sympathies, in the share that he claimed in every healthy form of human interests, in his eagerness to gain and impart knowledge, in his constant endeavour to discover something that was excellent in the most unpopular of characters or of works. It was heightened by his sunny vivacity, his active imagination, his picturesqueness as a *raconteur*, his ready command of appropriate anecdote, felicitous illustrations, or apt quotations. Most of all it lay in the charm of purity and simplicity, of nobility of sentiment and original innocence of soul—in the attraction of a chivalrous nature, that was free from vanity or jealousy, full of genuine enthusiasm for all that was good and pure—a nature which harboured nothing mean nor sordid, and which strove for truth and loved justice with a veritable passion.

The Deanery of Westminster soon became the centre of an ever-widening circle of social influence. No ill-natured sarcasms or gossip at the expense of others were tolerated within its walls. Master and mistress showed in an unmistakable manner that, however witty or

amusing might be the form of expression, such topics of conversation were uncongenial to the spirit of the house. The doors of the Deanery were open to all comers. In society, as well as in ecclesiastical politics or theological controversy, Stanley habitually made toleration a living principle of conduct. His heart and his lip, his public and private life, were in complete harmony. Under his roof Church dignitaries, who an hour before had denounced their host in Convocation with unmeasured vehemence, learned to love him as a man as heartily as they abhorred him as a theologian. Here gathered foreign ecclesiastics of every country and every shade of Christian creed. Here Nonconformists forgot their bitterness in the social recognition which levelled the barriers of estrangement and hostility. Here was softened that rancour which harshness and neglect engender in the conscientious, if mistaken, sufferers from theological conflicts. Here, too, and not least of all, he delighted to gather the artisans and working-men whose intelligent reverence for the Abbey and its precincts it was his own and his wife's greatest pleasure to elicit.

The welcome which the Deanery offered to men of widely varying interests and professions was something more than the outcome of an insatiable desire for information: it was the natural result of Stanley's habit of regarding life. Not only was he 'keen as a hound in pursuit of knowledge,' but all men, whatever their special pursuits, appeared to his historical imagination and his instinctive love of man as necessary links in the endless human procession, each bearing some gift, great or small, towards the shrine of the Divine purpose. Hence it was that he could welcome the musician or the man of science, though he felt no personal interest in their arts and occupations, as sincerely and as eagerly as the leaders of literature, whom he met on equal terms and as a master of their craft.

As before, his autumn holidays were spent in foreign

travel. But the interest of his descriptions is changed. It passes from places to persons, and his letters become a picture-gallery of notable figures in the history of the time. Here, for instance, is a description (1865) of the Queen of Prussia, afterwards the Empress Augusta.

'On Wednesday we went to tea with the Princess Hohenzolhe, the Queen of Prussia, alone, coming in the evening. The Queen in public is very stately, full of set phrases. But on this occasion she sate down, and poured forth a continuous flow of questions to me to be answered, listening very attentively to me till I had finished my answer, and then beginning a new question.

'These were some of the questions :—(1) How old is the world ? (2) What is the oldest portion of the human race ? (3) What difference is there between the Jews in Palestine and the Jews in Europe, and do they retain their ancient usages ? (4) Are there any likenesses between the Jewish religion and the Egyptian ? (5) What are the advantages or disadvantages of the Empress Eugénie's plan for rebuilding the Church of the Holy Sepulchre ? (6) What are the results of Tischendorf's discovery of the Sinaitic MS. ?

'Each of these questions, stated at great length and with much precision, certainly gave me a considerable notion of her knowledge and intelligence. When she had finished, she rose and bade us an affectionate farewell. During the whole of the time (I think it must have been nearly two hours) no one spoke except the questioner and the answerer.'

Here (1866) is an account of a private interview with Pope Pius IX. Once before (in 1863), in company with Hugh Pearson, he had had a similar interview. On that occasion the Pope resisted

'with dignified courtesy any attempt to kiss his hand, and pressed us down upon the chairs, where we sate during the colloquy. Something had been said to him by Monsignor Talbot, who introduced us, about my having been with the Prince of Wales to the East, and this caused him to speak of the Royal Family of England.

'It was remarkable that he never could remember the title or name of the Prince of Wales. He called him Prince George, and after one or two futile attempts I dropped the effort to set him right, and spoke always of the Prince Royal of England. He spoke of the Queen, and said that she had lately had a great misfortune in being upset out of her carriage in the Highlands. I replied, "Yes; but her chief misfortune has been that she has lately lost her excellent husband." "Ah, yes!" he said, "that may be, but nevertheless it is a great misfortune to be upset out of your carriage."

'He spoke also of Oxford, and described, on the name being mentioned to him, Faber. I do not think any of the other Oxford names were familiar to him. I mentioned Samuel Wilberforce, the Bishop. But he only said, "Ah! Wilberforce! he is one of the Oxford Professors." The Bishop, on hearing this afterwards, was extremely indignant, and said, "It shows the ignorance of the man." He finally said, "You know Pusey? When you meet him, give him this message from me—that I compare him to a bell, which always sounds to invite the faithful to Church, and itself always remains outside."

On the occasion of this second interview with the Pope, Stanley was accompanied by Sir Stephen Glynne.

'I went in full decanal costume. He observed and took hold of the cassock which I wore. He said, "I have seen something of this kind before. It is the same as an English clergyman once wore in coming to see me. His name was Thompson." We spent one or two minutes in endeavouring to ascertain who Thompson could be. It turned out to be Townsend, who had come in former years on a mission for converting the Pope. The Pope said, with shouts of laughter, "And what do you suppose he came to do?—the most ridiculous thing in the world, to attempt the fusion of the two Churches. What nonsense! As if in matters of faith you could make exchanges: In matters of politics and commerce you can subtract and make exchanges, but in matters of religion, in matters of the Seven Sacraments, to say 'Take five and leave two'—quite ridiculous!"'

Stanley's only dream which he thought worthy of record was, it may be added, that he was himself elected Pope. He thus tells the dream :

'The intelligence of my election was communicated to me as a secret not to be known till the next day. My immediate difficulty was, what name I should take. I thought that Paul would be suitable, as he was the British Apostle. But then the last Paul was Paul V. I should be Paul VI.; and then there was that ill-omened "Six" which as the Latin distich records, has ever been the ruin of Rome.

'In this mind I went on, after asking Hugh Pearson, to the Athenæum. I there met Jacobson, the Bishop of Chester. I knew by the turn of his mouth that he guessed my secret. "Why not take the name of Gulielmus?" (his own name). I turned. I wrapt myself in the nearest approach that I could find to the great-coat which I had left behind at the Athenæum. It was the white blanket of the bed. I walked along the dusty Flaminian Way, and as I proceeded met many groups of cardinals. It seemed to me that this blanket so nearly resembled the white flannel gown which the Pope usually wears, that the secret would be known before its publication in the "Times" the next day, and in that agony I woke.'

Here (1867) is a talk with Thiers :

'The conversation turned almost entirely upon the alleged discovery by M. Chasles of the correspondence between Pascal and Newton asserting that the theory of gravitation was due to the French, and not to the English, philosopher. Thiers was entirely persuaded of the truth of this fiction. He was at this time devoted to astronomy, and he took up this theory with the greatest animation.'

On one later occasion Stanley saw Thiers. It was after the Commune, and the place was the Theatre at Versailles, where the Assembly then sat. The question before the House was the return of the Orleans Princes.

'It was a striking scene, because I could not help remembering that this was the theatre in which the French Guards held their banquet on the eve of the 6th of October in the great French Revolution, when the ladies of the Court appeared in the boxes, and threw down white cockades amongst them, which the Guards put on, amid the song of "O Richard! O mon roi! l'univers t'abandonne!"

'Thiers spoke in favour of the return in a low voice though clear. The only words that I remember were these: "I have always been in favour of a constitutional monarchy. My maxim has been, 'He who does not wish to cross the Atlantic must first cross the British Channel'"; "but this," he went on to say, "is for the time postponed."'

Stanley was fond of collecting anecdotes about Thiers. From the Duchess of Colonna he heard the following conversation:

"I believe," said Thiers, "in God, in a future existence, and in our reunion with those we have loved. As for the retribution to the bad—after all, *nous ne sommes pas méchants*—I leave that to the good God. I know that death cannot be far off. I will endeavour, to use a fine phrase of Bossuet in speaking of Henrietta Maria, to be 'doux envers la mort.'"

Another friend, the late M. Schérer, met Thiers at an evening party. He followed Grévy, Schérer, and others to the door, and talked as he sat on the arm of a chair.

'Grévy was complaining, after his manner, of the ways of Providence. Thiers protested. "Quant au bon Dieu, je suis toujours ministériel." ("When it is a question of the good God, I am always on the side of the Government.")

'Thiers was always opposed to civil interments. "When I am taken to Notre Dame de Lorette I desire to have a quantity of Holy Water, a great quantity of Holy Water. I am of the religion of Henri Quatre." When Pressensé went to him with a deputation of Protestant ministers, and spoke

incidentally of the greatness of Calvin, he said, "Ah, no! Calvin may have been a distinguished scholar, but your really great man was Henri Quatre. To become a Catholic and remain a Protestant—that is the real thing for mankind."

Passing through Paris in the first week of October 1868, Stanley and his wife found French society absorbed in the Spanish question. M. Prevost-Paradol described the scene that he had witnessed on September 30th, at the station at Biarritz, when Queen Isabella arrived there in flight from Spain:

'Presently a train going towards Madrid, which had been shunted to allow of the Royal train coming in, passed. It was full of Spanish refugees returning. They all put their heads out of the windows and hooted at the Queen. Isabella looked at them fiercely and sadly, but with consummate dignity—and so parted from her subjects. What a scene!'

At Meaux they halted to see the cathedral of Bossuet. The grave of the 'Eagle of Meaux' had been recently opened, in order to ascertain the exact spot in which he was buried. The skeleton still remained perfect, and Stanley, to his great delight, was told that the great French preacher was no taller than himself. Baden-Baden was the destination of the travellers, and they arrived there at a moment when the Prussian Royal Family had assembled for the birthday of the Crown Prince (afterwards the Emperor Frederick). Stanley and his wife dined with the Royal party, 'certainly a most intelligent and encouraging group in these days of depressed Royalty.'

'The Queen of Prussia was not quite so full of questioning as before, but with more conversation of her own that was very curious. The King is a tall, soldierlike old man, speaking only French and German. The Crown Prince looks quite worthy of the future before him—so natural,

so eager, such an open, handsome countenance. The Crown Princess, as full of genius and of power as when I saw her three years ago. "Ah!" she said, "how much has passed in those three years!" Her eyes filled with tears at the thought of her lost child.

'On the Crown Prince's birthday we went to the Neue Schloss to pay our respects. Amongst his presents was a picture of the meeting between him and his father after the battle of Sadowa, painted by an artist who had been there. He showed it to us himself, and pointed out the different generals, "each exactly in the position in which they were at the moment." Moltke, the chief adviser of the whole campaign and battle, is a very retiring, modest, pale, slender man, of very few words.'

Already war was in the air. 'There is,' says Stanley, 'a good deal of uneasiness about war with France, which preoccupies everyone.' 'The conversation,' he adds in another letter,

'runs on the situation of Prussia in Germany. It is curious to read the speeches in England describing "all Europe as watching the decision of the Irish Church Question," and then to find that in France and Germany it is the last thing thought of, the Spanish Revolution in the one, the Prussian ascendancy in the other, occupying all men's minds.'

During Stanley's absence in Italy in 1869 two appointments were made in which he was keenly interested—that of Dr. Temple to the Bishopric of Exeter, and that of Dr. Bright to the Chair of Ecclesiastical History at Oxford vacated by the promotion of Professor Mansel to the Deanery of St. Paul's. The appointment of Dr. Temple was officially announced early in October. 'I am quite astounded,' he writes to his sister from Rome,

'at the opposition to Temple. I consider it so far the best appointment, and so inevitable, if Gladstone was to make any Liberal bishops, that I cannot conceive anyone being surprised.'

The appointment was peculiarly pleasing to Stanley, on personal as well as other grounds. He always watched the career of his friends with the warmest interest. 'You know,' he wrote to Professor Jowett, when congratulating him on his election to the Mastership of Balliol College in 1870, 'that I live and feed on the public advancement of my friends'; and it was in the same spirit that he rejoiced in the elevation of Dr. Temple.

Dr. Temple was consecrated at Westminster Abbey on St. Thomas's Day (December 21st), 1869. The opposition to the appointment, though not formidable in point of extent, had been very determined. 'Pusey,' writes Stanley,

'has gone so far as to assert that the choice was the most frightful enormity that has ever been perpetrated by a Prime Minister.'

Every stage of the appointment had been contested. The crisis was darkened by the sudden and alarming illness of Archbishop Tait. The Bishops, for the most part, shrank from joining in the consecration. Even when the Bishop of London (Jackson), the Bishop of Ely (Harold Browne), and the Bishop of St. David's (Thirlwall), had consented to take part in the ceremony, it was feared that the service in Westminster Abbey might be interrupted, and Stanley had made special preparations for the forcible ejection of anyone who disturbed the proceedings. When the three Bishops met in the Jerusalem Chamber before the ceremony, Dr. Temple and Stanley being present,

'eight or ten protests were handed in to the Bishop of London. He, with a firmness and common-sense that did him great honour, considering the little sympathy that he entertained for Dr. Temple's theological views, resisted them all, on the ground of their utter contrariety to the

law of the land. It was a long delay, and the congregation in the Abbey, crowded to excess, was wondering what could be the cause. When we entered, the darkness was something beyond all precedent. It was difficult, even with all the lights in the Abbey, to discern one person from another; and so, in the language of a High Church newspaper, "on that darkest day in the whole year was perpetrated the darkest crime which had been perpetrated in the English Church."

The other appointment which had taken place during his absence from England was that of the Rev. W. Bright to the Professorship of Ecclesiastical History which Stanley himself had formerly held at Oxford. He wrote to the newly-appointed Professor a warm letter of congratulation. 'Your letter,' replies Dr. Bright on November 14th, 1869,

'was delivered to me while I was giving a college lecture. If I had opened and read it at once, I doubt whether I should have been able to go on.

'There are some occasions on which words of thanks seem really too weak and inexpressive. This, to me, is one of them.

'I received a most kind letter from the Bishop of London, which I thought I could best acknowledge by saying to him, as I would now say to you, that, by God's help, I would never forget to promote, as far as I can, in those who may read this great subject with me a spirit of charity and justice. I will never encourage—I will always discourage the temper of hard and unfair partisanship which would sacrifice truthfulness to the supposed interests of a cause. These are lessons which I learned from Arnold at Rugby, and from you at Oxford, which I shall hope and strive to remember as earnestly as any "Broad Churchman" could; and which, perhaps, have a special value and significance for a person occupying a different standpoint, because they manifestly transcend all diversities of ecclesiastical or theological opinion between those who worship Him Who is Truth and Love.

'I never can forget what I owe to you, let such diversities

be what they will. And I shall, if possible, have a yet livelier and more continuous recollection of it when I remove (as I suppose I shall do next spring) to the house that once was yours.'

Another letter that Stanley received four years before, from a leader whose theological views were opposed to his own and to those of Dr. Bright, may be quoted here. It gives a further proof of the kindly feeling with which he was regarded by men who were most strongly opposed to him in their opinions. The Rev. A. W. Thorold (successively Bishop of Rochester and Bishop of Winchester) wrote to him in December 1864, fresh from a re-reading of 'Arnold's Life.' 'I had not read it,' he says,

'for twenty years; in fact, not since the College days, when hardly an afternoon passed without my seeing you, and my earnest wishing to know you, and my envying the undergraduates who joined you in your walks, and whom you treated as if you felt them friends.

'Mr. Dean, I am but a simple parish priest, while you are the Queen's friend, and the one man who, more than any other in these times, is influencing the thought and feeling of the rising generation; and therefore I am almost afraid of taking a liberty with you in what a full heart presses me to pour out.

'But I do not want you to think because in some things (and those of such great moment that depth of conviction, and liberty, and courage are indispensable when we come across them) I, and others with whom I am in the habit of acting, take opposite ground to you, and do and teach as conscience bids us, that therefore we are incapable of appreciating your motives, or respecting, and even esteeming you for those gifts and qualities which make men truly great.

'You have taught me—I cannot say how much. You are to me, in some respects, a kind of beacon-light; for courage in upholding unpopular opinions, and unaffected kindness towards those who so markedly differ from you, are qualities which I can admire, though I may not feel to possess them;

and I want you to be sure that, among those who seem to stand opposite to you, there are not a few who in their hearts regard you with a feeling which only needs occasion and opportunity to become a true affection, and who, while they cannot always go with you, or follow you, can bless you, and ask for you that in all things you may know God's will, and at all times be ready to fulfil it. This is a sick man's letter, as you will readily gather from its length and the clumsy way in which it is worded.'

CHAPTER XXV

1870-73

The Outbreak of the Franco-Prussian War—Stanley's Love of Scotland and of Walter Scott—His Friendship with the Bishop of St. Andrews—His Visit to Sedan—The Old Catholic Congress at Munich, 1871—The Old Catholic Congress at Cologne, 1872—Death of Merle D'Aubigné—The Queen's Request that Stanley should perform the Protestant Ceremony at St. Petersburg on the Occasion of the Marriage of the Duke of Edinburgh

THE peaceful opening of the year 1870 strikingly contrasted with the events of its later months. On the 18th of July, the same day on which the Papal decree of infallibility was promulgated at Rome, the declaration of war between France and Germany burst like a thunderclap upon Europe. At that moment the storm raised by the so-called 'Westminster Scandal,' occasioned by the admission of Dr. Vance Smith to the Sacrament, was raging. 'Surely,' writes Stanley to Hugh Pearson, 'this, like many other ridiculous things, must be withered up in the presence of this terrible catastrophe of the war.'

Another political event of the summer of the same year, to which his letters frequently allude, was the fall of the Pope's temporal power. 'It is,' he says in Sep-

tember 1870, 'rather a grief to me. It had been so much reduced that it did very little harm, and I am afraid that the spiritual power, which is only another kind of temporal power, will be much more mischievous without the moderating checks involved in the regal position.' He saw in the Prince-Bishop of Rome the last and greatest survivor of the old mixed sovereignties which had once been common; his picturesque feeling resented the destruction of a quaint historical anomaly; he loved Rome in its mediæval as well as its classic aspects; he deplored an event which tended to convert, by the artificial process of a sudden annexation, the one spot in Europe that was the home of strange ecclesiastical customs, and of poetic and artistic ruins, into the commonplace capital of a kingdom of yesterday.

One result of the stirring events which disturbed the Continent was that it made a foreign tour impracticable, and compelled him to spend the whole of his autumn holiday in Scotland.

Years before his marriage had bound him by personal ties to Scotland, the country had laid upon him a spell which never relaxed its hold. Of all the great names in literature, none was so dear to him as that of Walter Scott, the noblest—as he delighted to call him—and purest writer of fiction, and 'one of the greatest religious teachers of Scottish Christendom.' 'I am,' he used to say, 'of the religion of Walter Scott.' 'Find "Guy Mannering" and let me take the taste out of my mouth,' was his remark after finishing a novel of the modern type. During the last weeks of his wife's illness he tried to beguile the heavy hours by reading aloud 'Old Mortality,' and among the books with which he endeavoured to deaden the first agony of her death was 'Redgauntlet.'

He was, perhaps, himself hardly conscious how great a debt he owed to Scott. In the writings of the author of the Waverley novels, and, in a less degree, in the

writings of Stanley, there is something peculiarly exhilarating to the imagination. Both men pursued the same broad, tolerant method of regarding open questions; both adopted the same historical and synthetical, rather than philosophical and analytical, treatment of character. Both loved to dwell in the past, and both possessed the power of revivifying its scenes and figures till they lived again in the present. To both, vanquished causes and fallen heroes appealed with pathetic force. Both treasured tales of Scottish superstition, popular legends, and any anecdotes which illustrated the national peculiarities, social or theological. Both were enthusiastic students of antiquarian and mediæval lore. In both there was the same love of the grandiose, of pageantry, of romance, and of chivalry. It might have been Stanley, if it had not been Scott, who murmured the lay of Prince Charlie by the Lake Avernus, and stood wrapt in silent devotion before the tomb of the Stuarts in St. Peter's. Both men sympathised deeply with conflicting schools of opinion and feeling. The same candour characterised Stanley which prompted Scott, in spite of his own personal proclivities, to represent the highest Christian type in Jeanie Deans, the daughter of a Cameronian, or in Bessie Maclure, the mother of two martyrs for the Covenant. In both men there was the same inclination to dwell upon the higher rather than the lower aspects of men or movements. The same instinct which led Scott, while fully alive to the weak, worldly, and trivial side of the Jacobite cause, to dwell upon its noble, chivalrous, poetic aspects, governed Stanley in all his judgments of human action. Both were, as writers, careless of form in comparison with matter. In the private characters of both there was the same wide humanity which treated all the world as blood-relations, the same faithfulness to a wide circle of friends, the same reservation of their inner selves for their few chosen intimates. Even Stanley's

pugnacity has in it something of Scott's 'Sound, sound the clarion !'

Before he knew anything by personal observation of Scotland, Stanley was steeped in the weird magic atmosphere that the Wizard of the North had breathed from childhood. The genius of the country—with its wild scenery, its witch-tenanted heaths, its haunted castles, its prophetic dooms on royal houses and great families—penetrated his soul, and enveloped him in the same mist of wonders in which it had nursed its own 'poetic child.' To a degree experienced by few natives of the country he became saturated with the romantic suggestions and associations of Scottish history or story. 'No history,' he says, 'of any European State has been so romantic as that of Scotland. Whatever of early romance England has had to show pales before the stories of Robert Bruce and James the Fifth.' Nor did these impressions belong only to the remote or mediæval past. The wild physical surroundings of storm and mist seemed to him to have preserved intact that spiritual atmosphere of credulity and imagination which is the parent of legend and romance. In the stories of the Covenanters are revived tales as strange as any that have clustered round the early saints. In the career of Charles Edward is enacted the last romance of Europe. It is significant that the only public allusion which he ever made to his own ancestry was made before a Scottish audience. In describing the marvellous promise of Alexander Stewart, the son of James IV., the pupil of Erasmus, 'the young Marcellus of the Scottish Church,' who died at Flodden, he goes on to say:—'If he fell in the memorable charge of my namesake on that fatal day, may he accept thus late the lament which a kinsman of his foe would fain pour over his untimely bier.'

In the religious history of Scotland he took an undying interest. And he knew it, it may be truly said, better than most Scotchmen. His keen sense of the

humour, the shrewdness, the kindliness of the national character, made him appreciate the Scottish people, and attracted him towards the clergy. 'I am sure,' he writes in 1870,

'that it is impossible to find anywhere a more excellent form of Christian clergy than some of those that I have been lately seeing of the Established Church of Scotland.'

'I certainly think,' he says in a letter describing his visit to Edinburgh in January 1872,

'that the main peculiarity of the Church of Scotland, in which it excels our own, is its humour. The fund of ecclesiastical stories is quite infinite. And it is certain that the clergy of the Established Church are the only clergy cast in the same mould with ourselves.'

A Church in which he found the virtues that he attributed to an established Church, and which possessed also the saving gift of humour, strongly appealed to his sympathies. Added to this, there was no religious history in which he discovered richer elements of romance. He delighted to follow St. Ninian across the trackless wilds of Galloway, to the cave beneath the samphire-covered cliff of Glenluce Bay; or to stand in the deserted churchyard of Kirk Madreen, by the weather-beaten column which preserved the first authentic trace of Christian civilisation. On the shores of the Firth of Forth he had penetrated to the venerable hermitage of St. Serf, and to the romantic chapel of Culross, where the saint discovered the infant Kentigern, his 'darling Mungo.' From the oak-groves of Derry he had traced the steps of Columba to the white beach of Iona, on which he drove his coracle, and from which he yet,

Throned on his towers, conversing with the storm,
Counts every wave-worn isle and mountain hoar
From Kilda to the green Ierne's shore.

Nor was it only the legendary associations of the Celtic saints, or the vestiges of the early faith that they recalled, which interested him. It was in the same spirit that he pictured to himself, among the shattered relics of the Cathedral of St. Andrews, the execution of Wishart and the murder of Beaton; or followed the daring exploits of Claverhouse, and gathered the tales that linger of his black charger; or, in St. Giles's Cathedral, re-enacted the scene of Jenny Geddes; or dwelt at Anwoth on the kindlier aspects in the stern character of Rutherford; or stood in the churchyard of Badenoch by the graves of Margaret Wilson and Margaret Maclachlan, the Wigtonshire martyrs; or explored the scene of the murder of Archbishop Sharp on Magus Moor.

It was with Scott as his guide that he steered through the mazes of the Scottish religious character and history. Wherever he went the creations of imaginative genius accompanied, if they did not sometimes dwarf into comparative insignificance, the actors in real history. Especially was this true of Scott's fictitious characters. At Tours, Quentin Durward occupied his mind fully as much as Louis XI. When he visited the Roman Wall he remembered how Bertram, crossing the Border to stay with Dandie Dinmont, reflected among the remains of the mighty rampart on the greatness of the Roman Empire. In the wilds of Galloway, it was at least as much his object to explore the wanderings of Guy Mannering as those of St. Ninian.

No writer had, in his opinion, thrown so broad a flood of light as Scott upon the religious heart of Scotland. In the splendid appeal of Ephraim Macbriar to his judges he caught the genuine ring of that fervid devotion which was so marked a characteristic of Scottish theology. In the ravings of Habakkuk Mucklewrath he detected a natural outcome of the wild violence of the Covenanters. In the character of Balfour of Burley he saw that sharp

contrast of deep-set religious zeal, with viciousness of life, which forms so striking a phenomenon in Scottish religious history. In Henry Morton he recognised the existence of those enlarged and philosophic views of Christianity which accompanied the subsidence of ecclesiastical violence. In David Deans he saw the embodiment of the religious exclusiveness of Scotland. In the refusal of his daughter Jeanie to give up the slayer of Porteous, lest she should be branded, like the 'fause Menteith,' as a betrayer of her country, he found the patriotic independence which embittered, while it elevated, religious animosities. In the Baron of Bradwardine he welcomed the type of an Episcopalian layman. In the saying of Pleydell, 'I belong to the suffering Episcopal Church of Scotland, which is now, happily, the shadow of a shade,' he caught a suggestion of the persecution which fell upon the Episcopal Church during and after the Stuart Rebellion.

Nor did the element of romance die out from the religious history of Scotland with the nineteenth century. Few more dramatic scenes were enacted—none, in the moral scale, were more impressive—than that which took place on May 18th, 1843. On that day Dr. Welsh, the ex-Moderator of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, handed a protest to the Queen's Commissioner, and, with those who had signed it, left St. Andrew's Church, and moved in a long procession down the northern slope of Edinburgh to Canonmills. It was the 'great Disruption'—the secession of the four hundred and seventy-four ministers who resigned their churches, homes, and incomes to found the Free Church of Scotland.

After his marriage with Lady Augusta Bruce his connection with Scotland was necessarily drawn still closer. It also assumed a different character. Every autumn he spent some weeks in the homes of his wife's relations, and in almost every country-house in Scotland he became

a welcome guest. The delight which he took in meeting eminent persons was well known to his hosts, and soon there were few men of mark in the country, especially among the clergy, to whom he was not personally known. Among his more intimate friends and correspondents were men like Principal Caird, Principal Tulloch, Dr. John Brown, Dean Ramsay, Dr. Guthrie, Dr. Alexander Duff, Dr. Wallace, 'A.K.H.B.,' Professor Knight, Dr. Story, Professor Campbell, Dr. Cameron Lees, Dr. Watson, Dr. Service, Bishop Ewing, and many others.

Among the many friendships made by Stanley in Scotland, none gave him greater pleasure than that which he formed with Charles Wordsworth, Bishop of St. Andrews. It was not till 1871 that the two men became really intimate. Their close friendship originated in the hospitality which Stanley and Lady Augusta offered to the members of the New Testament Revision Company, and especially to those who came from a distance. For nearly twelve years, at the rate of ten months in each year, and of four days in each month, two or three bedrooms in the Deanery were placed at the disposal of those who were invited. 'We were expected,' writes Bishop Wordsworth,

'to meet the family party at breakfast; and for the rest of our time, and for any other meal, we were left free. Our comfort could not have been greater at our own homes. Such an instance of simple, public-spirited hospitality is, I should suppose, quite unexampled.'

At one of these breakfast-parties the Bishop invited Stanley to turn to account the poetical powers which, throughout his life, he frequently exercised in every style of verse composition, grave as well as gay. The literary partnership continued for several years. One example may be quoted. In August, 1878, shortly before Stanley left England for America, he met Wordsworth at Megginch Castle. 'The day I was there,' writes the Bishop,

'I finished some Latin verse, which had been running in my head the day before, on Lord Beaconsfield's return from Berlin ; and I showed them to Stanley, and asked him to give me a translation of them, which I might send to Lord Beaconsfield, with the original.'

A few days afterwards the Bishop received an English version of his Latin poem, from which the following lines are taken :

To the Right Hon. the Earl of Beaconsfield.

Hail to the chief who in triumph returns !
Peace, but with honour, his footsteps attends ;
Heart of old England with gratitude burns,
City with country its welcoming blends.

Brighter the hopes that his victories fill
Than trophies won hard on the red battle-field ;
A sword in his voice, and a host in his will,
That daunts all aggression and dares—not to yield.

Genius prepared both for faction and fighting ;
Patriot on fire for a land not his own :
Eastern and Western in Congress uniting,
Swayed by his counsel, their quarrels condone.

Apology of the Translator to the Original.

What English bard can rival such Latinity,
True classic child of Christ Church and of Trinity ?
Yet still, when Whig with Tory thus combines
The glories of a Premier to rehearse,
Mark how the Whig's untrammell'd freedom shines
Whene'er he quits the Tory's gloomy verse—
And though hard bound within the Bishop's fetter
The Presbyterian prefers the spirit, not the letter.

The Latin original, together with the English version, was sent by the Bishop of St. Andrews to Lord Beaconsfield, with whom he had had no previous acquaintance. He received the following reply :—

'Hughenden Manor : August 26th, 1878.

'Dear Bishop of St. Andrews,—It is the happiest union since Beaumont and Fletcher.

'I am deeply gratified by such an expression of sym-

pathy from men so distinguished for their learning and genius.

'Your faithful and obliged servant,
'BEACONSFIELD.'

From that time the Bishop and the Dean amused themselves by corresponding as Francis Beaumont and John Fletcher, the Dean taking the name of Fletcher because, like the Elizabethan dramatist, he was the son of a Bishop.

Two years later Stanley met Lord Beaconsfield at Hatfield, and gives an account of their conversation. 'You ask,' writes 'Fletcher' to 'Beaumont,'

'about Lord Beaconsfield at Hatfield. Perhaps the most memorable incident was that a discussion arising, as is almost inevitable in that historic house, about Mary Queen of Scots, I ventured to observe that the sensation occasioned by Darnley's murder (an event so common in Scotland at that period as not to demand any special notice) was due to its extraordinary mode—explosion; and I proceeded to add that three explosions, or would-be explosions, had taken place in English history, all of them producing serious results:—(1) Explosion of the Kirk of Field, destroying the character of Queen Mary. (2) Explosion of the Parliament By Guy Fawkes, inducing the No Popery sentiment. (3) Explosion of the Clerkenwell Prison, destroying the Church of Ireland. At this moment Lord B. entered, and Lady Salisbury exclaimed at the want of sequence in my third instance. "Do you not see it?" said Lord B.; "it is transparent to the humblest capacity. *A month afterwards* came the solemn declaration of W. E. G. on the subject at Edinburgh!" On going to the Rye House with him, and speaking of Dryden, he ejaculated, "No one reads Dryden now.

The Little Waggoner and Peter Bell
Think scorn of him who wrote Achitophel."

Are these lines his own? '*

* The lines occur in *Don Juan*, Canto III.:

'The little boatman and his Peter Bell
Can sneer at him who drew Achitophel.'

At the beginning of September 1871 Stanley left England for the Continent. His first object was to explore the battle-fields of the recent war.

'Sedan we reached at 11, and took a carriage, in which we drove incessantly till 4 P.M. over every part of the field. It was most interesting—as if five or six battles had been fought. Everywhere were graves marked by white crosses with garlands. The general features are clear enough: the vast plain enclosed by the hills which the Germans surrounded, and the Belgian frontier coming down on two sides.

'There is a valley in the midst of the plain, where there was a charge of cuirassiers corresponding to the charge of Balacava. They all perished. Close by was an old stone cross, exactly a counterpart in situation to that imagined in "Marmion" as the spot from which he saw the battle. A beautiful wooded stream skirts one side of the plain. On its banks are two burial-grounds, somewhat better tended than the rest. There are several gravestones:—"Hier ruhen zusammen in Gott 20 Franzosen und 28 Deutschen, welche gefallen sind treu ihrer Pflicht, 1 Sept. 1871."

'We finished by seeing, first the little house where the Emperor of the French had his interview with Bismarck, and then the larger Château of Bellevue, where he made the final capitulation with the King. The cottage is close to the roadside. The woman who was present at the scene took us up by a small back stairs, the same by which the Emperor and Bismarck had mounted, into two very small rooms. In the inner of these they sate down for a few minutes at a table with two chairs. Then they rose and went out to sit before the house on two other chairs, one of which had since been carried off by Bismarck, the other by a Prussian officer.

'Bismarck then rode off to the headquarters of the King, and left the Emperor, who remained in the little room upstairs for three hours. She waited outside. She heard him call, "Entrez." She entered. He was sitting (she sate herself at the table to imitate him) with his head between his hands, and without ever looking up, ordered her to call one of the French generals. The general came, and the Emperor received him in like manner, never raising his head.

At 10 A.M. Bismarck returned "en grande tenue," with what she called the "huissiers de mort"—a troop like the Black Brunswickers—to escort him to the Bellevue Château. As he went out he gave her five gold pieces, which she has had framed and hung up; "Bon enfant," she said—the one only good word we have heard of the unfortunate Emperor of the French.

'The Château de Bellevue is a house standing out on a sort of promontory overlooking the whole plain. There are two small rooms, and a glass conservatory on the ground-floor. In one of these he spoke with the King alone: in the glass part with the King, the Crown Prince, Moltke, and Bismarck.

'As one saw these places it gave the impression of how completely the capitulation of Sedan has taken its place among the great events of the world's history, where every detail is remembered and wondered at.'

From Sedan he and his wife made their way to Potsdam, where they spent three days with the Crown Prince and the Princess Royal at the Neue Palais.

'At the door stood the Crown Prince. A cordial welcome, and immediately he showed us into a suite of splendid rooms on the ground-floor. "In this room I was born, and here many of your countrymen have slept before." The paper on the walls is of peacocks—painted. "It is exactly the same as that in the Prefecture of Versailles, so that by the peacocks' tails there I was constantly reminded of my own home." Presently an excellent dinner. Before we had finished the Prince came again with the Princess, and after some talk left us to peaceful repose.

'The next morning we breakfasted with them at 9 A.M., with all the children, including the baby, which was carried about while the others ate. They are delightful children, excellently well mannered, and talking with real intelligence—Prince William, Princess Charlotte, Prince Henry, Princess Victoria, Prince Waldemar, and the baby (Sophie). Afterwards we walked in the gardens, which have all been created by the Crown Princess. Before, there was only rough ground round the Palace. Their dinner or luncheon was at 2 P.M., again with the children. The dinner or

supper, with the household and several guests, at 7.30 P.M. or 8 P.M.

'The battlefields furnished endless topics of conversation with the Prince. No one could be more modest or frank about them, and we were able from him to get many questions answered which were suggested to us on the spot, and which no one else could have answered.

'The Crown Prince is generally up before breakfast, at his farm. After breakfast there is a walk; after luncheon, and after dinner, a talk. They all go to bed at 10 P.M. There are also the drives, morning and evening. How the intervening hours are spent I do not know. One morning, in this walk, the whole account of the triumphal entry was given by the children. Little Prince William rode in with his uncle, the Grand Duke of Baden. "The Emperor stood for two hours in the sun without his hat. And he is seventy-three! What do you think of that?" "The flowers came sailing down from the third and fourth storeys of the houses, so that at last you could not see anything of the soldiers but their bayonets."

'It is impossible to write all the little anecdotes, &c., which make up the charm of a visit like this. I return, however, to the thought that if monarchy is to be saved by any man in this century, it will be by our host.'

The strain of Stanley's ceaseless activities had been, for the last eight years, severe. It was now increased by the failure of his efforts to put an end to the recitation of the Athanasian Creed in the public services of the Church of England. Tired of polemics, he meditated the discontinuance of his attendance at Convocation, longing to retire to his books, and determined to 'withdraw from all this hurly-burly.' 'I long,' he writes to Pearson in July 1872,

'to set to work at one of my books. But which? To put together all that I have written on the early Church, Baptism, the Lord's Supper, &c.? Or on the Church of England? or to begin at once on the Maccabees, &c.? I somewhat shrink from the latter, on account of the books on the Talmud not being yet written.'

'Do come, dear friend,' adds Lady Augusta in a private letter to Pearson written at the same date,

'and give dearest Arthur your best advice about his work. I am so very anxious that he should do something permanent. I think it would be good for him in every way, and "the day is far spent" for us all. But yet there is all the power of work in him, if he only gets a quiet start.'

Pearson's counsel was to continue the 'History of the Jewish Church,' and the advice was adopted. But before he began the projected work he left Westminster for his annual holiday. After a few weeks in Scotland he went abroad, mainly with the object of attending the Congress of Old Catholics at Cologne.

On September 20th, 1872, the Congress of Old Catholics opened at Cologne, under the presidency of Dr. Schultze, the distinguished Professor of Canon Law at Prague. The movement was one with which Stanley strongly sympathised. Its very vagueness was, in his eyes, a merit. It is possible that, had the Old Catholics openly broken with the Roman Church, and adopted Luther's rough-and-ready policy of war to the knife, they would have pursued a more practicable and successful course. But it was their refusal to add another to the schisms by which Christendom was divided which enlisted Stanley's sympathy. In his view, the movement represented a transitional phase of thought, and was the outcome of the blending of popular and scientific enthusiasms which hitherto had not been fused together. It was necessarily tentative, because it was an attempt at an historical revision of theology, and an endeavour to distinguish the permanent from the temporary elements of Christianity. It was avowedly still on the road, and had not yet reached its goal. Its leaders were inspired by no desire to form a sect; they did not even repudiate the great Church whose integrity of doctrine it was their professed object to maintain.

The union of the Churches which they contemplated was not to be effected by proselytism or by absorption. It was rather to be brought about by developing whatever germs of goodness and truth were to be found in rival communions, and by the brotherly recognition of each as fulfilling its own mission and working out its own idea.

When, therefore, Stanley was invited to be present at the Congress, he accepted the invitation in a letter which was published in the 'Times.' In the Congress itself he took no active part, beyond attending the meeting and describing the discussions in two letters to the 'Times' from 'An Occasional Correspondent.' 'It would,' he says to M. de Circourt,

'have been difficult to do more, on account of the imperfection of my German. But it was also unnecessary, for almost every sentiment that I could have wished to utter was expressed in the most powerful manner by Professor Reinkens. The only criticism which I could make was, that there was too hard a tone adopted towards the Roman Church—not a sufficient appreciation of its position in the history of Europe.'

On his return from the Congress he was delayed at Baden by the death of Princess Hohenlohe, at whose funeral Lady Augusta, at the Queen's request, represented Her Majesty. The Emperor Wilhelm I. and the Empress Augusta were at the same time staying at Baden.

'The last night that we were there the Empress sent for us to take leave. She was quite alone. After talking for some minutes, she said, "The Emperor wishes much to see you," and presently the door opened, and in he walked. We had not seen him since 1869. I said to him, "It is three years since I have had the honour of seeing your Majesty, but it seems to be three centuries." It was extremely interesting, I must say, to be with the author of those famous

telegrams, and in the presence of the very Augusta who received them.

‘He spoke most naturally and kindly about England, and then, when we told him that we had been over the battle-fields last year, he said, with much feeling, “Battle-fields ought not to be seen till they have ceased to be fields of battle. Terrible were the scenes we had to traverse. That is the reverse of the medal. But when war is once lighted, one must follow it to the end. And when one is in the right, there is an Ally on high, without Whose help nothing can be done. It is to this that we owed our wonderful successes, the devotion of our soldiers, the enthusiasm of our people.”’

At Geneva, only ten days before the historian’s death, he had several interviews with Merle d’Aubigné, whom Dr. Tait and he had visited in 1840. ‘Probably,’ he writes to the late Archbishop of Canterbury on October 21st, 1872,

‘I was the last Englishman whom he saw. He was in his usual health and vigour, though in his seventy-eighth year, and we conversed, both in this and in a previous interview, on the state of Christendom and the history of the Reformation. He had been much occupied in writing an address to the Old Catholics, of whom he spoke with sincere interest. He also spoke with profound veneration and regard of Mr. Erskine of Linlathen, whom he had known well in former years. The discussion about the Massacre of St. Bartholomew had been a matter which naturally excited his old ardour, and he described how, in a journey to Rome many years ago, he had been the means of procuring an impression of the Papal Medal, of which the existence has been now attempted to be denied. On that visit he had an introduction to Gerbert (afterwards Archbishop of Perpignan), who, not knowing who he was, enlarged to him on the advantages which the Church of Rome enjoyed in possessing the bones of St. Paul. “But,” said Merle, “we pride ourselves on the possession and constant enjoyment of some much more valuable relics of St. Paul.” “What are they?” said Gerbert, with great curiosity. “He

wrote a number of letters," said Merle, "and these we constantly read."

'I give you these details to show you how lively the good old man was to the end.

'It is sad to think of his wife and children, who seemed so especially happy with him. I have a charming note from him, which I shall much value, as among the last he wrote. Of you he spoke with his usual interest. His loss will be much felt in Geneva, where he seemed to be a kind of living link with Calvin.'

The year 1873 was marked by the death of several of Stanley's oldest friends—Dr. Lushington, Professor Sedgwick, Bishop Wilberforce, Mrs. Arnold, and Sir Henry Holland. At the funeral of Dr. Lushington, whose fatal illness was attributed to a chill which he caught in travelling to Oxford to vote for Stanley as Select Preacher, Stanley himself officiated. A few days later Professor Sedgwick—the 'dear old Sedgy' of Oxford letters—died at Cambridge. 'What a world of recollections will be buried with him!' writes Stanley to his sister of their old friend and neighbour at Norwich. As Select Preacher at Cambridge, it fell to Stanley's lot to preach in the University Church on the Sunday following the Professor's death (February 2nd, 1873). The sermon is one of the finest of his *oraisons funèbres*. 'Your noble and very just tribute to the memory of Professor Sedgwick,' wrote the Vice-Chancellor to him, 'is one which the University would not willingly let die, and I hope, therefore, that you will consent to publish the sermon which you preached to-day.'

Personally, Stanley had always maintained the most friendly relations with Bishop Wilberforce. It was said by one who was well known to both, that they had agreed to love each other in private, and to do each other as much mischief as possible in public. The Bishop's death, as Stanley felt, robbed the Church of its romance. 'It shakes me to the centre,' he says on his

return from a visit to the spot where the fatal accident had occurred. Almost simultaneously Lord Westbury died. 'How are the mighty fallen!' is the text from which Stanley preached in Westminster Abbey on the death of two of the most distinguished men in their generation. 'I have read,' writes a judicious friend of Stanley's,

'your elegies on Westbury and Wilberforce with great satisfaction. It was a difficult task in both cases. But ~~nothing~~ can be more just and true than the judgments you have delivered. They have both left *nihil simile aut secundum* in their respective provinces. Yet in pronouncing these funeral orations how much must remain unsaid. What might Westbury have not done in reforming the law, had he seriously devoted himself to the task? What might Wilberforce have done in the Church of England, if he had seriously attempted to lead the clergy, instead of being led by them? As it is, how much will be heard of them in fifty—nay, in twenty-five years? Their fame is, and will be, like that of a great actor, whom those that have seen and heard praise, as eclipsing all that they have known, but who cannot transmit the grace and force of his action to those who have neither seen nor heard.

'How different the man was whom you commemorated a year and a half ago—Grote! With natural powers, I suppose, much inferior to both of them, how will his serious and devoted life perpetuate his name as long as men care to hear and read of Athens and Greece'

A brief autumn holiday, mainly spent at Monte Generoso, was shortened in order that he and his wife might the more easily obey a request which the Queen had made to them. 'Though,' wrote Her Majesty to Lady Augusta on August 8th, 1873,

'I shall see you to-morrow, I wish to prepare you for what not only I, but Alfred and others (including the Dean of Windsor and Lord Granville) are very anxious for. It is, that I am very desirous that your Deap should perform the English ceremony at St. Petersburg, and that you should

attend as one of my ladies. You travel so much, and dread cold so little, that, as in January the Russian climate is said to be healthy, I hope you may be able to undertake a mission which will require great discretion, and which will be a comfort to me. But you must fully consider whether you can manage it, and that is why I have thought it best to write before I see you both.'

CHAPTER XXVI

1874-76

The Wedding of the Duke of Edinburgh at St. Petersburg—Stanley's Part in the Ceremony—His Reception in Russia—Lord Beaconsfield at Marlborough House and Westminster Abbey—Lady Augusta Stanley's Illness at Paris—Stanley's Addresses as Lord Rector of St. Andrews—The Alarming State of his Wife's Health—Fluctuations of Hope and Fear—Her Death on March 1st, 1876

ON January 9th, 1874, Stanley and his wife left England for St. Petersburg. To Lady Augusta's special care the Queen consigned two gifts. 'I address,' writes Her Majesty in January 1874,

'this letter to St. Petersburg, with two parcels, which require explanation, and which are entrusted to your special care. The one contains two sprigs of myrtle, which I ask you to put at once into a little warm water, and to keep to the afternoon of the 22nd, to be placed in the middle of a bouquet of white flowers, which I shall ask you to order and give from me to Marie before the English wedding, with this explanation, viz. that this myrtle comes from a large healthy plant here which has grown from a little bit of myrtle much smaller than these sprigs which was in the Princess Royal's nosegay, and which all the brides (I think) have had a piece of in succession. The second box contains two Prayer-books: the one in white, with an illumi-

nation of some verses, which I had painted on purpose, is for the Grand Duchess; and the other plain one is for Alfred—both to be given them on their wedding-day and for the English wedding. My dear mother gave my beloved husband and me Prayer-books, which I now have, and often use, especially the dear Prince's.'

The detailed narrative of all that the travellers saw and heard is told in a series of letters to his sister Mary.

'Palace, Berlin: January 12th, 1874.

'Safe here without a single drawback. The moment we touched the shores of Calais began the change from ordinary travelling. The Consul and Vice-Consul appeared on board, took us instantly into a private room in the station, and placed us in a *coupé*, in which we remained, unchanged and uninvaded, the whole way to Cologne, which we reached at 11 P.M., and found our rooms all ready at the Hôtel du Nord—the same we had at the old Catholic Congress.

'Started at 9.30 next day—one compartment to ourselves, another for the servant. Dined at Minden, and at 7.30 reached Berlin. At the station was Lord Odo Russell, in his fur cloak, with all necessary indications, and the royal carriages waiting to receive us and bear us away to the Palace.

'It is the old palace of the Electors and Kings, not that inhabited by the Emperor. It is impossible to imagine anything more splendidly comfortable. A whole suite of rooms, all warmed, and with blazing fires—real open fireplaces. They are the rooms which the First Napoleon occupied on his invasion of Berlin. We had hardly sat down to dinner, which was all ready prepared, in our travelling dresses, just as we were, when the Crown Princess was announced. She sat with us while we dined, and arranged for me to preach in the chapel in her palace next day at 9.30 A.M.

'We dined with the Crown Prince and Princess—no one but ourselves and the children (5 P.M.); excellent, well-behaved children, remembering perfectly their visit to the Abbey and Deanery, and our visit to Potsdam. The Crown

Prince showed us his room, all filled with pictures by the Princess, except one of Ben Nevis given him by the Prince Consort.

'Monday, went over the Palace here—very interesting portraits of the old Prussian family. Then to the Thiergarten, to meet all the members of the Royal family, skating. Imagine the energy of the Prince and Princess of Wales after their long journey of two nights and a day—skating away all the afternoon! At 6 p.m. dinner at the Palace—exceedingly magnificent. The Emperor, though recovering, did not appear. But the Empress, the Crown Prince and Princess; Prince Charles (Emperor's brother) and his wife and his son; Prince Frederick Charles, the great general and conqueror of Metz, and his daughter, Princess Marie (whom I took in to dinner); the Prince and Princess of Wales, Prince Arthur, and all their suite; the Odo Russells, Moltke, and Bismarck, were present. He (Bismarck) came among the last—a giant amongst them all in look and stature. He stalked across the room to Lord Odo and the Danish minister, and begged to be introduced to me. I had but a few minutes' conversation with him, but enough to let me see his countenance, and hear his manner of speaking—much more gracious and familiar than I had expected, and exceedingly pleasant in his tone on the marriage. "It is very important that the two countries which *we* regard as friends to *us* should be friends to one another. War is a wild teacher, and anything which helps to keep him off is so much clear gain." I sat between the Crown Princess and Princess Marie—she is a very simple, innocent, pleasing girl.

"The Crown Princess is always very interesting. She had had, she said, the greatest difficulty in persuading the people in the Palace that "the Bishop" (as they insist on calling me) and Augusta were not two independent personages, to be put in rooms far apart.'

'The Russian Epiphany: Winter Palace, St. Petersburg.

'*Wednesday.* At 5 p.m. we dined quite alone with the Crown Princess and the children; then to Prince Bismarck's, almost on the way to the station. Princess Bismarck was exceedingly gracious, and received us at once to tea with her daughter. When she found that we were going that

night she sent in to her husband, and he came out and sat with us till we went. I couldn't find an opportunity of entering on the great ecclesiastical question, but we talked in a perfectly easy manner on England and Shakespeare; and in order to explain why he had never taken the Embassy in England, he gave a most elaborate and accurate account of the inconveniences of the house in Carlton Terrace, which at once determined him never to undertake the post in England unless the house was sold. He gave us a very cordial invitation to see him on our return, and altogether left the impression of a far more amiable and gracious exterior and interior than I had been led to expect.

At 11 P.M. we started for St. Petersburg. We had one large compartment with a stove, and not exactly beds, but long sofas, and so got through the night tolerably well.

When day broke we were on the Great Northern Plain of Germany. A bright sun, and snow on the ground. At 12 we reached Königsberg, the ancient capital of Prussia. There we were met by the French and English Consuls, and at once conducted into an inner room for breakfast. At about 4 P.M. we reached the Russian frontier. Instantly a Feld Jäger, despatched from St. Petersburg, took us out. All the officials were at our disposal. We had an excellent dinner, in excellent rooms, and started again in far superior carriages. Two large compartments—one for ourselves, one for the servants; a stove, and every sort of convenience, and at every halt tea brought into the carriages. The next day broke on a snowy landscape, about 7 A.M. It was very interesting to see the first Russian church, with its fine cupolas, the first sledge, the first wooden village. The only place of interest we passed was Pskof, where is buried the hermit who rebuked Ivan the Terrible.

It was between 7 and 8 when we arrived. Never had we such a disembarkation before. There was red cloth laid down into the station, servants dressed like the doges of Venice, in red embroidered cloaks and white ruffs. Young Loftus, a very handsome young man with a letter of instruction from his father—and then appeared three royal carriages. Into the first the stately servants instantly placed Augusta, and before I had time to move, off she was

driven. Into the second Lady Emma Osborne, which in like manner drove off. Into the third, called out as for "Herr Decant," I entered, and in this magnificent style we were carried through the wintry streets, amidst a falling snow shower, along the quays, to the door of one of the great compartments of the Winter Palace.

'There we were again received by an array of servants and by two Chamberlains, in full Court costume, to welcome and explain everything. The rooms are magnificent—a large suite for us, and another suite below for Lady Emma, all looking out on the Neva. The temperature warm, but not oppressive, and if it was colder we could have open fires.

'We had just finished a delicious tea when Countess Bloudhoff was announced—one of the ancient ladies of the Court, speaking English down to its very depths. She spoke first to Augusta and Lady Emma, and then, turning to me, said, "As for you, you are an old friend. The French say, 'Un livre est une épître écrite à des amis inconnus.' I am one of those unknown friends who know you by your books, and by all I have heard of you from Philaret and from Prince Urusoff," &c. . . . She had put in my room a beautiful little picture of Philaret to greet me.

Then came Col. Colville, with a letter from Lord A. Loftus, to announce that I was to be presented to the Emperor the next day. Accordingly, after a morning's walk on the Quay, I went with him, in full Court dress, first to prince Gortschakoff, the Prime Minister, and was left alone with him for a very agreeable half-hour, he talking excellent English about the persons he had known in England—Mr. Canning, Sir W. Scott, &c. He had been at the Coronation of George IV. Then I came back with Lord A. Loftus, and was driven to another door, where I found myself amid a host of officers of the Army and the Court. One of them took charge of me, asked me many questions about the Stanley family—whether the gipsies did not acknowledge Lord Derby as their king, &c.

'Then I was ushered into the Emperor's room. He was quite alone, standing in full uniform by a desk, exceedingly gracious. At first he spoke, in English, of my former visit, and my knowledge of Philaret. I said that I had much

enjoyed my stay, but never dreamed of coming again under such auspicious circumstances, and hoped that the benedictions of both the Churches might descend on an event so happy for both countries. "The only sufferers," I said, "are the parents." His eyes filled with tears, and he said, "Yes, it is true, she has been the joy of our lives, but it must be." It was impossible not to be moved by his emotion. He then turned off to speak of the Epiphany Festival, and I told him how much I had desired to see it, and had only seen the ceremony before in Greece. We then parted.

'Winter Palace, St. Petersburg: January 21.

'It is hardly possible to find time to write, or even to collect one's thoughts. I think I left off on Sunday night. On Monday morning we went with two of the Court ladies, wonderfully intelligent, to the Museum in the Hermitage. Imagine what it is! An immense collection of pictures, statues, and antiquities, almost like the Vatican, under the same roof as the Palace. It is needless to describe it; but what is truly astonishing, and what, having been discovered since I was here, I had not seen, are the Grecian sculptures of the habits of the Scythians 400 years B.C., in which there are the most beautiful representations of peasants in the same costume and with the same customs as you see in Russia now. Whilst we were deep in these there came a message from the Empress to say that she desired to have my sermon read to her. I had lent the MS. to someone, and a man was instantly despatched to fetch it. It arrived just before the hour named by the Empress.

'The interview was deeply affecting. There was no one but herself and the Grand Duchess, and I begged her to interrupt me if there was anything which she did not understand. This led to a constant series of remarks and questions as I went on; and when I came to the part relating to the feelings of the parents, it was a hard struggle to get through. After it was over they both discussed, in the most easy and natural manner, the details of the marriage ceremonies, and parted with the most gracious sayings, and expressions of desire to have it printed and translated.

'Tuesday.—Ivanishoff came by appointment, dressed in red robes and Order, wrapped up in fur. . . . I started with

him in a sledge to pay my official visits to the three metropolitans of St. Petersburg, Moscow and Kief, and Bajanoff, the Chaplain of the Imperial Family, who will perform the marriage, as being a married man, and also from his having been their spiritual director for three generations.

'The first visit was to Isidore of St. Petersburg. Nothing could be more cordial. He kissed me three times on each side of the face, as did all the others. We discussed various topics with each. I asked Isidore about the Bulgarians and various points connected with the marriage. Innocent of Moscow, who was almost blind, and whom I had seen before at Moscow as Archbishop of Kamschatka, was questioned about missions. Ascanius of Kief talked history, and I asked him what opinion was held in Russia of the guilt or innocence of Mary Stuart. Bajanoff spoke English, and had Scott and Mant's Bible. It really was touching to see how totally without jealousy or any sort of feeling, except love for the Emperor's family, they all seem to be.

'To-day is the first fine day—brilliant sun—and all the morning was spent in driving to and fro in sledges from church to church.

'It is impossible to exaggerate the comfort. In no winter, anywhere, have I felt so absolutely saved from the slightest sensation of disagreeable cold. The preparations for the marriage are very little discussed. The programme is only published to-day. I had a long talk with the Duke of Edinburgh over all the details, and found him very agreeable.

'The music is to be by the Russian choir, and I shall add a special prayer of my own. The chief difficulty in composing it was to avoid the question of precedence between the two families. You will see how I have endeavoured to manage it.

'At the Cathedral of St. Isaac I was presented by the Arch-Presbyter with a book that had been prepared for Bismarck, but which, as he did not come, they determined to give to me. What a triumph to have something which Bismarck lost!

'There are in the Winter Palace 1,600 rooms and 4,000 inhabitants.'

' Winter Palace : January 11, 11 A.M.

' The morning of a mighty day—dark, dull, thaw. Yesterday was spent almost entirely in preparations—the arrangements of the Hall, the rehearsal of the Russian singers, the negotiations between the Grand Maréchal de la Cour and the Metropolitans for their coming to our service ; and—not last, not least—the endeavour to find a bouquet of white roses in which to entwine a sprig of myrtle which had come in a box from Osborne, to be presented to the Grand Duchess.

' Elphinstone and I set off in a sledge to a flower-shop to which we were directed, and on arriving found the roses by dint of hazarding the word "rose," and remembering the word "biely" for "white" ; but not the possibility of a step further, from the total ignorance of French, English, or German. At last the man made a sign, and took us to his next neighbour, a barber. In a moment the whole thing was cleared up. The barber not only spoke excellent French, but conducted the negotiation in a style worthy of Gortschakoff. "Choose," he said, "from the roses what you consider the *best*, and I will tell him that must be the *worst* amongst the roses that he is to send. Do not say too much about lilies-of-the-valley, or he will send nothing but them." We did not tell him for whom we wanted them, but I shall after the marriage.

' Tea as usual with Countess Bloudhoff ; then dinner ; then to the play—one I had long wished to see, "Life for the Czar," a most instructive national story from the times of the first Romanoff, all in Russ, but admirably explained to us by one of the angels of the Court, one of those wonderfully intelligent ladies. It represented three things all in one—the hatred to the Poles, the devotion to the Emperor, and a Russian marriage. Then to an evening party at Count Adelsberg's, the most influential of the Russian grandees—music, ending with a supper, which lasted till 2 A.M. The Prince of Wales was there, the Duke of Coburg (whom I had not seen since Egypt), and a vast succession of Russian magnates.

' And now we are all arrayed—I in my red robes for the Russian service, to be exchanged for white for the English, Augusta in lilac and resplendent with diamonds,

Lady Emma in pink. At 12 we start—I with my two chaplains, the two English clergymen.

'The marriage is over! At twelve we started—*i.e.* I and my two assistants were conducted to our places in the Imperial Chapel, close to the chancel rails, where all the clergy, not of the Greek Church, were placed. It commanded the whole view of the ceremony, which I need not describe. It was a very pretty sight. All the old metropolitans were there, even the blind Innocent of Moscow, and stood round in their splendid vestments, whilst the venerable chaplain, Bajanoff, formed the centre of the bridal group.

'It was much more like a family gathering than anything in Western Churches. The bride and bridegroom were closed round by the four groomsmen (for there are no bridesmaids), as if protecting them, and the crowns are held over their heads so long as to give the impression of a more than fugitive interest. The walking round and round the altar, with these four youths pacing with them, had quite the effect of what originally it must have been, a wedding dance. The sunshine, which after a dull, gloomy morning had gradually crept into the dome, at this moment lighted up the group below, and gave a bright, auspicious air to the whole scene. The singing was magnificent. The Lord's Prayer again struck me as the most beautiful vocal music I had ever heard.

'At a given moment, just before the conclusion of the service, one of the Court officers came to summon me away. With difficulty we found our way through the crowd to the antechamber, where I changed my red robe for my white one, and immediately took my place on the high platform which had been made in front of the altar that stood against the screen. All the curtains were drawn down, and all the candles lighted, so that the whole place was transformed.

'The Hall was full from end to end—far more than the English Church would have accommodated—and as I looked down upon the vast array of officers, &c., it was a splendid sight. The Russian choir was on my right, the English residents on my left; the two English clergy on each side, and the five Russian, clergy, who came in with changed garments as soon as their service was over.

'Then came up the Hall the bride and bridegroom, and stood before me, the Emperor and Empress on their right. The music of the choir broke out with Psalm xxi. 1 as they advanced.

'It was a thrilling moment, when, for the first and last time in my life, I addressed each by their Christian name—"Alfred" and "Marie"—and looked each full in the face, as they looked up into mine. The first part of the service I read from the coronation Prayer-book. The second, from one lent by Lady Mary Hamilton, out of which were married George IV., the Princess Charlotte, William IV., the Duke of Kent, and the Prince of Wales. At the very end came the Prayer, which you will doubtless see in the newspapers; then the final benediction and the chanting of Psalm cxii. 1, 2, 3.

'When this was over I bowed to the Emperor and Empress, and they returned it; and I then turned round to the metropolitans and kissed their hands. Immediately afterwards I was summoned away to sign the leaf of the Register, which had been brought from the Chapel Royal. All the Princes were there, signing as witnesses. The Grand Duke Constantine was exceedingly kind, and begged to see me on the first opportunity. "There is so much," he said, "that we have in common."

'At 4.30 p.m. followed the banquet of 800 guests. I sat by the Danish Minister; opposite me were the Emperor and the whole line of Princes and Princesses. The four heirs of England, Russia, Denmark, and Germany, all so different, each from each, but, of all, certainly none to compare with the last. He is like a sunbeam wherever he goes. These were all waited on by the high dignitaries of the Court, who stood behind and talked to them. Then at 9.30 a ball, or rather an immense evening party, multitudes and multitudes spreading through hall and galleries, in one of which the Princes danced, or rather walked, the Polonaise—once, the Emperor with Augusta. Even if it were only for the new acquaintances we have made, what a wonderful episode this will be!

"We are both perfectly well."

'January 1st, 1874.

'The day of the marriage was so filled with successive scenes and incidents that it was impossible to recall at the

end all one had lived through. Did I describe the signing of the Register in the "Malachite Drawing-room"? It was filled with the Princes and great dignitaries. The Emperor was standing by, and warmly pressed my hand, saying, "May God bless what you have done!" The Empress was sitting, as she, and she alone, had sat through the two services, fragile, silent, and woe-worn, but with perfect self-control.

'It was my work to sign first. I filled up the blank space: "At—St. Petersburg, in the Alexander Hall of the Winter Palace, prepared for the purpose; solemnised—Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, Dean of Westminster." The Grand Duke Vladimir held the sheet as I wrote, and then threw sand over it as it was finished.

'Then came the bride and bridegroom, and then twenty-five other signatures, beginning with the Emperor, and ending with the Chaplain, Mr. Thompson. As I had to wait till he had signed, we were there to the last. The floor was almost covered with the trains of the Princesses. It was impossible to tread here or there without putting one's foot on one or other of them, as on a separate carpet. The Crown Princess came up with her most gracious smile, and said to one of the Grand Dukes near her, "You could not have a better benediction on the marriage." The Grand Duke Constantine introduced himself, and expressed his great desire to have a "good long talk."

'Wednesday, January 18, 1874.

'After the marriage everything becomes less interesting. The faces of the two, as I saw them kneeling before me, and the firm yet tremulous voices, still remain in my memory, over and above everything else. Then came the Saturday. I cannot recall what we did. Then Sunday. I preached for the famine of a district on the Volga. The Princes were prevented at the last moment from coming, but the Princess of Wales was there, and a crowded congregation.

'On Tuesday we started at 10 A.M. for the Alexander Nevski. The Monastery is a kind of little Westminster Abbey, the place of interment for famous and noble families. But the interesting part of the visit was the inspection of the students at the school and college attached—very

rough, and strange in appearance, but some of them exceedingly quick, and the subjects of their studies something quite surprising in the midst of their barbarism. The "Rector," the chief of the place, Ianishoff, is a delightful man, speaking German and French, and entering with the greatest ardour into all I said. He is a married priest, and Augusta visited his wife. She was deaf, but very pleasing. There was also an old sister living with them, and a peasant who had brought him up after his mother's early death, and whom, therefore, he had constantly living with them. From this I flew back in a sledge to the Palace for the presentation to the Duchess of Edinburgh, who was now returned from Tsarskoé Selo. All the English and German suites, all the *Corps Diplomatique* and many of the great functionaries, were there. We went in with the English suite. She and the Duke came in, her train borne up behind her, and with them Augusta and Lady E. Osborne, as in waiting. There was a large semicircle, and she went round with the utmost self-possession, with a word of English or German to each, as the case might be.

'When this was over I went to have my hair cut at the benevolent barber's who had helped us out of our difficulty about the roses. He had found out in the meantime who we were, and expressed his profound delight at having thus met "*Votre Eminence*."

'I dined at Prince Gortschakoff's—a large party. Sat between two most agreeable Russians, Chreptowich, and Valouieff, who takes in the "Times" and knows every single question discussed in England—boatraces, Exeter reredos, Tichborne, &c. Then to the theatre, to see "Ivan the Terrible," a most interesting historical play, in Russ, but every sentence explained by Mademoiselle Voiékof as it went on. Wednesday, at 9.30 A.M., we started in sledges to see the house of Peter the Great. It was as I saw it in 1857, only that the devotion was increased—the little chapel was so filled with worshippers that it was impossible to enter. Then, in a drifting snowstorm, through "the Islands"—the same that I had seen before on that long summer evening. At 12, once more through the Hermitage, to show it to James.* At 1.30 I had summoned

* His footman, James Brookes, now one of the vergers in Westminster Abbey.

all the British Protestant clergy—Presbyterians, Independents, &c.—to join in presenting a Russian translation of the Bible, from the Bible Society, to the Grand Duchess. She received us and it just before her second grand reception. Nothing could have been more ready and gracious than her answers.'

'Moscow : Jan. 24
Feb. 5, 1874.

'At Moscow, which we reached at 11 P.M., there was an immense crowd and (for the first time since our visit) an immense confusion. The Royal servants from Petersburg had come with us, and they were some help—but the multitude of carriages and sledges in the streets made progress for a time impossible. At last we reached the hotel at 1 A.M., where rooms had been taken for the whole suite, there being no room in the Kremlin. It is a modern hotel, but built after the fashion of an Eastern caravan-serai.

'In the morning the same clatter of carriages again. At 10.30 we drove (by order) to the Kremlin. There we found ourselves in one of the Great Halls, and the first person that recognised me was Serge Sukatin, the eldest of the two brothers; Michael, my special friend, I have not yet seen. There was a large assemblage of the Court dignitaries of Petersburg and Moscow. At last came our host; the door opened, and in walked the Emperor with the Princess of Wales, the Prince of Wales with the Crown Princess, the Crown Prince with the Cesarevna, the Bride and Bridegroom, &c. They marched straight on, the whole of their promiscuous Court assemblage following, through the three Great Halls of St. Andrew, St. George, and St. Alexander, down through the ancient Hall of the Patriarchs, through a long corridor lined with peasants in their peasants' dresses, holding in their hands their wedding gifts of cakes, &c.; and then, through a very high, covered space, we were in the old cathedral church. The two vicars of the Metropolitan were there, with all the clergy, amongst others, either the same, or a successor of the same, Deacon with the sonorous voice of 1857. There was instantly sung a Te Deum, and then all the members of the Imperial Family went round and kissed the sacred pictures—the Grand

Duchess hand-in-hand with the Cesarevna. The church was entirely filled, strange to say, not only with grandees, but with very humble middle-class, and peasants. It was a touching and splendid sight, such as could be seen in no other country but this. As regards the outward show of religion in general, I do not wonder at their thinking all the other Churches pagan in comparison.

'Then, while Augusta was preparing for the reception (to which, as having been presented already at Petersburg, I did not go), I went to the review in the great riding-school. I was the only civilian present, and when it was over the Emperor walked straight across the empty space, and said, with his most gracious smile, "You will end by being a military."'

'Kremlin, Moscow: ^{Jan. 25}
^{Feb. 6}, 1874.

'To-day we went to see the antiquities of the Kremlin. After losing ourselves again and again in the Palace, we at last stumbled on one excellent guide after another, ending with Serge Sukatin, and had them explained to perfection. The wonders were greater even than I had remembered.

'This lasted till 2 P.M. At 2.30 we started in a sledge, through driving snow, to meet the Princess of Wales and her sister at the Foundling Hospital. We went through immense galleries of nurses and babies, and then refreshed ourselves by another snowy drive round the Kremlin.

'At 5.30 there was a state dinner in the Vladimir Hall of the Kremlin. It was of at least 200. We had met in the Hall of St. George, and then passed into this, each as splendid as the other and magnificently lighted, and at the chief table, where the Emperor sat, the plate consisted of ancient flagons and plates and ornaments, all English (with the exception of two or three Danish, out of compliment to the Prince of Denmark and the Cesarevna), presents to the former Czars from Elizabeth, James I., and Charles I.—the Danish ones from Christian IV. Augusta sat between the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Coburg, I between the Greek minister and Countess Tolstoi. The dinner, which was as short as it was interesting, ended by the proposal of the health of "la Reine Victoria," "l'Empereur

de l'Allemagne," et "le Roi Chrétien," by the Emperor; the "Bridal Pair" by the Prince of Wales, and (I think) the "Imperial Family" by the Crown Prince.

'After dinner we returned to the Hall of St. George, and there we stood round while the Emperor and Princes walked to and fro, talking now to this, now to that one. At the same table as the Emperor, at the opposite end from where I sat, had been the two Vicars, coadjutor-bishops of the present Metropolitan—one of whom (Leonidas) had been a sailor and spoke English. The Emperor went up to them and spoke to them for some minutes, and then stepped across to me and introduced me to Leonidas.

'At 10.30 there was the ball of the nobles, if ball that can be called which had hardly the semblance of a dance. We found ourselves on a spacious platform protruding into an immense hall, crowded as thick as it could be packed with human heads, like the Guildhall on a nomination day, or Exeter Hall at some popular meeting, the galleries above also filled—in short, a dense assembly of more than 4,000 people.

'When the Imperial party entered the band struck up, a fountain in the far distance began to play in the midst of a silvery illumination, and a long line of sudden light ran round the two sides of the cornices, joining at the end of the Hall. When the band ceased there was a loud cheer, and when the cheer ceased the Emperor led the Princess of Wales down into the narrow lane opened through the crowd, and marched with her through the Hall, and up again to the platform, and down again, followed by the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, the Prince of Wales and the Cesarevna, &c., &c., and whilst this was going on I came here, and am writing to you.

'*Sunday*.—Service at the English Church at 11. I preached on the Lesson of the day. At 1 P.M. I went with the Emperor and all the Princes an hour and a half's journey by the railroad (new since 1857) to the Convent of Troitsa. For the Emperor and the Imperial Family it was a real Pilgrimage. They went simply that the Grand Duchess might salute the tomb of St. Sergius before her departure from Russia. We were only there an hour, and of course saw nothing of the wonders which I had seen on my first visit. But the general effect was very fine. Thou-

sands of peasants on the hills of snow. At our disembarkation, sledges upon sledges, each with three horses, tearing through the snowdrifts up to the Convent with the Princes and their suites, the great bell ringing, the church densely crowded, the feeble old Abbot aged so much since 1857 that I should not have known him, the Emperor and the Princes kissing the tomb of the old hermit. We went from this church to an adjoining church, where the old Philaret is buried. The Emperor pointed it out to me himself, and then said, "Here is someone who remembers you." It was Grotsky, the Theological Professor of 1857. He kissed me many times, as did the old Abbot, exclaiming, "Stanley! Stanley!" and uttering a few words of Latin. We came back, and dined with the Emperor at the station at 7.

They went back to Petersburg. We stayed on for three days, and moved to the Kremlin, to the rooms occupied and vacated by the Prince of Wales. This was the climax of the whole journey. To have spent three days in that historic Palace, with the view of Moscow, was indeed delightful. On Monday night there was a dinner given to us, to which were invited all the most interesting people in Moscow.

'Berlin: February 7th, 1874.

'Here we arrived this morning at 5 A.M. The glorious dream is over, and the most splendid certainly, and one of the most interesting, passages of my life.

'The last days at St. Petersburg were not behind the first in their continued delight, only obscured to me in some degree by a heavy cold I had caught at Moscow. The Thursday night I went to a meeting, half lay, half ecclesiastical, under the auspices and at the invitation of the Grand Duke Constantine. To my great surprise, the meeting was opened by one of the members of the Imperial Council. M. Pobedonostcheff, whom I had often met at the Palace, in a French address, in the most beautiful language, expressed in the name of the meeting their felicitations and farewells to me. I care neither about praise nor blame, but it was a wonder and pleasure to find myself so perfectly understood by a man who, a month

before, had never seen me. I answered in a few words of English.

'Friday, I forget what happened. Saturday, a very interesting day in the Museum of Mines. Sunday, preached in the morning in Prince Oldenburg's Lutheran Chapel, and in the afternoon my farewell sermon to many English and many Russians in the English Church.

'In the evening an immense state dinner at the Palace for the Emperor of Austria. After dinner there was the usual passage to and fro in the circle of guests. We spoke for the last time to the Emperor and Empress of Russia, and I saw quite close, but was not introduced to, the Emperor of Austria—older and plainer than I expected. A far more interesting person in appearance was Andrassy, his Prime Minister, in Hungarian dress, with the black locks and handsome face of a romantic bandit.

'Monday I went to the Alexander Nevski Monastery once more, first to address a few words in French to the students, to which one of them replied. It was deeply affecting to me—the thought that these were the only words that they had ever heard, or were ever likely to hear, from a stranger, and the last time that I was ever likely to see them. Then, by invitation of the Metropolitan of St. Petersburg, whose *fête* day it was, I breakfasted or dined at a state banquet, where were all the chief lay and ecclesiastical dignitaries connected with the Church. The three metropolitans and the other members of the Holy Synod were opposite to me, and the great lay officer of it, Count Tolstoi, sat by me. When the banquet was over, after the usual toasts of "the Emperor," "the Holy Synod," the "Metropolitan," the Metropolitan rose, and (quite without precedent, they said) proposed "the Dean of Westminster, and the Church of England as represented in him," and begged me to convey his salutations to the Metropolitan of Canterbury. He also gave me a Russian prayer Book, in commemoration of the day. I returned home, visiting the Lutheran bishop on the way. We had a sore struggle in carrying out our plan for leaving the next day, so many things still to be done. But we thought we could not again change. On the morning of Tuesday we took a last drive, in bright sunshine, in a sledge, to the Neva, and then took a drive in a sledge with the Laplanders and the reindeers. We had seen the

Laplanders on our first day's arrival, but not the reindeer. So we thus ended as we began. It was deeply affecting to take the last farewells. Some of them came to the station. One came as far as the first station on the way.

'We watched all the signs of Russia as long as we could. Peasants—wood-houses—gilded cupolas—fields of snow—at last, all melted away, and we are again in the common life of Europe.'

A letter, written in March 1874, and describing the arrival of the Duchess of Edinburgh at Windsor, ends with the first hint of the fatal illness from which Lady Augusta never recovered. 'We reached our Westminster home,' says Stanley,

'on the 25th of February, and on that night were summoned to the Queen, who was in London, and who was full of impatience to hear every detail of our visit. The next day my dear wife was taken with a very severe cold, so severe as to confine her to her room for a week. She only moved to come here to Windsor. She is, I am thankful to say, almost well. How thankful we both are that we escaped all serious illness in Russia, where our time was so precious!'

One result of the recent wedding was, that in the summer of 1874 the Emperor of Russia paid a visit to England. Stanley was invited to meet the Czar at luncheon at Marlborough House. Lord Beaconsfield, who had lately become Prime Minister, sat in a post of honour, whilst Mr. Gladstone, whose fall was still recent, and who had for a time forsworn public life, sat, in a less prominent place, near the Dean. When the company rose to leave the luncheon-room, Mr. Disraeli, as he then was, came down from his lofty position, and passed in front of the place where Stanley and Mr. Gladstone were standing. He turned to his political rival, and said, in allusion to the latter's absence from Parliament,

'with a mixture of comedy and tragedy expressed on his countenance, "You *must* come back to us; indeed, we cannot possibly do without you." Mr. Gladstone, with more than usual severity, answered, "There are things possible, and there are things impossible; what you ask me to do is one of the things that are impossible." Upon this Disraeli turned to me, as the nearest representative of the public present, and said, "You see what it is—the wrath, the inexorable wrath of Achilles."'

Stanley's meeting with Lord Beaconsfield at Hatfield has been already mentioned. During that visit the two men went together to see the Rye House, and 'Lord Beaconsfield was very much delighted with the little rustic parlour in which we had tea and bread-and-butter.' Another meeting with him is worthy of record. On the last Sunday in 1876, Stanley was walking rapidly towards Westminster Abbey, and passing Whitehall.

'Suddenly Lord Beaconsfield came out into the street. I touched my hat, and was going to pass on; but he recognised me, and said something kind about what had occurred in the earlier part of the year (the death of Lady Augusta). He then said, "My head is full of telegrams. Will you allow me to take a turn with you and get some fresh air?" I of course assented, and we walked on towards Westminster Abbey. He said, "To-morrow will be a great day in India. It will be New Year's Day, and the Queen will be proclaimed by her new title; the imagination of the Orientals will be strongly impressed by the pageant."

'Then, changing the subject, he asked, "What do you think of my new bishop?" It was the Bishop of Truro (Dr. Benson, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury). I said, "I think it an excellent appointment. You know the saying of Alphonso the Wise: 'Give me old books to read, old wood to burn, and old friends to work with.' The Bishop of Truro is a very old friend of the Bishop of Exeter; and therefore they are sure to work well together." We still walked on, and I said to him, "You have not only given us an excellent bishop in the Bishop of Truro, but an excellent canon in Canon Farrar." Lord Beaconsfield made

some remarks, and I said, "I am going to hear what he has to say on the last Sunday of this year; but I am not going into my regular place, but into the crowd, like Haroun-al-Raschid, to see how the people behave."

"We walked on still, and he said, "I have never heard him; I should very much like to go, too." "But, my Lord," I said, "I can give you no place, because I go as one of the public." He said, "That is exactly what I should like to do. I like these Haroun-al-Raschid expeditions." We entered the north transept, which was crowded to excess. But we wound our way through the crowd till we reached the monument of the three captains, and then I stood on the pedestal, and Lord Beaconsfield by my side. I do not think that the people gathered who we were. We listened to Canon Farrar, who was in the midst of an eloquent passage about the length of eternity, for about five minutes, and then I turned to Lord Beaconsfield and said, "Perhaps now you would like to go." He said, "But is it possible?" "Perfectly," I answered, "if you will follow the same course as when we entered." I came down from the pedestal, and he followed me, and we wound our way through the crowd, and out into St. Margaret's Churchyard. He said, "I could not follow him. Perhaps I am hard of hearing, and I was not accustomed to his voice; but it was a fine delivery, and suitable to the occasion. But I would not have missed the sight for anything—the darkness, the lights, the marvellous windows, the vast crowd, the courtesy, the respect, the devotion—and fifty years ago there would not have been fifty persons there!"

The year 1874 marks the culminating point in Stanley's career. 'No clergyman, perhaps, who ever lived,' to quote the words of Archbishop Tait, 'exercised over the public at large, and especially over the literary and thoughtful portion of it, so fascinating an influence.' He was now at the height of his literary fame. As a writer and as a preacher he held the ear of the public. Whatever he wrote or said commanded respectful attention. He was a power, not only in the Church, but in the world. He had made Westminster Abbey a centre of religious and national life. His home at the Deanery

was the coveted resort of all that was best and most distinguished in English, and, it may be added, in continental, life. He was one of the most brilliant figures in society, and a welcome guest in almost every house in London or the country. In his writings, his sermons, his conversation, his kindly acts to rich and poor, friends and strangers, he diffused his personal charm over the widest possible circle.

His power in the world was partly won by his literary influence, partly by his social gifts, but, most of all, by his character. His lively flow of anecdote and reminiscences made his conversation—to quote once more the words of Archbishop Tait—‘the most instructive, and certainly the most interesting, of any of his contemporaries.’ A humorous and sprightly companion, he threw himself with the eagerness of a boy into every innocent amusement. His talk was totally free from assumption or self-assertion. His simple nature remained in all its freshness, unspoiled by high position, social favour, or worldly success. His transparent sincerity, his disinterestedness, his indifference to admiration, his disregard of obloquy, his readiness to forgive, attracted many men who disliked his opinions as dangerous. No opponent who was brought into personal contact with him questioned his single-mindedness, or doubted his perfect truthfulness, or suspected him of vanity or self-seeking, or dreamed that it was possible for him to take an unfair advantage of his antagonists. He trusted his fellow-men, and drew them towards him by his reliance on whatever was best in their characters. Always looking for points to admire rather than to depreciate, he was without a tinge of jealousy. No one ever heard a sneer or a cruel sarcasm pass his lips; his irony was always playful, and his jest good-humoured. Those who knew him longest and most intimately agreed in the testimony that they had never known ‘so white a soul, so single a heart.’ To the innocence of his pure

and delicate mind it was positive pain to hear of anything mean, despicable, or degrading ; if his indignation did not flame out in words, the expression of his face and the change in his manner showed how he revolted from it with abhorrence. Thus it was that he at once enjoyed, and elicited, and pleased, all that was good in society, and society was the better for his stimulating and elevating presence.

But over all his work and varied interests there gradually crept the shadow of Lady Augusta's illness. In October 1874 he writes from Bordeaux to M. de Circourt, saying that he was prevented from attending the Old Catholic Congress at Bonn by the advice of the doctor, who had ordered his wife to take sea-baths. They had, in consequence, followed the coast of France from Dieppe to La Rochelle, combining French history with baths and douches.

On their way back from Rochelle, while staying with Madame Mohl at Paris, Lady Augusta was prostrated by a fever, which reduced her to the extremity of weakness. 'Thank God !' Stanley writes on November 3rd, 1874,

'the illness has now taken a favourable turn, and my dear wife is, for the first time, permitted to leave her bed for a few hours. My relaxation in the intervals of my watching has been the reading of the "*Mémoires de St. Simon*." Surely he is the French Shakespeare. Nowhere, outside the pages of the great English dramatist, is there such a gallery of portraits drawn from the various phases of human nature.'

Day by day the invalid grew slowly better, though still too weak to bear the journey back to England. At length the return journey was successfully accomplished. 'Here she is,' he writes from the Deanery on November 21st, 1874,

'safe, and, I trust, recovering ; but very different from that

indefatigable, indomitable dispenser of all good influences who has hitherto shared all my labours.'

A few days later he received the welcome news that he had been elected Lord Rector of St. Andrews, a distinction which he highly prized, not only for himself, but for the sake of his wife. The office was accepted with delight by the first Church dignitary to whom it was ever offered, and the new Lord Rector appointed his nephew, Lord Elgin, as his Assessor. His Inaugural Address was delivered on the 31st of March, 1875. In his 'Lectures on the Church of Scotland' he had been eager to draw a moral from his view of historical facts. No such object was now before him, and his Address was therefore less open to hostile criticism. St. Andrews was, as he tells M. Mohl, 'a spot which I had long known and enjoyed, and I was able to speak of it with more knowledge and more enthusiasm than most Lord Rectors.' In 'The Study of Greatness' he urges that the special duty of education in an age of equality and mediocrity was to fix the minds of students on all that is great in men, in books, in ideas, in institutions. The ennobling and inspiring force of association with a great institution like that of St. Andrews is stated in glowing words. No picturesque point escapes his notice, and even the dulness of what, to other minds, would have been uninteresting periods of its history is brightened by the flash of genius. 'Still,' he says,

'this secluded sanctuary of ancient wisdom, with the foam-flakes of the Northern Ocean driving through its streets, with the skeleton of its antique magnificence lifting up its gaunt arms into the sky, carries on the tradition of its first beginnings. Two voices sound through it: "One is of the sea, one of the cathedral"—"each a mighty voice"; two inner corresponding voices also, which in any institution that has endured and deserves to endure must be heard in unison—the voice of a potent past, and the voice of an invigorating future.'

Nowhere in education is the contemplation of greatness more profitable than in theology. The barrenness of Christian theology, as compared with the richness of the Christian religion, is partly due, in his opinion, to the fact that

'the intellectual oracles of the Church have been too often looked for, in those who, by imperfect culture or meagre endowments, are entitled only to a very inferior place in the school of divine philosophy.'

In the first ranks of Scottish theology he places

'the wise humour, the sagacious penetration, the tender pathos of Robert Burns; the far-seeing toleration, the profound reverence, the critical insight into the various shades of religious thought and feeling, the moderation which "turns to scorn the falsehood of extremes," the lofty sense of Christian honour, purity, and justice, that breathes through every volume of the romances of Walter Scott. You will not suppose that in thus commending the works of secular genius I forget that neither in the secular nor the ecclesiastical sphere is mental power a guarantee for moral strength. I fully grant that Burns, by his miserable weakness, was, as none knew better than himself, a beacon of melancholy warning, no less than of blazing light, to the youth of Scotland.'

The whole Address is fired with the conviction that, however dismal and ignoble the circumstances of the age, 'it was yet possible to attain' a higher and 'more spiritual theology, a more patriotic and generous policy.' Its effect is thus described by Principal Shairp in a letter to Lady Augusta:

'During his three days here he was at his brightest and best, with but one thing wanting to make all perfect—your presence. In his address on Wednesday he surpassed himself, or, rather, I should say that he was at his very best. I put his Address alongside of that wonderful burst

at the Scott Centenary ; only that was but twenty minutes, this was maintained for nearly an hour and a half. Every-one, old and young, was hushed and thrilled by it. I wish you had seen the faces of the students, how intent, eager, and responsive they were as they drank in every word.

'Then, at the two evening-parties he threw himself in among the students in a way that astonished everyone. Poor shy lads ! they had never seen before, perhaps will never see again, such a man, addressing them in such easy, equal, and hearty terms. The naturalness and gracefulness with which he moved about from one to another surprised me, well as I knew the charm of his manner.

'His presence has been like a bright angel visit, that has sweetened many a heart not used to such things. 'His Address and his influence here will, I trust, be no passing, but a permanent, good to the old place. Before the term of his Rectorship expires we shall hope to see him here again, and you with him, restored to health, as before.'

The delivery of the Rectorial Address at St. Andrews in March 1875 made almost the only break in a year of enforced seclusion. All the fluctuations of hope, dread, and despondency are recorded in Stanley's letters, written as he watched by the side of his sick wife. 'I resign myself,' he writes to Professor Max Müller in February 1875,

'to six months of this stranded existence. If at the end of that time my dear wife is anything like what she was before in activity and strength, I shall be satisfied. Like what she was in wisdom and love she is, and has been throughout, and will be, I have no doubt, to the end.'

On the 11th of October Stanley preached in Westminster Abbey. On the following day the Prince of Wales was to leave England for India. 'To-morrow,' he says,

'the first heir of the English throne who has ever visited the Indian Empire starts on his journey to those distant

regions which the greatest of his ancestors, Alfred the Great, a thousand years ago, longed to explore.'

Two days later he describes the visit which the Prince of Wales had paid to Lady Augusta on the day of his leaving England :

'On the Sunday night we had a message to say that the Prince and Princess of Wales would come to take leave of us at 3.30 P.M. the next day. They came about 4 P.M., having been detained by the members of the family coming to Marlborough House.

'They brought all the five children, wishing, the Prince said, to have them all with him as long as possible.

'The Prince and Princess remained with Augusta and me. A. talked with all her usual animation. They were both extremely kind. The Princess looked inexpressibly sad. There was nothing much said of interest, chiefly talking of the voyage, &c. As I took him downstairs, he spoke of the dangers—but calmly and rationally, saying that, of course, the precautions must be left to those about him. I said to him, "I gave you my parting benediction in the Abbey yesterday—" "Yes," he replied, "I saw it. Thank you."

'Later on in the evening Augusta wished me to telegraph our renewed thanks and renewed good wishes to the *Cas-talia* at Dover. I did so, and at 11 P.M. there came back a telegram from him: "Many thanks for your kind message. God bless both of you! Just off for Calais."

'It is impossible not to be affected by these thoughtful acts and kind words. Augusta was very much gratified, and none the worse for the exertion.'

For a moment it seemed that the progress of the malady might be arrested. 'I think,' says the eager watcher in November, 'that there is more strength and more interest in things.' In a letter dated 'December 4th, 1875, Carlyle's 80th birthday,' he reports to Pearson that, 'on the whole, she is better (Jenner says) than any time since our return from France. Judas Mac-

cabæus is to have a lecture to himself. He is a delightful person.'

But the gleam of hope died away before the end of the month. 'I sometimes doubt,' he writes to Pearson,

'whether, when I see her so constantly suffering, I ought to wish her stay in this world to be prolonged. And yet to have her, even in this state, is so inexpressibly precious and consoling that I cannot endure to think that she may be lost to me.'

The anniversary of their wedding-day (December 22nd) was clouded by dark forebodings of the future. With thoughtful kindness, the Queen endeavoured to cheer Stanley by a letter which she remembered to send him on the anniversary. It closes with a warm expression of affection for Lady Augusta:

'And now, before concluding, let me once more try to express how deeply I feel for you! But it is almost impossible, for I cannot distress you by saying too much. My sympathy and sorrow are too great. I know your beloved one so well, and love her so truly. She was with me on those two fearful nights in my life when my darling mother and when my precious husband were taken. She was so much with me during those two dreadful first years of loneliness, and was always so kind and helpful, that to think of her now as so suffering, or at least as so helpless, is terrible. May our Heavenly Father, who has sent this fearful trial, support, comfort, and sustain you!'

On January 1st, 1876, there came an alarming change for the worse. 'She is much worse,' he tells Pearson in a letter written on January 2nd:

'A new phase appeared last night, which, though alleviated this morning, leaves us in the greatest anxiety. My dear one never lost consciousness. She is quite calm, and down to late yesterday evening was listening with the greatest interest to my proof-sheets.'

After New Year's Day the fatal end was only a question of time. Life became protracted suffering.

To Dr. Liddell he wrote on January 16th, 1876 :

'I knew that you would feel for us. *You* joined our hands in one, and gave us the blessing which has been fulfilled a hundredfold into our bosoms. To have had such a mother and such a wife was, perhaps, too much for one man's existence. I have two most loving sisters, and many faithful friends, who will, I know, sustain me when the blow at last falls. But the glory of my life will have departed, and what remains of it will be, perhaps ought to be, but a gathering up of the fragments of the past.

Since that fatal New Year's Day the whole aspect of her position has been changed. She looks not now life-wards, but deathwards, and the fountains of her great heart seem broken up, and, while her speech continued, overflowed with love and wisdom.

'Now it is sadly choked ; but her sweet smile still lingers, and her spirit is unbroken, though almost all else is suffering or dead. How long it will last no one knows !'

In the sick-room it was felt that Lady Augusta's death would be a merciful release to her sufferings. Her weakness increased daily as her difficulty of taking nourishment became greater. Her power of articulation failed, her voice grew feebler, her speech more and more inaudible. By her side Stanley worked, day by day, at his lectures, reading to her, when she was able to bear it, chiefly from the Psalms and Isaiah, or placing some simple hymn, some Christian text, within her sight. 'My dear wife,' he tells M. de Circourt, 'reminds me of a line in Michael Angelo, which you doubtless know in Italian, but which I can only quote in English : "The more the marble wastes, the more the statue grows."'

The end was steadily approaching, and it was necessary to choose the spot where she was to be buried. Dunfermline was, as she herself said to her husband, 'too far from you.' Her own wish was that she might

be buried in the Abbey or near its walls. To her inexpressible comfort the Queen desired that the Chapel of Henry VII. should be her burying-place. 'Thank the dear Queen,' she said to Mrs. Drummond. 'I shall be near him now. I shall be with him whenever he takes people round the Abbey, whenever he is at his duty.' While Stanley hesitated to place her body beside the tomb of the Duc de Montpensier, his doubts were removed by a letter from the Comte de Paris. 'There came,' he tells M. de Circourt,

'a letter full of affection and sympathy from the Comte de Paris, which encouraged me to choose this spot, a choice which he has since confirmed. It is congenial to her fidelity to that family, and to her profound affection for France, the country of her education.'

On February 26th the Queen came to see Lady Augusta for the last time. The end was now so near that it could almost be counted by hours. On the night before Ash Wednesday (March 1st), as Stanley wrote to his old pupil and successor, the late Dean Bradley,

'she pronounced my name for the last time. This morning, for the last time, in answer to my urgent appeal, she opened those dear eyes upon me.'

It was on Ash Wednesday, the same day on which Stanley's mother had died, that his wife, after he had read to her for the last time, passed away in her sleep. 'On this same dark day the two great lights of my life have gone out,' he says to Pearson in a letter written on March 1st, entreating him to come at once to the Deanery. The two chief sorrows of his life are commemorated in lines that were written shortly before his own end:

O Day of Ashes ! twice for me
Thy mournful title hast thou earned,
For twice my life of life by thee
Has been to dust and ashes turned.

No need, dark day, that thou should'st borrow
The trappings of a formal sorrow ;
In thee are cherish'd, fresh and deep,
Long memories that cannot sleep.

My mother ! on that fatal day,
O'er seas and deserts far apart,
The guardian genius passed away
That nursed my very mind and heart ;
The oracle that never failed,
The faith serene that never quailed ;
The kindred soul that knew my thought
Before its speech or form was wrought.

My wife—when clos'd that fatal night,
My being turned once more to stone
I watched her spirit take its flight,
And find myself again alone.
The sunshine of the heart was dead,
The glory of the home was fled ;
The smile that made the dark world bright,
The love that made all duty light.

Now that these scenes of bliss are gone,
Now that the long years roll away,
The two Ash Wednesdays blend in one—
One sad yet almost festal day ;
The emblem of that union blest,
When lofty souls together rest,
Star differing each from star in glory,
Yet telling each its own high story.

When this day bids us from within
Look out on human strifes and storms,
The worst man's hope, the best man's sin,
The world's bare arts, Faith's hollow forms—
One answer comes in accents dear,
Yet as the piercing sunbeam clear,
The secret of the better life
Read by my Mother, and my Wife.

On Thursday, March 9th, Lady Augusta was buried in Henry the Seventh's Chapel in Westminster Abbey. Throughout the interval between her death and her funeral innumerable letters of sympathy and condolence poured in upon Stanley from every side. 'It is impossible,' he says, 'not to be buoyed up for the time

by this flood of sympathy and love for her.' 'For me,' he writes to M. de Circourt,

'there is a consolation in the full tide of sympathy which flows in from every rank, and every country, and every Church. But the sad future still remains of my work to be carried on without the support which hitherto carried me through all obstacles. . . . Was ever mortal man so blessed with such a mother and with such a wife? Was ever a union of twelve years so rich in incidents of extraordinary interest and happiness? May God give me grace to use the few years that may still be granted worthily of such a past—worthily of the hope of reunion with two such angelic spirits!'

CHAPTER XXVII

1876-80

The Effect upon Stanley of his Wife's Death—The Third Volume of 'Lectures on the History of the Jewish Church—Renewal of his Work at Westminster under Changed Conditions—His Daily Life—His Literary Work—Visit to America, 1878—Its Success—'Memoir of Edward and Catherine Stanley,' 1879—Tour in Italy, 1879—Death of Mary Stanley, 1879

STANLEY never entirely recovered from the shock of his wife's death. The sun of his life was set, and the shadow of a great grief darkened the rest of his career. He returned to his house from the funeral of Lady Augusta in Westminster Abbey to be, for the remaining five years of life, with rare gleams of his former happiness, 'a bereaved and somewhat forlorn man.' 'I have now crossed,' he writes to his friend Edward Lear, 'the summit of my life. All that remains can but be a long or short descent, cheered by the memories of the past.' At times he even doubted whether it would not be best for him to leave Westminster. 'With her departure,' he tells Mrs. Drummond, 'the glory of the Westminster life, if not its usefulness, is brought to an end—the mine worked out, and no energy to continue the old routine.'

Loving relations took care that his home should never

be wholly desolate ; old friends rallied round him ; new friendships were still to be formed. His mental vigour was not perceptibly impaired, nor the warmth of his enthusiasms chilled. He grew richer in his stores of anecdote and reminiscences. Something of the vivacity, brightness, and elasticity of former years returned. His youthful love of writing verse was renewed, and exercised on all occasions, both grave and gay. His duties towards the Abbey were diligently discharged ; his interest in public events revived, and he watched with his old eagerness the progress of the questions which agitated the Church. He relaxed none of his former literary energies. Still, day after day, he worked at the desk in the library of the Deanery with his wife's bust placed on the table at which she used to sit. His instinct to stand by the weak was as strong, and his antagonism to what he considered narrowness and intolerance as fearless, as they ever were in his most vigorous days. If persons or causes were, as he believed, suffering injustice, no consideration of prudence kept him silent. Though, as he told Pearson in 1877, his ' fighting days ' were over, his eye would still kindle at the suspicion of a wrong, and sparkle at the first mention of a heroic deed.

His sympathy with sorrow in every form was deepened in its tenderness, and his interest in his humble fellow-countrymen was widened in its range. Here, above all, he felt that the spirit of his wife was with him. His desire to help working-men had always taken a practical shape. He had done his utmost to promote coffee-houses and libraries ; he had served as president of the Working Men's Club and Institute Union ; he had endeavoured by every means in his power to extend to them the inspiring and elevating influences of the Abbey. Now, however, he found for himself a parish in the world of Westminster, carrying on with redoubled energy his work among the people of the neighbourhood—trying, as Lady

Augusta had tried, to brighten their lives by the annual flower-shows in the Abbey gardens, or by conducting them over the Abbey, or by entertaining them in the Deanery at tea. It became his delight, to a greater degree than before, to minister to the needs of suffering friends at the Hospital, to support every effort made to raise the unhappy women who were collected at the Refuge, to visit the almshouses in Fentiman's Lane, on the Surrey side of the river, even occasionally to conduct short mission-services in the low lodging-houses of the back streets of Westminster.

His genius for friendship burned with a softer, if not a brighter, flame. His face still lighted up at the approach of a friend, and his hand never failed in that characteristic clasp which gave such warmth to his welcome. His time and thought were as freely spent in the service of others. He watched the career of his friends with the same affectionate eagerness, untiring in his efforts to gain for them the recognition or the rewards which he believed that they deserved, seeking and making every possible opportunity to help them forward and bring them into notice. His sympathy, his sound counsel, his fertility of resource, were offered with all his old readiness, not only to friends, but to strangers, whose only claim upon him lay in their anxieties or troubles.

No appeal for his advice was ever neglected. In the effort to remove the difficulties of those who sought his aid, he spared neither time nor labour. Lengthy letters were often followed by protracted interviews. If he did not always convince those who applied to him, there were few whom his sympathetic insight into the peculiar circumstances of each special case did not encourage and console. From every quarter friends and strangers had recourse to him in their perplexities, and the frequency of such appeals increased as he drew towards the close of his life.

When Stanley was thus asked to remove the diffi-

culties of others, he responded to the call with all his old power, and, perhaps, with an added tenderness. It was in meeting the smaller and more ordinary demands of daily life that the change was chiefly shown. In congenial society he sometimes talked with the animation and cheerfulness of earlier years. Into his foreign tours, his expeditions to scenes of interest in England or Scotland, and, above all, his visit to the United States, he threw himself with much of his former enthusiasm and of his old capacity for keen enjoyment. But, even in his most cheerful moments, he was never quite himself, never able to enter eagerly into ordinary occupations. 'I cannot preach now,' he said. 'I can manage to make a sermon for a special occasion. But a common sermon—no! I cannot do that now.' His thoughts were constantly with the lost treasure that lay beneath the stone by which he so often stood silently gazing. Yet the very richness of his memories of his dead wife brought a peculiar happiness, and added a constant sense of spiritual companionship, which lent a new touch of pathetic beauty to his closing years.

It was, perhaps, fortunate for him that, at the moment when the blow fell upon him, he was immersed in work. In its resumption he found the best solace to his grief, and paid the truest tribute to his wife's memory. 'On Monday next,' he tells the Queen in a letter written on April 7th, 1876,

'the Monday in Passion Week—I preach again for the first time. It will be at Sonning (Hugh Pearson was Vicar), where I have preached on that day for thirty years without interruption, except in 1853, and 1862, when I was in the East. And then will come the still harder trial of preaching in the Abbey on Easter Sunday. But I must begin some time; and I could not have a better day than that which speaks of immortality and hope—and it is my official duty to preach on that day.'

His third volume of the 'Lectures on the History of the Jewish Church' was also passing through the press, and was published in September 1876. The work itself, written by his wife's bedside, and read aloud to her as long as she could bear the effort of listening, had been 'the solicitude and solace of her latest days.' To her 'beloved memory' it was dedicated, with the prayer 'that its aim might not be altogether unworthy of her sustaining love, her inspiring courage, and her never-failing faith in the enlargement of the Church and the triumph of all truth.' With it he brought to a conclusion the series of Lectures in which his picturesque sensibility had quickened into life the long succession of patriarchs, kings, prophets, and national heroes. In spite of undisputed defects, his history helped to work the same revolution in the popular view of Scriptural characters which 'Sinai and Palestine' had been instrumental in producing with regard to Scriptural scenes. His literary gifts are strikingly displayed in the glowing picture of Babylon, the portrait of Judas Maccabæus, the spirited account of his battles, or the discriminating appreciation of the life and work of Socrates. More remarkable is the effect of the work viewed as a whole. Stanley's realising, vivifying touch restores, as living persons and real events, characters and scenes which were mere names and forms and shadows. The scattered threads of Hebrew history are gathered together, the tangled skeins of intrigue, discord, and controversy are unravelled, and the whole material is woven together into the fabric of a picturesque, vivid narrative, which is often powerful and always interesting.

In endeavouring to lighten the trials and troubles of others he felt that he was doing his wife's special work. This feature in her character was commemorated in the window which he erected to her memory above the spot where she lay in Westminster Abbey. One of the compartments depicted three characteristic episodes in the

career of her ancestor, King Robert the Bruce, and three scenes which were associated with the lives or deaths of her three brothers, Lord Elgin, General Bruce, and Sir Frederick Bruce. The other compartment represented the 'six acts of mercy so suitable to her—tending the hungry, the thirsty, the poor, the sick, the stranger, the oppressed.' On Christmas Day, 1877, he writes to the Queen that

'on the anniversary of our wedding-day the window was completed over her grave, and there is now nothing further to be done in that sweet spot, which Your Majesty has given to her, till I join her.'

Nothing pleased him more than any tribute of respect or affection paid to the memory of Lady Augusta. It was with delight that he received the Queen's request to plant a tree to her memory at Osborne. 'I went with Lady Ely,' he writes to Mrs. Drummond in April 1877,

'and planted the tree. It was a kind of Chinese juniper. I was glad that it was Chinese, for it connects it with the thought of her interest in China. I remember the only time that I saw her at Oxford before our marriage, when the Robert Bruces were there, she said, as she passed through the Christ Church quadrangle, thinking of Lord Elgin, "My thoughts are at Shanghai." It is a pretty spot near the Swiss Cottage. A bird's-nest was in a bush close to it, and next to it a tree planted by Norman Macleod.'

The tree was, in another respect, peculiarly appropriate. A few days later he writes to tell the Queen that he had discovered that 'in China and Japan the tree is regarded as the emblem of everlasting life.'

With the same pride in her memory he records every word that his friends speak about her life. 'Old David Morier,' he tells Mrs. Drummond, 'spoke much of "the blessed one who is above."' "I reverse," he said, "for

you the words of the Marriage Service. It is not till Death us do part, but till Death us do join." At the opening of some Wesleyan schools at Bethnal Green, which he attended with the late Mr. W. E. Forster, he met Dr. Rigg, who

'told the story of her letter from Moscow about seeing a Wesleyan girl there in one of the schools. I am so glad when people take courage to mention her name in my presence on these occasions. I cannot do it, and therefore I the more rejoice that *they* should.'

But, deep and lasting though Stanley's grief was, it was not of that selfish kind which isolates itself from the world in inactive melancholy. He did not shut himself up from his fellow-men, but took them into the fellowship of his loss, and thus drew out towards himself, with an unusual magnetism, that kindly sympathy which the world so often is at pains to conceal. He endeavoured to restore in the happiness of those around him the picture of that which he had himself lost, and to interweave the memories of the past with the occupations, the interests, and even the pleasures of the present and future. 'I am trying,' he writes to M. de Circourt after his return from a visit with Mr. Victor Williamson to Portugal in October 1876,

'by incessant occupation, not to banish grief—for mine is always at home—but to carry on the work which my dear wife has left for me to accomplish, and to console me in her absence.'

His life at Westminster gradually resumed its normal course. Mrs. Drummond of Megginch and her daughter, whose devoted care of Lady Augusta during her illness had won his deep affection and confidence; and his widowed sister-in-law, Lady Frances Baillie, and her daughter; and his sister, Mary Stanley, took it in turns

to be with him at the Deanery. On them devolved the duties which Lady Augusta had so lovingly performed. 'There are,' he used to say, 'two things I cannot do: one is to understand arithmetic, the other is to take care of myself.'

His frugal breakfast was prepared as Lady Augusta had prepared it, and his 'Times' taken from him and read aloud, lest, absorbed in its contents, he should altogether omit the meal. Throughout the morning one of the ladies remained in the house in case of need. If he did not require a companion to walk with him to the 'Athenæum,' or to see some new discovery which the Clerk of the Works had made in the Abbey or the Cloisters, there were other duties to perform—some reference to verify, some quotation to find, some lost sermon or missing paper to be searched for, some torn manuscript to be pieced and stitched together, some proof-sheets to be corrected for the printer. This last work was often a labour of great difficulty, owing partly to his fastidious ear, partly to the illegibility of his handwriting. He would go over each line again and again, touching and retouching, so as to avoid roughnesses and secure a cadenced rhythm. On the crop of errors which the character of his handwriting was calculated to produce a comment is supplied by a story which he was himself fond of telling. He had written on business to a tradesman, whose reply was long delayed. At last the answer came. 'Not being acquainted,' wrote the tradesman, 'with the caligraphy of the higher orders, I asked a friend to decipher parts of the note.'

After luncheon, if he had no other companion, one of the ladies always accompanied him in his walk or his drive, or was at the house when he returned. He could not bear to be alone, and his parting words when he left the house always were, 'I shall be back at such and such a time. Somebody will be in the way?' Formal calls he never paid; but besides his visits to any ac-

quaintances who were in sickness or distress, there were certain houses to which he was fond of going. Many of his happiest afternoons were spent at the Temple with his sister Catherine and her husband, Dr. Vaughan. On their sympathy he placed the fullest reliance. He repeatedly consulted Dr. Vaughan in his difficulties, though it by no means followed that he accepted his advice. To pass an hour with his old school-friend in his library, or to be cheered and amused by the conversation and stories of his sister, were two of his greatest pleasures in later life. At the Temple there was no fear that the five-o'clock tea would be omitted, and it was generally dark before Stanley left the Master's house, and walked from the Temple down the Embankment to the Deanery.

Between six and eight in the evening he either worked in the library or brought his work and papers into the drawing-room. If he had no special work in hand, he either talked or read aloud, generally choosing for the latter purpose some history or biography. In reading aloud he too often only skimmed the page, here and there reading a sentence, while his eye, glancing down the lines, gleaned the meaning for himself without communicating it to his hearers. Anything by Matthew Arnold was 'kept as a treat for the evening.' Sometimes extracts from any book on which the conversation had turned during the day would be read, not infrequently a novel of Walter Scott's. Poetry was occasionally chosen, but never travels. Among his favourite books were Keble's 'Christian Year' and the 'Lyra Innocentium.' He never went on a journey without carrying the former volume in his portmanteau, and he always read aloud the poems for Sundays, or for any other special occasion, on the day so commemorated.

After 1876 his hospitality, though still generous, was exercised more rarely and on a smaller scale; yet when

he gave a dinner-party he took the utmost pains to select and arrange congenial guests. While the London season lasted he still frequently dined out; but he was wont to complain that, since the death of Lady Augusta, mixed society had lost its principal charm. When his evenings were spent at home, one or two men were often asked to dine. Sometimes the evenings proved very successful; sometimes they were much the reverse. If the guest was a stranger, he might be thought a 'man of no intelligence,' or he might 'talk too much,' or he 'never uttered.' If he were an old friend, he might be 'not good to-night.' In these cases Stanley relapsed into silence, involuntarily expressing by his face his disappointment and depression. On quiet evenings, when only the family party was present, no literary work was ever done, unless a sermon or an article had to be finished. But the hours after dinner were generally spent in readings of Walter Scott or some other favourite author.

In incessant occupation Stanley seemed to find a refuge from the sad thoughts of leisure moments. With the courage and self-forgetfulness which in such matters were features in his character, he never relaxed his energies. No trouble, no labour, seemed too great to be bestowed on what he thought to be his duty. With even more than his old readiness he responded to solicitations to preach or lecture, regardless of distance or his own convenience. If obliged to refuse the invitation, he gave his reasons for declining with the same simplicity and modesty as his consent. His literary activity was rather increased than diminished. Always an untiring worker, he threw his whole strength into everything which he undertook. His perseverance was as stubborn as his facility was remarkable. Some of his friends strongly urged him to devote himself to the completion of his 'History of the Jewish Church.' They felt, and not without justice, that his learning and

literary powers were frittered away in the mass of disjointed, miscellaneous writing which still flowed from his pen. But any continuous effort demanded more strength than he was able to command. It also would have necessitated a partial and prolonged retirement from his numerous engagements, which was practically impossible. Interrupted by unexpected calls upon his time, obliged by his personal and official position, not only to conduct a voluminous correspondence, but to compose and deliver numerous sermons, lectures, and addresses, he yet continued to accomplish an amount of literary work which was remarkable both in quantity and variety.

But neither the loving care of relations and friends, nor his many interests and occupations, nor his expeditions at home and abroad, could entirely lift the cloud of depression which hung about him. His physical strength was undermined by incessant activity, combined with the strain upon mind and body of his wife's illness which culminated in the shock of her death. His recuperative powers showed signs of failure. In the summer of 1877 he had been unwell, and in the early winter of 1878 he had been for several weeks prostrated by a serious illness. A complete change of scene seemed the only remedy. Various plans were discussed. Finally, with infinite misgivings, increased by the alarming illness of his friend, Hugh Pearson, he decided to visit America.

Years before, the expedition to America had been planned by his wife and himself. His brother-in-law, Sir Frederick Bruce, was then the British Minister at Washington, and a visit to him at the Legation supplied an additional object for the voyage. After Sir Frederick's sudden death, in 1867, the plan had been laid aside. It was now renewed under widely different circumstances. 'My dear Augusta,' writes Stanley to the Queen on August 31st, 1878,

'had often wished that we should accomplish the voyage to America, and I feel that the change of scene would be better for me than anything else. It is a long journey; but I enjoy the sea, and I have often felt that I could never quite understand Europe till I had seen America.'

The party, consisting of Stanley, Mr. (afterwards Sir) George Grove, and Dr. Gerald Harper, started from Liverpool in the *Siberia* on September 6th, 1878. Every moment of the voyage was used in preparation for the coming campaign. All the books bearing on America, including not only histories, but the novels of Hawthorne and Fenimore Cooper, were eagerly devoured. Every one who could give him any insight into American life was questioned. 'I can now,' he writes on board the *Siberia*, 'repeat the names of all the Presidents, and explain the meaning of Republican and Democrat.' As his knowledge of America grew his hope of enjoyment increased. Before he sighted Cape Cod—the first point of land which had gladdened the eyes of the Pilgrim Fathers—he was scarcely less eager in his anticipations than he had been at the prospect of visiting the most ancient historical site in Europe.

Nor was he disappointed. Early in the voyage he had felt 'how all the voyage, the passengers, the landing, would have been transfigured if *she* had been here. Now it is my only wish to see, to have seen, and to return.' But from the moment that he landed at Boston, and 'saw the sun setting behind its harbour, as it does in the window at Westminster Abbey,' his enthusiasm never flagged. 'Everything is lost in the interest and the sense of continued kindness; the amusement also is incessant.'

He came, as was his wont, determined to see the best points in the national character. And he saw them. His expedition proved to be one long ovation. The most generous hospitality was everywhere offered him, and it was combined with a thoughtful kindness which

he had scarcely anticipated. Delighted by his reception, flattered by the interest which was shown in him, rejoicing—poor linguist as he was—to find himself in a foreign country where English was the spoken language, exhilarated by a climate which he describes as 'transplendent, translucent, transcendent,' he threw himself into his new surroundings with a zest and a sympathy which his hosts could not fail to appreciate.

Few could resist the fascination of his brilliant social gifts or the boyish freshness of his enthusiasms. His simplicity had resisted the dangerous influences of success. Unassuming, free from pretension or self-assertion, he put himself on a level with the commonest person, without an effort, and without a touch of self-consciousness. His natural modesty made him defer to those who were older than himself, or whose position entitled them to respect. No thought of his own dignity or of the value of his time seemed to cross his mind. He responded to the calls that were made upon him on every side as though he were himself the most unimportant of men. His tact was unfailing, and it flowed from the desire and the power to throw himself into the feelings and circumstances of others. To illustrate his gift of sympathy, and the effect which its exercise produced in America, many letters might be quoted from friends in the United States. One instance will, perhaps, suffice. Its triviality constitutes its significance. Few hard-worked travellers would have been at the pains of visiting a school and making friends with the individual boys.

'Our boys,' writes Mr. Knapp, of Plymouth, Massachusetts,

'whom you made friends for life by the kindness which you showed them in the short half-hour which you gave them, are anxious to "be taken in a group" as a school, and thus appear to you in England. As soon as the photograph is finished it will be sent for your acceptance.

'When talking about their plan of a photograph, someone from outside said, "But it is not likely that Dean Stanley, with all his duties and interests, will care to receive such a thing, or will remember you boys, even if you send it." The reply was very decided. "Yes, he will; you didn't see him. He likes boys, and *believes* in them; you can tell that right off!"

'I can hardly tell you, my dear friend, the real joy and gladness which your visit gave to this home of ours—to young and old. We actually forgot that it was Plymouth Rock and Pilgrim memories which brought you down here. It somehow seemed to us as if your visit were on purpose to see us and our boys, in fulfilment of some long deferred, half-forgotten promise.'

It might be supposed that in a country which itself apologises for the absence of antiquities Stanley would have found little to gratify his historical tastes. But the reverse proved to be the case. His imagination was fired with the uncontracted vision of the vast and mysterious destiny which—in a sense that could not belong to older nations—lay before the American people. In political, religious, and social life he felt that the United States contained undeveloped potentialities for unknown good or evil which the Old World no longer furnished, and that on every individual citizen within its borders, as well as on every English subject, lay the great responsibilities of forming the character and directing the future of a mighty child. To the study of American history the mystery of the future contributed new grandeur, while the sense of proximity to the beginnings of the State added a novel charm. Though the background of the past might be brought nearer than in Europe to the foreground of the present—though the chronological distances might be less graduated—yet the distinctions between ancient and modern history were not less clearly marked than in the most ancient of European monarchies.

To Stanley's historical imagination, the era of the

founders corresponded to the legendary epoch of other nations. But the first inhabitants and the first chieftains of America were not wrapped in a mist of myth: they stood out as real, living, actual personalities. Each of the early colonies had its tale to tell of primeval, stirring romance. The story of Virginia, for instance, revived for Stanley's picturesque mind the dazzling glories of the age of the Virgin Queen, giving life and individuality to the whole group of brilliant adventurers, and, above all, to the figure of Sir Walter Raleigh, whose nameless, grave lies under the shadow of Westminster Abbey, but whose real monument is the Old Dominion of the United States. The same atmosphere of picturesque antiquity envelops the struggle between the English and the French, when the Lily of Bourbon and the Cross of St. George, the white coats of France and the red coats of England, the provincials in their hunting-shirts, the savages with their war-paint, were mingled in romantic confusion along the inland thoroughfare of waters, among trackless wildernesses of mountain and virgin forest. In spirit the battle for supremacy belonged to the thirteenth century, though the actual conflict was waged in the prosaic age of the Hanoverians. The group of American statesmen who, in the War of Independence, rose to the greatness of their country's destinies, seemed to him to be cast in an heroic mould; they formed one of those groups of leaders that mark the creative epochs which usually belong to the infancy of nations; they appeared in the midst of modern civilisation like the granite boulders of an earlier formation. And, finally, the great Civil War of the nineteenth century, by which America had been so recently convulsed, was a struggle which would have been impossible in more settled conditions of political society, and was comparable only to the wars of York and Lancaster, or at least to those of Cavalier and Roundhead.

Nor was it only on past history that his attention was fixed. In the religious aspects of American society Stanley found another most fruitful source of interest, and one which he, almost alone among Englishmen, was capable of cultivating. His interest was not confined to any one community. The Unitarians, the Quakers, the Episcopalians, the Presbyterians, the Congregationalists, the Methodists, the Baptists, the Universalists, claimed, and knew that they enjoyed, a share in his sympathies. Naturally, however, it was in the American branch of the Episcopalian Church of England that his chief interest was manifested, and in its Churches alone he preached. To its future he looked with a special and personal interest. The changes which White and his colleagues had made in the English Prayer Book were modelled on those proposed by Tillotson and the latitudinarian divines of the reign of William III., and in many respects carried out alterations which Stanley himself advocated in England. In the Catechism the American Episcopal Church brought out the spiritual character of the Eucharist; in the choice of the Psalms they allowed a selection which excluded the more vindictive and Judaic elements of the Psalter; they enjoined the explanation of the Ten Commandments by the spirit of the Two Commandments of the Gospel; they avoided the repetitions of the English Liturgy by introducing the liberty of abridging the services; they excluded the Athanasian Creed alike from their Prayer Book and their Articles; they dispensed altogether with any subscription to formularies of faith. To the future of a Church in which he found not only liberal principles, but the 'residuary, secular, comprehensive' aspect that he considered to be so excellent a characteristic in the National Church of England, he looked forward with confidence and hope. He rejoiced to think that all the other Churches regarded it, as they had done in the days of Berkeley, as the *second best*.

and that it was 'still the Themistocles of American Churches.'

In his short and hurried visit to America, which lasted less than two months, were crowded a variety of new experiences. Two days after his arrival in America he made a speech at the celebration of the 250th anniversary of the landing of Governor Endicott at Salem. He was surrounded by guests and speakers who derived their names and lineage from the first settlers: on one side sat a descendant of Endicott, the first governor, on the other, the representative of Winthrop, the first actual governor of the colony. 'It was,' he says, 'as if one were sitting at table far back in the opening of English or European history, with the grandsons or great-grandsons of Hengist and Horsa, or of Clovis and Pepin.' Even the immense length of the proceedings 'was not without its compensation, since it showed what a hold the anniversary had upon the people.' But he was most impressed by the strong undercurrent

'of political feeling against the excesses of disorder and corruption in the State, which caused the whole meeting to be like a smouldering volcano. Every allusion to the necessity of order and political purity was received with shouts of applause, and this reached its climax when Story's poem was recited. I thought it quite magnificent in its tone.'

The next day Stanley preached for the Rev. Phillips Brooks (afterwards Bishop of Massachusetts) in Trinity Church, Boston, before a large congregation. 'No one,' writes Bishop Brooks,

'who heard it will ever forget the benediction which Dean Stanley uttered at the close of the service at which he preached in Trinity Church, in Boston, on the 22nd of September, 1878. He had been but a few days in America. It was the first time that he had looked an American congregation in the face. The church was crowded with men

and women of whom he only knew that to him they represented the New World. He was for the moment the representative of English Christianity. And as he spoke the solemn words, it was not a clergyman dismissing a congregation, it was the Old World blessing the New; it was England blessing America. The voice trembled, while it grew rich and deep, and took every man's heart into the great conception of the act that filled itself.'

In the 'Boston Post' appeared a report of the sermon, preceded by a description of the preacher:

'Soon after the service the Dean was seen near The Brunswick, the centre of a circle of a few friends, among whom was Hon. Mr. Winthrop and Governor Rice, conversing in a most animated manner; and we could not help observing how much in the expression of his face, although much thinner, he resembled the late Chief Justice Bigelow. He was dressed in a faded and weather-beaten overcoat, and wore, quite on the back of his head, a very disreputable-looking soft hat. Almost immediately, however, he turned, and, with the agility of a much younger man, he ran up the steps of his hotel and disappeared.'

Though Stanley considered the newspapers to be 'by far the worst specimens of American life that we have encountered,' he pleaded guilty to the hat. 'The disreputable hat,' he tells Mrs. Drummond, 'has saved me from the difficulty of diving to the bottom of the box, where the new hat is buried.'

Every minute which was not occupied with public entertainments and receptions, or the composition and delivery of sermons and speeches, was devoted to sight-seeing. To him, the hill above the Bay of Plymouth became a sacred spot, as he watched in imagination the *Mayflower* winding her difficult way from promontory to promontory, past island after island, and saw the little crew descend upon the solitary rock. At Salem he traced the story of the 'Scarlet Letter,' and felt the

influence of the same haunted atmosphere which had permeated Nathaniel Hawthorne. In Newbury Street, or Commonwealth Street, or Cromwell Street, he read the record of the tenacious recollection which the New England settlers retained of the English Civil War. At Roxbury he stood by the grave of John Eliot; at Cambridge he compared the American with the English universities; in the green meadows close to the village of Concord, with Emerson at his side—

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world.

At Newport he was the guest of George Bancroft, the historian, 'a wonderful old man of eighty-two, with all his faculties about him, and driving his two horses up hill and down dale, only restrained by the remonstrances of his negro servant.' At Bancroft's house all the celebrities of the neighbourhood gathered to meet him. 'Every person,' he writes, 'that I meet, I examine, and in this way knowledge increases like a snowball.'

At Philadelphia he was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Childs, lodged 'in a white marble palace with blue-satin rooms, our host and hostess letting us do whatever we wished, asking everyone to meet us that they thought we should like to meet, or that they thought would like to see us.' In St. James's Church, Philadelphia, he preached on September 29, 1878. 'I preached,' he says,

'once more than I intended; but I could not resist the pleasure that it gave to our kind hosts. Grove corrected the proof-sheets of the report. The printing was of the most illiterate kind. The reporters expressed a particular wish to have precisely the passage in which I had referred to Joe Hooker, one of the generals in the war of 1862. It was, of course, Richard Hooker.'

From Philadelphia Stanley travelled by Baltimore to Washington. 'Every particle of expense,' he says, 'of trains, of carrying, &c., in spite of all remonstrance, from the moment we entered Philadelphia till we reached Washington, was paid by Mr. Childs or his friends. We cannot help calling him the "Angel of the Church of Philadelphia."' Washington, 'rough and unfinished, yet with all the appearance of an imperial city'; Mount Vernon, 'the home and grave of Washington'; Baltimore, where he addressed the students of the Johns Hopkins University; Richmond, haunted by the shades of John Smith and Pocahontas, adorned with the statues of the famous Virginians who led the War of Independence, and devastated by the havoc of the still recent struggle between the North and the South—were all visited in rapid succession. 'The passage through these great cities,' he writes, 'resembles the successive slides of a magic-lantern—new scenes, new faces, new incidents in each.'

Sunday, October 6th, found Stanley at New York, where he preached for his friend Dr. Washburn in the Calvary Church. 'Dear Dr. Washburn,' he wrote in the spring of 1881, after his friend's death,

'how well I remember preaching in that great Calvary, and my visit to him in the latter days of my stay in New York! He was of "that small transfigured band whom the world cannot tame"—the band of Falkland, Leighton, Whichcote, Arnold, Maurice. Peace be with him!'

On the Monday following he became the guest of Mr. Cyrus Field, at Irvington, on the banks of the Hudson. 'Uncle Cyrus, as I call him,' he writes to Mrs. Drummond, 'is perfection.' Here he was surrounded by associations with Washington Irving, and close to the scene of the execution of Major André. The *genius loci* was in one sense peculiarly congenial to Stanley's disposition. From his sunny cottage on the banks of the

Hudson Irving had diffused his genial spirit, knitting together by the bonds of domestic and family sympathy two divided nations, teaching America to take pride in Westminster Abbey, and to regard Stratford-on-Avon and Abbotsford as part of their own national heritage.

In the intervals of receptions held in his honour Stanley 'explored the whole story of Major André's capture and execution.'

'The execution had been on the other side of the river, and Cyrus Field had never been there himself. It was a much more secluded region, the villages and names all Dutch. We found a most intelligent Dutch doctor, who said that he knew Egypt better from "Sinai and Palestine" than from anything he had ever read; and he took us to an old man of ninety-two, whose mother had been present at the death, and who himself had seen the open grave when the bones were removed in 1824. At Albany, afterwards, we saw the very papers that were drawn out of his boots, or rather his stockings, at the time of his capture. It is astonishing what an interest still attaches to the story here.'

At Albany Stanley—for the first time prostrated by the fatigue of incessant travelling, the heat, the round of festivities, and the excitement—was obliged to alter his plans—'a change which Cyrus Field bore like an angel, immediately throwing himself, though to his great disappointment, into our new arrangements.' He decided, after a rest of a single day, to 'proceed straight to Niagara, the climax of our tour.' His description of the Falls illustrates his constant habit of regarding natural scenery in its historical associations, or as the stage of human action. 'In that memorable hour,' he says in a speech at the Century Club in New York,

'when for the first time I stood before the cataracts of Niagara, I seemed to see a vision of the fears and hopes of America. It was midnight, the moon was full, and I saw

from the Suspension Bridge the ceaseless contortion, confusion, whirl, and chaos which burst forth in clouds of foam from that immense central chasm which divides the American from the British Dominion; and as I looked on that ever-changing movement, and listened to that everlasting roar, I saw an emblem of the devouring activity and ceaseless, restless, beating whirlpool of existence in the United States. But into the moonlight sky there rose a cloud of spray twice as high as the Falls themselves, silent, majestic, immovable. In that silver column, glittering in the moonlight, I saw an image of the future of American destiny, of the pillar of light which should emerge from the distractions of the present—a likeness of the buoyancy and hopefulness which characterises you, both as individuals and as a nation.'

Hurrying on from Niagara to see Lord Dufferin, who was on the eve of his departure from Canada, he met the Governor-General at Montreal, and accompanied him to Quebec. Thence he made his way to Ticonderoga. The ruined fortress stands on a promontory overhanging Lake Champlain. 'It is,' he says, 'almost the only ruin in the United States, and the most interesting spot we have seen after Niagara'—'the scene of the "Last of the Mohicans," the Loch Katrine of America, the great thoroughfare of last century.'

For Stanley the spot had two special fascinations. The name, in the first place, was already familiar to him from the monuments in Westminster Abbey to two English officers killed at Ticonderoga in the French and English war in 1758. It was also, in the second place, associated with a Highland legend which he was fond of repeating, and which he told to his two companions as they approached Ticonderoga in the dim twilight of an autumn morning.

In the midst of the scenery described in the 'Highland Widow,' at the head of the river Awe, close to Loch Awe, and in full sight of Ben Cruachan, stands the ancient hall of Campbell of Inverawe. There, towards the middle of the eighteenth century, Campbell had enter-

tained a party of guests. The guests were gone, and their host was left alone. He was roused by a violent knocking at the gate, and was surprised to see one of his late guests, Stuart of Appin, with torn garments and dishevelled hair, standing without. 'I have killed a man,' he said, 'and am pursued. I beseech you, let me in. Swear on your dirk that you will not betray me.' Campbell swore the solemn oath, and hid the fugitive. He had hardly done so when he was roused by a second knocking. The pursuers were at the gate. 'Your cousin Donald has been killed! Where is the murderer?' True to his oath, Inverawe returned an evasive answer, and sent the avengers of blood in the wrong direction.

That night the bloodstained Donald appeared to Campbell as he slept, with these words: '*Inverawe! Inverawe! blood has been shed; shield not the murderer.*' In the gray of the morning Campbell hid Stuart of Appin in a cave on Ben Cruachan; but when darkness again fell the bloodstained figure once more appeared in the visions of the night: '*Inverawe! Inverawe! blood has been shed; shield not the murderer.*' As day broke he sought the cave on the mountain; but the murderer had fled. Again Campbell slept; and again the figure of the bloodstained Donald rose before him, and said, '*Inverawe! Inverawe! blood has been shed. We shall not meet again till we meet at Ticonderoga.*'

The triple apparition and its mysterious message sank into the memory of Campbell of Inverawe, though he vainly inquired the meaning of the final rendezvous. In 1758 he went out to America with the 42nd Highlanders, to take part in the war between France and England. On the eve of an engagement the General came to the officers and said, 'We must not tell Campbell the name of the fortress we attack to-morrow. It is Ticonderoga. Let us call it Fort George.' In the assault Campbell was mortally wounded. As he lay

dying, he said to the general, 'You have deceived me. I have seen *him* again. This is Ticonderoga.'

Stanley determined to explore the spot, and, if possible, discover the traces of Campbell of Inverawe. At Hartford, in Connecticut, he had met Bishop Williams, 'the flower of the American episcopate,' who had made a special study of the regions of the Lakes, and told him the story. Through the Bishop he eventually found the object of his search. At the time of his visit to Ticonderoga a mound of grassy hillocks alone marked the graves of the British officers. But in the evening, at Saratoga, he found in Lossing's 'Revolutionary War' a description of the burial at Fort Edward of Jane Macrea, whose tragical story formed the basis of 'The Last of the Mohicans.' Her grave is near an old brown headstone, on which are inscribed the words: '*Here lyes the body of Duncan Campbell of Inversaw (sic), Esq., Major to the old Highland Regiment, aged 55 years, who died the 17th July, 1758, of the wounds he received in the attack of the entrenchments of Ticonderoga, or Carillon, 8th July, 1758.*' 'My first impulse,' says Stanley,

'was to return to the spot. But we were already at Saratoga, Fort Edward was far in our rear, and we were due at Concord on the following night. We were forced to abandon the actual visit; but that day I wrote to Bishop Williams, stating that we had found the grave, and asking whether any particulars could be procured of the reason or manner of his burial.'

From Bishop Williams he received an account of the tombstone, which had been removed to the enclosure of the Gilchrists, a family which claimed Duncan Campbell as a near relation. On his return to England he followed up the story in all its details and ramifications. He identified the actual spot where Stuart of Appin had murdered Donald Campbell; he traced the flight of the murderer to Inverawe; he visited the Ghost

Room at the Castle; he sought out every member of the two families who could add fresh particulars, and finally completed his narrative by the addition of a legend which described the appearance of Inverawe, 'in full Highland regimentals,' to announce to his foster-brother in Scotland his death at Ticonderoga in America.

The story is told here at length because it illustrates, not only the variety of Stanley's interests, but the pertinacity with which, even in the last years of his life, he hunted down, and realised upon the actual spot, every detail of any incident, legendary, fictitious, or historical, which had impressed his imagination.

The tour in America closed with a visit to New York. 'The last week,' he tells Mrs. Drummond,

'was indeed a whirl. On Wednesday, October 29th, a reception of the Baptists. On Friday, a sermon at All Saints, the Mother-Church of New York, in the morning, and a reception of the Methodists in the evening. On Saturday, a reception at the Century Club, with speeches, and another at a smaller club in the afternoon. On Sunday, a sermon at Grace Church (Dr. Porter's), the fashionable church, in the morning, and at Holy Trinity—popular and Low Church—in the evening. On Monday, a reception of the Baptists, and then a reception and a breakfast of the clergy, with speeches; in the afternoon, the autumn reception at the American Museum; in the evening, a large party at the Fields'. On Tuesday, a visit to the Episcopal College, and to the fair in the Roman Catholic Cathedral, and an immense reception at the Fields' in the evening. On Wednesday, a visit to the schools, and our embarkation on the *Bothnia* at 2 P.M. Many of our friends came to see the last of us. Cyrus remained to the very end. Words cannot express what he has been in perpetual kindness, and entertainment in every sense of the word. And so the splendid dream is over! Not one single day that did not teem with interest.'

'The whole journey,' he tells the Queen in a letter written immediately after his return,

'has given me a deeper impression of the great responsibilities of England. The Americans are evidently open to the strongest influence from our example, both for good and evil. They eagerly catch at any failure in public honesty, like the misconduct of the Glasgow directors, as an excuse for their own corruptions, and, on the other hand, any high character in the high places of the old country leaves a lasting impression upon them. How very much they honoured my dear Augusta !'

The repose of the voyage dispersed any evil effects which Stanley's exertions might have produced, and he reached England refreshed and exhilarated by his expedition, stronger in health, and more cheerful in spirits than he had been since the death of his wife. At home he had at times begun to despair of the present generation, and to feel that 'people do not care for anything I undertake or support.' The want of sympathy, fancied or real, depressed and paralysed his energies. In America, on the contrary, his hopes of the future, and with them his own confidence, were revived. He felt in his own renewed vigour the influence of the buoyant cheerfulness of the nation ; men and women of all denominations, wherever he went, had hung upon his words ; everywhere he had received that warm appreciation, without which he could not be his best self. Sometimes, indeed, the interest taken in him assumed a ludicrous aspect. 'I consoled myself,' wrote a Baptist minister who had missed seeing him, 'with the hope of a meeting beyond the Resurrection morn, with ample time for more than a hurried interview on the cars.' Awaiting his arrival in America was a letter from a lady, telling him that a farmer in Ohio had christened his eldest son 'Dean Stanley,' and requesting him to contribute liberally to the education of 'the little Dean Stanley.' But he could not doubt that the kindly feeling towards him was as warm as it was general. The result is, that his 'Addresses and Sermons

in America' is one of the most characteristic volumes that he ever published.

The volume contains the main features of his own religious opinions, hopes, fears, and ideals. No man, it may be truly said, could have delivered these 'Addresses and Sermons' who was bred and trained in any narrower ecclesiastical organisation than the Church of England. They are the special product of the wide, comprehensive, charitable, national institution which he saw symbolised and represented in Westminster Abbey. They are also, both in their spirit and their form, characteristic of the speaker. From none of his contemporaries could such utterances have fallen with the same beauty and fertility of historical illustration, with the same enthusiasm of conviction and consistency of lifelong practice, or with an equal prospect of sympathetic attention.

Those who search the pages of the volume for definite expression of theological opinion will be, perhaps, disappointed. Here, as elsewhere, there are the shrinking from theological affirmations, the reticence on questions of doctrine, the reluctance to formulate dogmas, which were sometimes misunderstood, even by his friends. But the 'Addresses and Sermons' glow with enthusiasm for high Christian spiritual morality; they are suffused with an atmosphere of simple, personal faith; they are inspired by a firm, yet humble, confidence in the reality of Christian hopes; they bear on every page the trace of a deep and reverent love of the Scriptures.

His personal attitude towards religious organisations outside his own taught the possibility of harmonious relations between Churches of different professions. Disputes and jealousies strangled the spiritual growth; the genial atmosphere of charity best nourished the plant into life. 'It is astonishing,' he reflects, 'how vast a loss we sustain in our spiritual life by thinking only how we can destroy, attack, and assail, instead of thinking how we can build up, define, or edify.' He looked

himself, as he urged others to look, 'not for something to attack, but for something to admire; not for something to pull down, but for something to build up.' Each of the various denominations whose representatives he addressed in America was in turn taught, as it were, from its own poets, with a tact which promoted kindly relations and with a sincerity that rendered differences more tolerable. The Baptists only expressed the general feeling of all classes of American Christians when, in their address, they spoke of 'the uniformly genial and loving treatment which it is his work to mete out to men of all Christian fellowship, as well as to those of his own.'

It may be that in Stanley the poetic instinct which sees resemblances was more developed than the philosophic mind which detects differences. But it must be remembered that, while he scrupulously respected the opinions of others, he sturdily maintained his own. His goodwill towards Nonconformists of all denominations was not more strongly marked than his enthusiastic loyalty towards his own Church of England. Anxious, as he was, to mitigate their inherited sense of injustice, he was not prepared to sacrifice any portion of his heritage of national life to their desire for equality. In the formularies of the Church, reasonably interpreted, he found a closer adherence to the primitive Gospel than he could discover elsewhere. At home he defended that Church against clerical intolerance of civil control, against the jealousy of Nonconformity, against the rationalistic unbelief which resented the State's profession of Christianity. In America he loses no opportunity of enlarging upon its virtues; he recognises the paramount claim which, through its parent, the American Episcopal Church possessed upon his sympathies; he hails with delight any common features which he discovers in the characters of the two kindred bodies.

Stanley loved his Church for 'the glow of historical

and national life' with which, like Westminster Abbey, it was filled; for the 'large and comprehensive associations' which the institution and its typical building fostered; for the 'union of secular and religious influences' which both represented; for the 'diversity of gifts' which the one sheltered and the other commemorated—cherishing 'the ecclesiastical, royalist, priest-like phase of the Church' seen in George Herbert side by side with 'the Puritan, austere, lay phase' embodied in William Cowper. Through its broad and open system was admitted the larger air of national life, which to him was more wholesome than the close atmosphere of more narrow and exclusively ecclesiastical organisations. He loved his Church because, with all its shortcomings, it was 'bound up with the very vitals of the English Commonwealth, with the very fibre of English history, with the best issues of the English Reformation, and in its majestic forms, in its sober and refined character, still furnished a model even for those who have parted from it.'

Stanley had come back from America with what seemed to be a fresh lease of life. For the first few months after his return he plunged with renewed vigour into all the varied occupations of his busy life. His 'Addresses and Sermons in America' was published early in 1879. As soon as the book was completed he began, with the assistance of his sister Mary, to prepare his Memoirs of his father and mother. But the revival of health and spirits proved to be only short-lived. There was much in the events of 1879 to recall the depression which he had momentarily shaken off. In the summer an intimate friend of his later life, the Rev. Henry Montgomery (afterwards Bishop of Tasmania), who had from 1877 to 1879 acted as his secretary, accepted a suburban living. 'I am staggering,' he writes to Mrs. Drummond in July 1879, 'under the dreadful blow of Montgomery feeling himself constrained to accept the

living of Kennington. I hardly knew before how indispensable he was to me.' 'I went to him,' writes Bishop Montgomery,

'on Sunday morning, July 6th, to hear Lord Lawrence's funeral sermon read over to me, and to suggest alterations. After we had read it, he said, "I feel like Abraham." I said, "Why?" He looked up at me, and took my hand, and burst into tears, saying, "My only son! my dearly beloved son!" and could not go on.'

Nor did this loss come alone. He was anxious and 'upset by the hurly-burly of the Prince Imperial's monument.' He grew depressed and wearied. 'I feel,' he says, 'as I felt before starting for America. All my forces and powers are shattered and withered.' Watchful friends, to whom he talked of the burden of life, noted the change with anxiety, and it was with mingled hope and fear that they looked forward to the effect of his annual holiday. Once more he came back, refreshed by the rest and change, already planning the new book, which afterwards appeared as 'Christian Institutions.' 'What,' he asks Pearson in November 1879,

'say you to this for a title to my volume of essays—"Christian Antiquities?"'

'The volume would include three essays on the Eucharist, one on Baptism, one on the Baptismal Formula (the Trinity), one on Absolution, one on the Catacombs, one on the Pope, one on the Clergy.'

At the end of the same month, the alarming, and, as it proved, fatal illness of his sister Mary cancelled all his engagements. Writing to Mrs. Drummond on the 26th of November of his grave anxiety, he says:

'Amongst all my sorrows, this is the only one where I have experienced the distraction of not knowing from hour to hour what the issue may be. My father was in a hopeless

condition before I heard that he was seriously ill. My mother was gone before I knew of her death. My dear Augusta's illness was a division of two periods of long-continued hope and long-continued despair. I have always felt that this was the next great calamity in store for me, but it is not the less appalling because of its possibility.'

On the same day on which the letter was written his sister died. The shock was very severe. Till he married, Mary Stanley had been his constant companion. To 'my dear Mai' the home letters were addressed which contain the almost daily chronicle of his life at Rugby and at Oxford. Even her change of religion, though it necessarily interposed some barriers to the freedom of their intercourse, had made no change in the deep affection of the brother and sister. 'I knew,' he writes,

'that this would be the next great shock. How, at such a separation, all "the things which are temporal"—all the frets and fumes and fears—vanish away, and "the things which are eternal"—her surpassing love, her strong, almost excessive passion for justice, her widespread affection and sympathy, envelop the whole horizon.'

According to her own desire, she was buried in Alderley Churchyard, in a spot which she had herself chosen, under the mingled shade of an old yew-tree and its mass of embracing ivy. The funeral was solemnised by Stanley, Dr. Vaughan, and the Rev. E. Bell, the Rector of Alderley. 'It was,' he says, 'like a dream—the yew-tree, the little white cross, the rough Cheshire accent, quite unchanged.' On the reverse side of the white marble cross already erected over the grave of her mother were engraved her name, the date, and the text which her mother had long before selected to express her indefatigable perseverance, 'Never weary in well-doing.'

'The fourth great calamity of my life is passed,' he

writes to Mrs. Drummond. 'I feel that the last stage is now to be filled with those works which those who are gone would most have desired that their absence should commemorate.' To the second edition of his 'Memoirs of Edward and Catherine Stanley' he added a short biographical notice of his sister. It ends with the following lines :

The weary heart has ceased to beat ;
The journey of those wayworn feet
Has led her to the home of Love,
Her home below, her home above ;
She rests where once her childhood strayed
By lawn, and brook, and laurel shade.
Her gaze undimmed at last shall view
The Just, the Holy, and the True.

Dear voice of early, happy years,
Blending with thousand smiles and tears ;
Strong will, that in its fragile frame
Through dark and light pursued its aim ;
Heart that with sympathetic glow
Could cheer the lonely sufferer's woe,
Or by some radiant art illumine
A careworn home, a nation's gloom.

O solemn Yew ! whose deathless shade
A holy resting-place has made—
O Ivy ! whose encircling grasp
Has loved the parent-tree to clasp—
The sheltering stem, the enfolding wreath,
Are types of those that sleep beneath,
The Mother's calm, unchanging grace,
The Daughter's long and close embrace.

Rest gently in this spot retired,
The one by wisdom's self inspired,
The other by untiring zeal,
Both firm as rock through woe and weal.
Loved ones there are in loftier shrines,
Whose life with wider glory shines ;
They too would hail this memory dear
Of mind serene and soul sincere.

CHAPTER XXVIII

1880-81

Despondency and Depression—Anxieties in 1880—Tour in France, 1880—'Christian Institutions,' March 1881—Its Cold Reception—His Sermons on the Beatitudes—His Last Illness—His Death and Burial

IN the spring of 1880 anxieties and troubles weighed heavily on Stanley's mind, and caused a conspicuous failure in health. His frail figure shrank, his hair grew more white and silvery, his voice became enfeebled. These outward symptoms of physical decay were not the only signs that the lamp of life was burning low, though occasional flashes of its former brightness concealed its dimness. As time advanced his old interests seemed to lose their power. In the multiplicity of new scenes and new faces which he encountered in a round of visits he had once delighted. Now he had 'come to the conclusion that visits to country-houses, except as a matter of duty, do not answer. I am out of place, and there is a constant sense of the never to be supplied, never to be forgotten loneliness, which is greater than on any other occasion.' 'I am too old for travelling,' writes the once enthusiastic traveller and sightseer in September 1880. Without effort, by the sheer force of his varied interests, tastes, and sympathies, he had for years identified

himself with all that was best in the movements of the times. In 1879 he had rejoiced to meet the Italian statesman, Minghetti; 'it adds,' he says, 'to my failing hold on the outside world.' Now he seemed to feel that 'the outside world' eluded his grasp. 'My visit to Oxford,' he says in October 1880, 'has filled me with sad thoughts. I feel how completely I belong to another period of existence.' He who had once said 'My heart leaps when I behold an undergraduate,' had now lost his readiness of sympathy with the young. Returning from the triennial dinner of Old Rugbeians towards the end of June 1881, he said, 'I shall never go again. I do not mean that I shall not live, but I feel that I am losing interest in these special and youthful gatherings.' Sympathy was the atmosphere in which he lived, and when he failed to gain it from the public, he was depressed by a sense of discouragement. 'Everything I do,' he said in the closing months of his life, 'is sure to fail. The public have ceased to read or listen to anything that I can tell them.' After his sister Mary's death his attitude towards life changed. He seemed to be waiting for his own summons with the feeling that it could not be long delayed. He looked at places as if he saw them for the last time. In discussing plans for the future, he always added, 'if I am alive.'

On public occasions, or when relieved from the smaller duties and anxieties of Westminster, his spirits rose, and neither his energy nor his powers of enjoyment seemed to be impaired. In April, 1880, he made, with his sister, Mrs. Vaughan, Sir John Hassard, and Dr. Gerald Harper, a tour through the Channel Islands. The humours of the voyage and the passengers, the quaint ceremonies which accompany the inauguration of a new Bailiff, the points of difference between the different islands, their literary associations with Clarendon or with Victor Hugo, are observed with his old quietness, and described with little less than the vivacity of

former years. With the house of Victor Hugo he was at once interested and amused. 'It is,' he says,

'a marvel in itself—a bedroom sumptuously fitted up for Garibaldi, who never came; a dining-room, adorned with pictures representing "the end of the Aristocrat," "the end of the Priest," "the end of the soldier"—each a murder—and furnished with an armchair, across which a chain is drawn to prevent anyone sitting upon it, because it is still occupied by the spirit of his grandfather.'

When, at the end of April, he returned to London, he relapsed into his former weariness and depression. Harassed and anxious, he passed 'an agitated and agitating summer.' At the end of August he left with 'a heavy heart' for his last tour abroad. His companions on his foreign journey were the Rev. Henry Montgomery, and Dr. Gerald Harper who joined him at San Sebastian. In Paris his spirits revived as he poured out to a sympathetic companion his recollections of the striking events which he had himself witnessed in the City of Revolutions. Waving his umbrella in the Champs Elysées, he declaimed the speech of Lamartine which saved the Tricolour: 'The red flag has made the circle of the Champs de Mars, but the Tricolour has carried the glory of France round the world.' By Chartres, Orleans, Tours, and Blois he travelled to Biarritz. Most of the journey was familiar to him, but in the joy of giving joy to another he regained his almost boyish spirits. At Biarritz he was fired with ambition to bathe. In vain did his companion raise objections. From his shed on the beach he emerged on to the crowded shore, as Bishop Montgomery relates the incident,

'clad in a knickerbocker suit, with the addition of a huge sugarloaf hat, which completely concealed his head. Then he advanced at a hand-gallop across the sands at a dashing pace. He met a wave about two feet high and fell on his

nose, vanishing, knickerbockers and all, for one brief moment. Then he turned, and, beaming like Pickwick, made for his shed. He was hugely delighted with his achievement, and afterwards, as he sate drinking his chocolate in a café, he said with glee, "I feel like a schoolboy who has done something wrong, to whom no harm has happened."

'I shall end my travelling,' wrote Stanley to Mrs. Drummond, 'where I began it—with the Pyrenees.'

At the end of October he returned to what he calls his 'gloomy home.' Yet there was much to occupy his mind. His hands were full of work. He was preparing his 'Christian Institutions' for the press, and in March 1881 the book was published. Its reception disappointed him, and seemed to prove to him that he had lost his hold upon the public. Yet, apart from the pathetic interest which the book derives from the time of its publication, it forms a striking and most characteristic work.

The essays contained in the 'Christian Institutions,' written at long intervals of time, and touching on a variety of topics, possess a threefold unity. They are united by the bonds of the common institution to which they relate, of the common purpose which pervades the whole series, of the insight which they collectively give into the inmost mind and character of their author. They constitute his last legacy to the world as a Christian historian and theologian; they summarise his final views on the great topics which filled his thoughts; they illustrate the characteristic methods of his historical inquiries; they explain the secret of his all-embracing toleration and charity; they reveal the source of the serenity with which he regarded the turmoil of ecclesiastical strife.

'Underneath the sentiments and usages,' writes Stanley in his preface, 'which have accumulated round the forms of Christianity . . . there is a class of principles—a religion, as it were, behind the religion, which, however

dimly expressed, has given them whatever vitality they possess. To seize the eternal realities instead of their fleeting shadows; to catch the notes of the spiritual undersong, without respect to the words with which it is temporarily wedded; to trace the primal truths of religion beneath the forms by which they are overlaid, were the objects which Stanley set before himself. In the common elementary substance of all variations in Christian faith he found that universal religion which makes one Church, not only of conflicting parties, but of separate and even rival communions.

The confession of faith disclosed in the Essays ignored all claims to the exclusive possession of truth. It denied the vital necessity of any one form of organised system; it repudiated the principles on which extreme sacramental theories are based; it cut at the root of the whole fabric of a sacerdotal Christianity. On it were based his large charity and wide toleration; and who held it were brethren, and the differences that divided them were differences of names, not of things. Yet in Stanley's mind this confession of faith was not inconsistent with the most sincere and enthusiastic loyalty to the Established Church of England. In its doctrine and discipline he believed that the mind of Christ was more faithfully presented, and therefore the living realities of religion were more safely preserved, than elsewhere. But his loyalty was to the spirit, and not the form, of its system; to the meaning and not the symbols, of its rites; to the substance, and not the letter, of its formularies. Changes of thought or of language might, as he thought, modify the outward expression; one age might attach more importance to one symbol than to another; it was the kernel only, and not the shell, for which he cared. Neither did he make an idol of the Church to which he belonged. No one estimated more highly than Stanley the value of a National Church and a National Clergy; no one—to

the day of his death—defended both more enthusiastically. But he saw that in the past neither had been indispensable to the continued existence of Christianity, and he recognised that in the future both institutions might pass away. The only enduring realities were the primal, indefeasible truths of religion which they helped to embody, preserve, and diffuse.

These opinions were supported by the appeal to history. Throughout, his object is to place controversies about names and things on their proper level, to draw out the abiding moral significance of rites, ceremonies, usages, and systems, and so to force men to turn from combats about shadows to the permanent underlying realities. On this aim are concentrated the multifarious stores of varied learning which his patient labour of years had accumulated. In his Essays he popularises the results which modern inquiry had collected in such works as the 'Dictionary of Christian Antiquities.' He brings vividly before the reader the scenes, circumstances, and practices of primitive Christianity, illustrating them with picturesque descriptions of the varied aspects of Christian life and worship with which his unrivalled opportunities of foreign travel had rendered him familiar. Everywhere he endeavours to detect likenesses in things different; to trace distinctions between things similar; to separate the substance from the form; to bring into striking juxtapositions of contrast or comparison offices and ceremonies which seem most closely connected or most widely separated.

The 'Essays on Christian Institutions' urged the religious insignificance of many of the combats which have distracted, and still distract, the minds of religious men, and suggested the groundlessness of many of the fears and forebodings by which they are agitated. In these respects there could be no question of their value. To a large number of persons they bore a real message of peace and hope. Many men, whose lives had been

spent in the midst of the ecclesiastical controversies of the past fifty years, had begun to doubt the utility of forms and institutions which were bandied about as the battle-cries of contending parties. To such as these Stanley unfolded the deep affinities which exist between Christian truth and high morality, the natural value of the Church as a means of fostering and diffusing a lofty standard of pure living. But, except on the human side, the treatment of the subject might appear to many thoughtful Christians partial and inadequate. The stress is too exclusively laid on the moral atmosphere which sacred ordinances engender. To emphasise the moral and spiritual meaning of rites and ceremonies which Christ has founded is one thing ; but to not a few devout minds it is necessarily a shock when Stanley appears to find in this significance the sole cause of the vitality of Christian institutions.

Stanley's silence on this side of the subject is too habitual to be attributed to exceptional causes. But in this particular instance the reticence is partly due to the special purpose which he keeps steadily in view throughout the series of essays. On points of doctrine men of the holiest and most saintly character held conflicting views, and it was his object to take his stand on ground where all agreed. He felt, now and always, that to keep the commandments of God in word and thought and deed was to inherit eternal life ; he was convinced that the weightiest matters of the law were justice, mercy, and truth, and that 'truth in action, truth in speech, truth in manner, truth in heart, truth in thought' were of more value than the 'set phrases and artificial forms' of verbal orthodoxy. Neither the darker and sterner sides of human nature, nor their affinities in the truths or ordinances of religion, fell within the range of his spiritual experience. To him, pure habits came more easily than to other men ; the childlike innocence of his character retained its fresh-

ness unsullied, as its cheerful gaiety remained unsoured by disappointment; a sunny atmosphere, which he carried with him from his early home, pervaded his whole view of human life. Such a disposition brought happiness to himself and to others; it was, in part, the secret of the captivating charm, both of his presence and his writings; but it also, in part, explains the limitations which narrowed the range of his theological sympathies.

The Essays showed no sign of failing powers. Nor did his work seem less fresh or his interests less varied than in early years. On May 1st, 1881, he preached a striking sermon on the death of Lord Beaconsfield, and subsequently attended the debates in the House of Commons, respecting the proposed monument to his memory. 'The minority,' he notices, 'was much smaller than in the case of Pitt—89 then, 53 now.' To him it was, both officially and generally, a bitter disappointment that the deceased statesman was not to be buried in Westminster Abbey; but he fully recognised the paramount claims of the feeling which prompted Lord Beaconsfield to direct his own interment at Hughenden. The following extract, referring to the death of Lord Beaconsfield, is taken from the last letter written to Stanley by the Queen:

'Osborne: April 21st, 1881.

'Dear Dean,—Thank you very much for your sympathy in the loss of my dear, great-friend, whose death on Tuesday last completely overwhelmed me.

'His devotion and kindness to me, his wise counsels, his great gentleness combined with firmness, his *one* thought of the honour and glory of the country, and his unswerving loyalty to the Throne, make the death of my dear Lord Beaconsfield a national calamity. My grief is great and lasting.

'I know he would wish to rest with the wife he loved so well, and not in Westminster Abbey, where, however, I am anxious that a monument should be erected to his memory.

'Ever yours affectionately, V. R. and I.'

Up to the end of June 1881 Stanley's hold on life seemed strong and vigorous. It was hard to associate any thought of physical decay with such activity of mind and body. If those who watched him most closely, at times fancied that they detected symptoms of failing strength, their fears were removed by his joyous laugh and boyish nimbleness of step, or by some fresh example of his bright imagination and unfailing memory. Yet the end was near at hand. On the afternoon of Saturday, July 9th, he preached the fourth of a course of sermons on the Beatitudes. The short, simple discourse contained the last words that he spoke in Westminster Abbey. By one of those strange coincidences that seem more than chance, the subject was the blessedness of purity of heart and life, which those who knew him best considered to be the distinguishing quality of his character and career. 'The words,' he said,

'may bear a twofold meaning—pure, disinterested love of truth, and pure and clean aversion to everything that defiles. Pure love of truth—how very rare, and yet how very beneficent! We do not see its merits at once; we do not perceive, perhaps, in this or the next generation, how widely happiness is increased in the world by the discoveries of men of science, who have pursued them simply and solely because they were attracted towards them by their single-minded love of what was true. Again, purity from all that defiles and stains the soul—filthy thoughts, filthy actions, filthy words,—we know what they are without an attempt to describe them.'

He goes on to give three examples of the blessedness of purity in men whose hearts and writings were pure, and who not only abstained from anything which could defile the soul, but fixed their eyes intently on those simple affections and those great natural objects of beauty which most surely guard the mind from corrupting influences. 'And what,' he asks in the words which conclude his last sermon,

'is the reason that our Saviour gives for this blessedness of the pure in heart? It is that they shall see God. What is the meaning of this connection? It is because, of all the obstacles which can intervene between us and an insight into the invisible and the Divine, nothing presents so coarse and thick a veil as the indulgence of the impure passions which lower our nature, and because nothing can so clear up our better thoughts, and nothing leaves our minds so open to receive the impression of what is good and high, as the single eye and pure conscience, which we may not, perhaps, be able to reach, but which is an indispensable condition of having the doors of our mind kept open and the channel of communication kept free between us and the Supreme and Eternal Fountain of all purity and of all goodness.'

He left the Abbey for his bed. The next day (Sunday, July 10th) he was too ill to bear being read to, and slept most of the morning and afternoon. On the following Thursday (July 14th) his condition showed that some serious illness was impending, and early on Friday morning Dr. Harper observed that an attack of erysipelas of the face had begun. The erysipelas spread rapidly over the face, eyelids, and head, extending down the neck as far as the chest and the right shoulder. As day broke on Monday, July 18th, a great change was noticed, and he was told that the worst was feared.

The erysipelas had attacked his throat with such severity that his utterance was feeble and indistinct. But the words which fell from his lips in the early morning of July 18th were heard by Lady Frances Baillie and others, and written down by Dr. Farrar. 'I always wished,' he said, 'to die at Westminster. The end has come in the way that I most desired that it should come. I could not have controlled things better.' Again he spoke: 'I am perfectly satisfied—perfectly happy. I have not the slightest misgiving. I always wished to die at Westminster.' Then his thoughts turned in another direction. 'I should like Vaughan to preach my funeral

sermon, if he can do it. I have been so very intimate with him. He has known me longest.'

Finally he added: 'I wish to send a message of respect to the Queen. As far as I understood what the duties of my office were supposed to be, in spite of every incompetence, I am yet humbly trustful that I have sustained before the mind of the nation the extraordinary value of the Abbey as a religious, national, and liberal institution.' The word 'incompetence' was so indistinctly uttered that it was not at first caught by Lady Frances Baillie, who repeated after him the language of his message. But, careful as ever to employ the precise term which expressed his meaning, and to be content with no other, all substitutes were rejected, and he was not satisfied till the exact word was correctly taken down.

About the middle of the day his strength became exhausted, and he gradually relapsed into unconsciousness. All hope was now gone. His breathing gradually became more and more laboured, until at twenty minutes to twelve on the night of Monday, July 18th, 1881, it ceased altogether, and, without pain, Stanley passed away.

The following account of the last hours of her brother's life was written by Mrs. Vaughan immediately after Stanley's death:—

'There he lay—immovable and speechless—only just breathing heavily.

'We again assembled in the chamber of death, and stood again beside his bed—the deep silence broken only by a few prayers and hymns offered up at intervals by Canon Farrar and my husband. And then, for the last half-hour, as the breathing became fainter, the silence became more intense. Not one person stirred or spoke. Only the nurse, who still kept her watch beside him, went on fanning his dear face as the shadows of death grew darker.

'At length even the fan ceased, and there was a stillness absolutely uninterrupted.

'A long pause—another faint breath—a pause yet longer—again another breath fainter than the last—another long pause, and when for some moments we had waited for yet another breath which never came, we knew that he had left us, and we knelt down and offered up our thanks for the departure into Paradise of our dear, dear brother. And so, as the great chimes of Westminster struck the quarter before midnight, we came away, leaving that room never to meet there again for ever.'

Stanley was buried in Westminster Abbey on Monday, July 25th, 1881. The most representative gathering that ever had collected within the walls of the Abbey on such an occasion bore witness to the unique position which he had held, and to the bonds of personal friendship, love, and respect by which he had bound to himself the miscellaneous multitude of mourners. Not only did the vast assembly collect in and around the building, as part of a great nation, to lament a public loss and national calamity; they came also as individuals, to deplore the passing away of a private friend. Leaders in Church and State, the foremost men in science, literature, art, and learning, representatives of all the various Churches in the country, ministers of all denominations, persons of every variety of religious belief, and a great concourse of men, women, and children, whose grief was not the less sincere, nor their loss the less great, because they themselves were unknown, followed him with tears to his grave in the Abbey of which for seventeen years he had been the soul, the glory, and the charm.

He was buried, by the permission of the Queen, in the Chapel of Henry VII., by the side of his wife. Death, as his own lines express with touching beauty, reunited the two hearts which, five years before, Death had divided.

"Till Death us part."
So speaks the heart
When each to each repeats the words of doom;

Thro' blessing and thro' curse,
For better and for worse,
We will be one, till that dread hour shall come.

Life, with its myriad grasp,
Our yearning souls shall clasp,
By ceaseless love, and still-expectant wonder ;
In bonds that shall endure,
Indissolubly sure,
Till God in death shall part our paths asunder.

Till Death us join.
O voice yet more Divine !
That to the broken heart breathes hope sublime ;
Through lonely hours,
And shattered powers,
We still are one, despite of change and time.

Death, with his healing hand,
Shall once more knit the band,
Which needs but that one link which none may sever ;
Till through the Only Good,
Heard, felt, and understood,
Our life in God shall make us one for ever.

APPENDIX

The following is a list of Stanley's most important publications.

- The Life and Correspondence of Thomas Arnold.* 2 vols., 8vo. London, 1844.
- Sermons and Essays on the Apostolical Age.* 8vo. Oxford, 1847.
- Addresses and Charges of E. Stanley, Bishop of Norwich. With a Memoir by A. P. Stanley.* 8vo. London, 1851.
- The Epistles of St. Paul to the Corinthians.* With Critical Notes and Dissertations. 2 vols., 8vo. London, 1855.
- Historical Memorials of Canterbury.* 8vo. London, 1855.
- Sinai and Palestine, in connection with their History.* 8vo. London, 1856.
- Three Introductory Lectures on the Study of Ecclesiastical History.* 8vo. Oxford, 1857.
- The Unity of Evangelical and Apostolical Teaching. Sermons, mostly preached at Canterbury Cathedral.* 8vo. London, 1859.
- Lectures on the History of the Eastern Church.* With an Introduction on the Study of Ecclesiastical History. 8vo. London, 1861.
- Sermons in the East, preached before the Prince of Wales during his Tour in the Spring of 1862.* 8vo. London, 1863.
- Lectures on the History of the Jewish Church.* Part I. 8vo. London, 1863.

- Lectures on the History of the Jewish Church.* Part II. 8vo. London, 1865.
- An Address on the Connection of Church and State, delivered at Sion College on February 15, 1868.* 8vo. London, 1868.
- Historical Memorials of Westminster Abbey.* 8vo. London, 1868.
- The Three Irish Churches : an Historical Address delivered at Sion College on January 28, 1869.* 8vo. London, 1869.
- Essays, chiefly on Questions of Church and State, from 1850 to 1870.* 8vo. London, 1870.
- Lectures on the History of the Church of Scotland, delivered in Edinburgh in 1872.* 8vo. London, 1872.
- Lectures on the History of the Jewish Church.* Part III. 8vo. London, 1876.
- Addresses and Sermons delivered at St. Andrews in 1872, 1875, 1877.* 8vo. London, 1877.
- Addresses and Sermons delivered during a visit to the United States and Canada in 1878.* 8vo. New York, 1879.
- Memoirs of Edward and Catherine Stanley.* 8vo. London, 1879.
- Christian Institutions. Essays on Ecclesiastical Subjects.* 8vo. London, 1881.

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The Unveiling of Lhasa. Edmund Candler.

Mr. Candler was the *Daily Mail's* correspondent with Sir Francis Younghusband's Tibetan expedition. He was severely wounded in the first battle, losing an arm, but recovered, and entered Lhasa with the expedition. His book is a brilliant account not only of the work of the army, but of the romance of the "Hidden Land." His picture of Lhasa is one which lives long in the imagination.

With Kitchener to Khartum.

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Mr. G. W. Steevens, who died of fever in Ladysmith at the age of thirty, was the greatest of all war correspondents. His story of Lord Kitchener's Nile campaign has always been regarded as his masterpiece. War has never been more vividly described. The reader is carried from the first chapter to the last by narrative swifter than any romance.

A Modern Utopia.

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This work holds in mountaineering literature the same place as the "Compleat Angler" in the library of the fisherman. Mr. Whymper was the first to conquer the Matterhorn, and there exists no more wonderful record of the contest of man and nature.

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